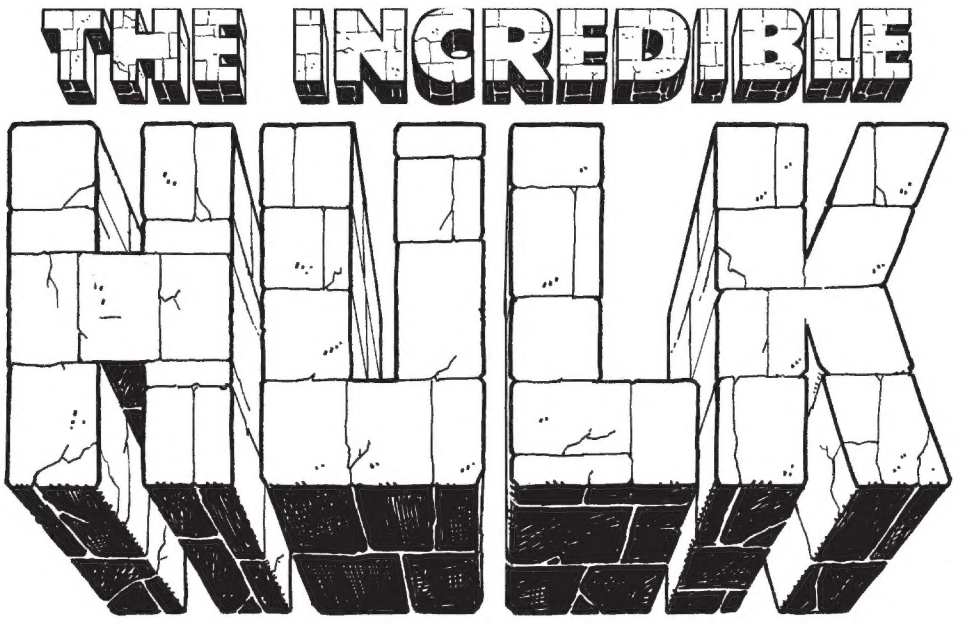
MARVEL MASTERWORKS®
THE INCREDIBLE HULK®
VOLUME 9

THE INCREDIBLE HULK Nos. 157-170
STEVE ENGLEHART & HERB TRIMPE

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS



VOLUME 9

COLLECTING

THE INCREDIBLE HULK Nos. 157-170

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MARVEL MASTERWORKS
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NOS. 157-170

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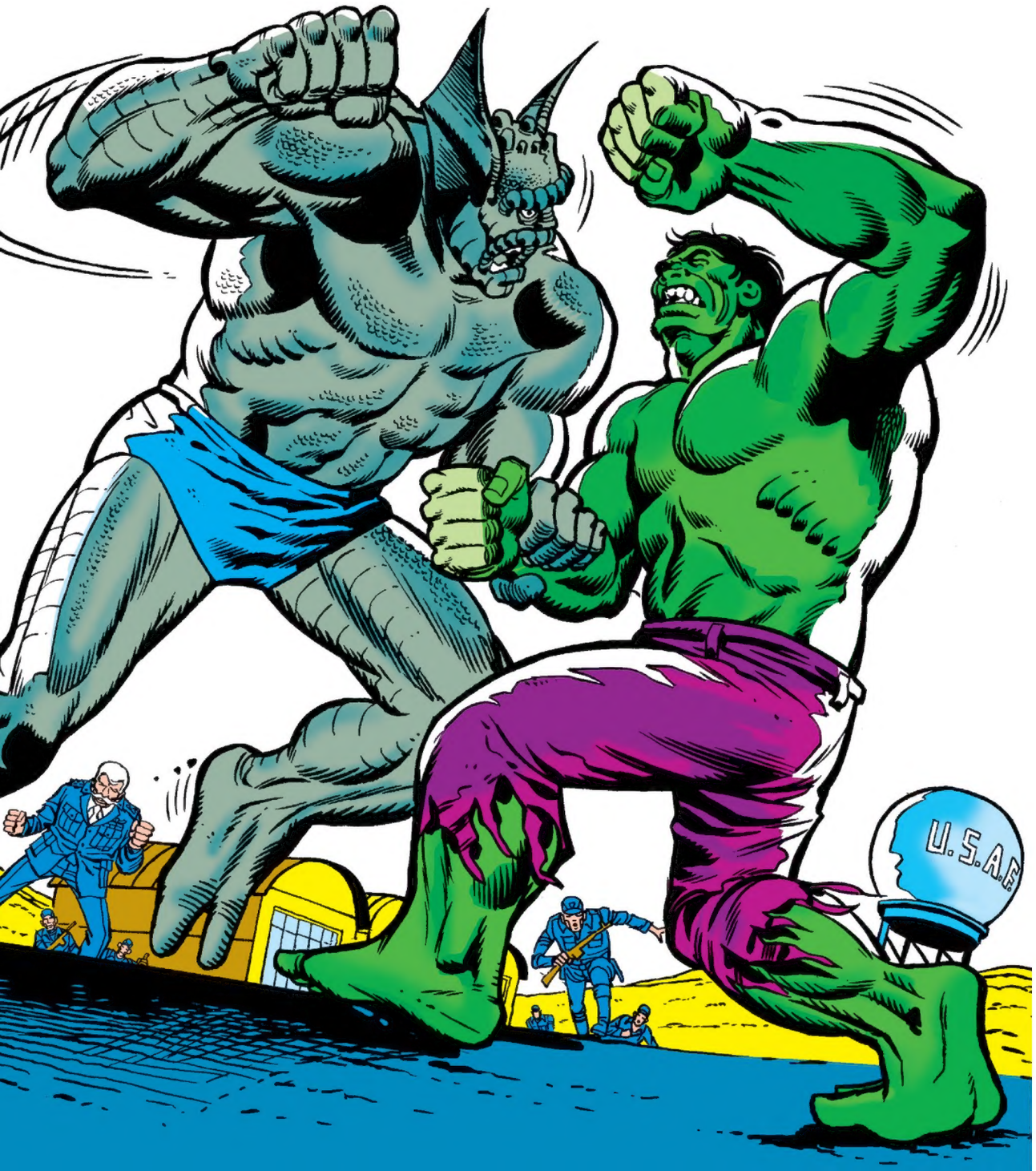

MARVEL MASTERWORKS
CONTENTS

Introduction by Steve Englehart

The Incredible Hulk #157, November 1972
"Name My Vengeance: Rhino!"

The Incredible Hulk #158, December 1972
"Frenzy on a Far-Away World!"

The Incredible Hulk #159, January 1973
"Two Years Before the Abomination!"

The Incredible Hulk #160, February 1973
"Nightmare in Niagara Falls!"

The Incredible Hulk #161, March 1973
"Beyond the Border Lurks Death!"

The Incredible Hulk #162, April 1973
"Spawn of the Flesh-Eater!"

The Incredible Hulk #163, May 1973
"Trackdown"

The Incredible Hulk #164, June 1973
"The Phantom from 5,000 Fathoms!"

The Incredible Hulk #165, July 1973
"The Green-Skinned God!"

The Incredible Hulk #166, August 1973
"The Destroyer from the Dynamo!"

The Incredible Hulk #167, September 1973
"To Destroy the Monster!"

The Incredible Hulk #168, October 1973
"The Hate of the Harpy!"

The Incredible Hulk #169, November 1973
"Calamity in the Clouds!"

The Incredible Hulk #170, December 1973
"Death from on High!"

INTRODUCTION
BY STEVE ENGLEHART

In Marvel's early days as The House of Ideas, there were plenty of other comics houses. The default comic had color in it, so the very few black-and-white comics magazines were on the fringes of comic consciousness…except for Jim Warren's *Creepy*, *Eerie* and *Vampirella*. They had the best artists in town working for cheap because they got to do something outside the norm for four-color hero titles. Neal Adams, Frank Frazetta, Steve Ditko, Johnny Craig…they'd all learned more than line art on their way to the top, so they relished the chance to use ink wash and Zip-A-Tone. But somebody had to write their stories for them, and fortunately, that somebody could match them with his words. That was Archie Goodwin.

Like Stan at Marvel, Archie was Warren's editor and main writer, but in Archie's case, each story was a standalone. He had no overarching universe or continuing adventures; each script was a single polished gem. Together, Archie and the artists put Warren's books squarely on the map… and yet, they had no super heroes and they had no color. Eventually, Archie came to the conclusion that he'd like to try a super hero, of sorts, so he developed Vampirella from a horror hostess into a more full-fledged heroine. And after a while he decided he wanted even more along that line, so he left Warren (and a hole that was never afterward filled). He went to Marvel, where his early books included *Iron Man* and *The Incredible Hulk*.

That hole at Warren Publishing had to be filled. I had just recently gotten on staff at Marvel, but I got a freelance gig writing Vampi, following T. Casey Brennan, who had followed Archie.

(I drew a paycheck from Marvel but Marvel totally expected people to enhance their income with freelance work. Usually that work came from Marvel, but outside work was okay if you didn't have enough work from Marvel. Working for DC might have been a problem; working for Warren was not.)

Very few people knew or cared about my actual name, but since I drew a paycheck from Marvel, I had to use a pseudonym. I came up with "Chad Archer," which meant, to me, "Shadowing Archie."

The House of Ideas responded by giving me more work, and though I stayed with Vampi as long as I could, that turned out to be just four issues. And what did Marvel give me? *The Incredible Hulk* and *Luke Cage, Hero for Hire*, both written by…Archie Goodwin.

Archie was a Renaissance man who loved the medium of comics. From E.C. to Warren to Marvel, wherever he went, he wrote a superior example of what the comic was about. And just when you had him pegged as a literary sort, he liked WWE. So he'd done a superior Hulk and he'd cocreated Luke Cage—and the same month I had planned to shadow Archie once, I was shadowing him three times.

(Archie had not fallen out of favor, nor had I fallen in. He was moving on to new projects and I was moving in on what he'd built. Nature of comics.)

Back of the beginning of the Marvel Age, it was said by Stan the Man Lee that the comics were produced by a Bullpen. In my early days as a Marvel reader, I thought that sounded kind of cool, but I had no idea of what it might actually entail. Then, I went to work for Marvel and I found out.

When I walked in the door, The House of Ideas consisted of a small "reception area" opening into a corridor between cubicles. On the right side of that corridor sat the receptionist, which, once I

got the job as an assistant editor, was included in my job description. Across from me was the stat room, door closed but still smelling of chemicals. The next cube along the corridor on that side was Marie Severin's office, where she was Head Colorist but was (as it turns out) also thinking of getting back into super hero art. Next cube up on my side, across from Marie, big enough to hold the two staff super hero artists, Johnny Romita Sr. and Herb Trimpe, drawing their monthly books and handling any art corrections that might be needed. Johnny's monthly book was *The Amazing Spider-Man* and Herb's was *The Incredible Hulk*. Other stuff obviously lay farther inside, but all we're concerned with here is, I sat on the other side of a cubical wall from Johnny and Herb, and spent a lot of time in there with them because my job was a series of rush assignments with breaks in between. I got to watch Herb and Johnny create their pages, and after a while, especially after I became a writer my own self, I got to kibitz.

Then I got to work with Herb on the Hulk.

So here we are, as we begin this edition of *Marvel Masterworks* with Archie's last issue…

#157: Archie told epics in his time, and for his finale, he took a quick look back. (If you don't have the previous Hulk *Masterworks*, you really should.) Anyway, it's a fully-staffed world Archie's living in, and when he leaves it, he's set the table for the guy coming after. Note, early on, the shape of the Hulkbuster Base as the peace symbol. When John Severin was the inker, earlier in Archie's run, he wrote a note in the margins one time calling it "the track of the American chicken." Politics were polarized then, unlike today.

#158: Archie's gone and Roy steps in while he decides who to give the book to next. I dunno why it wasn't Steve Gerber, since Steve scripted this one from Roy's plot; maybe because Gerber hadn't gone to work outside the building.

#159: For whatever reason, Roy gave the book to me. I immediately walked around to the neighboring cube and started talking about it with my new partner. I was pumped to work with Herb because (a) it was Herb, who is a fun guy to hang with at any time, but also because (b) Herb was right next door. To that point, I hadn't worked with a guy so readily available, and I foresaw, correctly, that doing the book with writer and artist cheek-by-jowl would lead places other collaborations couldn't go. With those collaborations, I could call the artist at any time, or he could call me, but those conversations were always unexpected to one of us, and the caller would have some fully ruminated ideas that the unsuspecting other would have to react to on the fly. That way of working obviously works fine, but being able to drop over as soon as an idea hit either one of us and get both of us thinking about it from the jump was special.

So the first thing a Hulk story needs is a credible villain—someone who can give the Hulk a fight. The second thing is character stuff in all the surrounding players—not just because all characters need that, in my opinion, but because *their* human interactions played against the far less nuanced reactions of Jade-Jaws. His childlike simplicity has to be surrounded by adult complexity. And in this story, even the villain has issues.

#160: I've talked other places about discovering what kinds of stories I liked to tell in that first year of pro-dom, and I've come to the conclusion that I like human emotions among the fisticuffs. In this issue I pick up on Betty and Glenn's wedding—that Archie led up to and Roy consummated—as something to torment the Hulk's tiny brain. As usual, I didn't know where I was going with it, but it was clearly something that could drive a number of stories, and it did.

#161: My first super hero assignment was *Amazing Adventures* featuring The Beast. I'd been a fan of Hank McCoy's and became even more so as I chronicled his adventures, so it was disappointing when I failed to sell enough of those adventures and the series was ended in the midst of its

storyline. I felt that stories should not be left hanging, so I wrapped it up in this issue of *Hulk*.

Somehow Vera's hair changed from brown to blonde in the transition, but the coloring in general was sloppy on this issue. Before Malibu Comics and others initiated Photoshop coloring in the early 1990s and Marvel bought Malibu to learn how that worked, comics used the "four color process." Those four were black—for the line art, of course—and cyan, magenta and yellow—each screened at 25%, 50% or 100%—for the coloring. Those three colors be combined to form the palette of 64 colors that could conceivably appear in a comic book. Typically only a slice of that range was put to use. In the mid-1980s, 70% values were added, bumping things up to 256 colors. It didn't give you the infinite range of Photoshop, but it gave you a much broader palette (says a guy who did coloring from time to time). The colorist used this palette to physically paint photostats of the pages, then the stats were sent off to the coloring plant in Connecticut, where a number of women, many housewives looking for a little extra income, translated the painted pages into the cyan plate, the magenta plate, and the yellow plate. The magenta plate, for example, would translate to where 25% magenta, 50% magenta and 100% magenta would print. The other plates were done the same way. When the pages were printed, with one pass for each plate, the combinations came back together and that was that. Sometimes the four plates got out of alignment with each other and you got the familiar comic book thing of colors not lining up. In this case, however, it looks to me like the person who made the plates wasn't overly concerned with staying inside the lines.

I can't actually label the Beast as a credible threat to the Hulk, but he and the Mimic could keep him busy long enough to matter. And we note, as I often have in these introductions, that the X-Men and their villains were a failed concept at this time. I was just about the only one using them, just because *I* liked them even if the masses didn't.

#162: Hulk in Canada. Hulks needs credible villain. How about the fabled monster of the northlands, the Wendigo? That beast was a staple of Canadian folklore, so it made good sense. That's as far as my thinking went. Fortunately for everybody, the next time Wendy appeared, Len Wein was writing *Hulk*, and Len introduced another Canadian, by the name of Wolverine. I like to maintain that that connection makes me Wolverine's uncle, which is obvious nonsense, but I'm very insecure.

Meanwhile, Glenn and Betty are finally finding happiness on their honeymoon. That can't be good.

#163: Once upon a time, in the very first issue of *The Incredible Hulk*, there was a villain called the Gargoyle who worked for the Kremlin. I decided to create a new villain, his son, who would be the Gremlin. In a bizarre coincidence, Steve Gerber created a villain called the Gremlin that very same month in one of his books. Evidently, the Hulk's Gremlin won the battle for public opinion because I can't find any info on the Gerber version now, but it was funny to him and me at the time. Marvel was a Bullpen, but Steve Gerber and I did not work side-by-side, so neither of us had the occasion to tell the other what he was up to.

Thunderbolt Ross gets captured. That can't be good. But the continuity of the secondary stars was beginning to really perk up.

#164-165: This is a relatively rare sort of story for me, in that I had the ending in mind from the beginning. I usually did the first issue of a story, doing whatever seemed right, and figured out how to pull it all together when I got to the second issue…but this one came to me fully formed.

At least, in regard to the Hulk. The secondary folks are really beginning to take control of their own destiny, which meant they were still revealing themselves to me month by month. This month we introduce Colonel John D. Armbruster and wait to see what he will do.

Then comes the second issue, and I'm reminded once again of how much fun this book was. Every

issue starts with the Hulk in some new predicament, but what sells it is what it looks like, and with Herb, it looks like fun. Both hero and art are completely clear and straightforward; there are no mixed messages. Herb was born to draw the Hulk.

#166: And you can say that all over again with the advent of Zzzax. A beautiful representation of living electricity. There are a zillion artists out there, and I like most of them—but who could do a better Zzzax? Our version of *The Incredible Hulk* was straight down the middle. No frills.

#167: Now we come to where the secondary players have led me. Betty Talbot, always the most put-upon of Marvel heroines, has finally had enough. And she's just getting started. I don't think this can be good…

But Betty Talbot's not a *Hulk* villain (apparently); she's still part of the backstory. We need a *Hulk* villain, so we look in on an old Marvel stalwart, MODOK. We also check in with an old Marvel Hulk-helper, Jim Wilson, last seen in the first story of this *Masterworks*. My stories had led the Green Goliath away from the world Jim inhabited, but now both of them were back in the same place. The Hulk needed a friend just now, because his love life, such as it is, is a shambles.

#168: The backstory comes together, front and center. Most front and center is the naked Betty Ross Talbot. I don't recall giving her nudity a second thought. It simply showed how completely out of it *she* was. We were operating under the Comics Code, so there was never a thought of Herb shocking the children; it was Comics 101 that there would always be a shadow or tree limb to cover the naughty bits. Problem long since solved.

#169: The Bi-Beast. "Skull-Brother." All I had to do was think up a concept and Herb could turn it into classic art.

#170: Nope, no thought at all about Betty's nudity…until she's falling through midair, where there ain't no shadows or trees. And so her association with Bruce Banner apparently caused her to generate clothes when becoming un-green, just like him. This was an issue I plotted but did not script, as I was moving on to *Master of Kung Fu* the way Archie had moved on before me. If I'd been scripting *The Incredible Hulk*, I'd have seen what happened when I didn't think things through visually, in a visual medium. Then I'd have done something to (shall we say) cover the problem, either with a glib explanation like the one I just threw out there, or with a consultation with Herb about changing the art. But I didn't script it, and Chris Claremont, who did, probably never knew there was anything odd about Betty's shift. So I saw what happened after the fact, and I hope I learned my lesson, but Betty's sudden clothes remain a mystery to this day.

Afterward, Betty as Harpy becomes Betty as Betty again, and this issue ties her and the Hulk back together—if not for good, at least long enough to take the edge off. Betty was such a decent person that her indecency (no, not her nakedness; her Harpy-ness) could not be allowed to linger. I plotted the next two issues (in the Hulk's next *Masterworks*) to set the table for whoever moved in to these quarters, but this makes a good break point in the continuing adventures of The Hulk.

We hope that you've enjoyed the show.

2014

Steve Englehart has no idea if he adequately "shadowed Archie" on Hulk *or* Luke Cage *or* Vampirella*, but he had a great time anyway.*

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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THE INCREDIBLE HULK®
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
JIM--JIM!! RHINO HURT YOU--HURT YOU BAD!
BUT HULK WILL MAKE HIM PAY!!
THAT'S IT! GREEN SKIN! JUST LOOK THE OTHER WAY FOR ONE MORE SECOND...
--AND YOU'LL NEVER LOOK AT ANYTHING AGAIN!
HERB TRIMPE
THE RAGE OF THE RHINO!

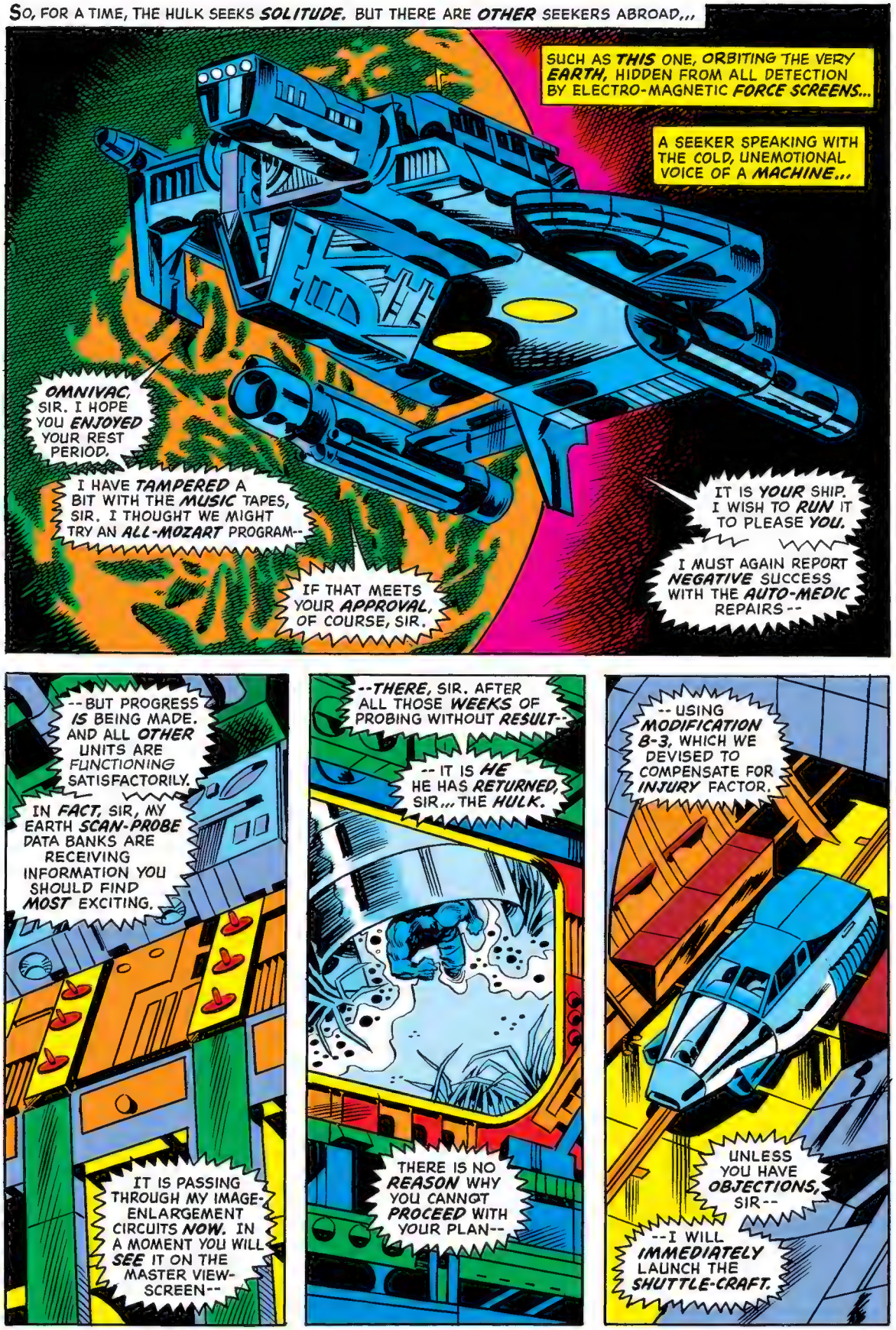
THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

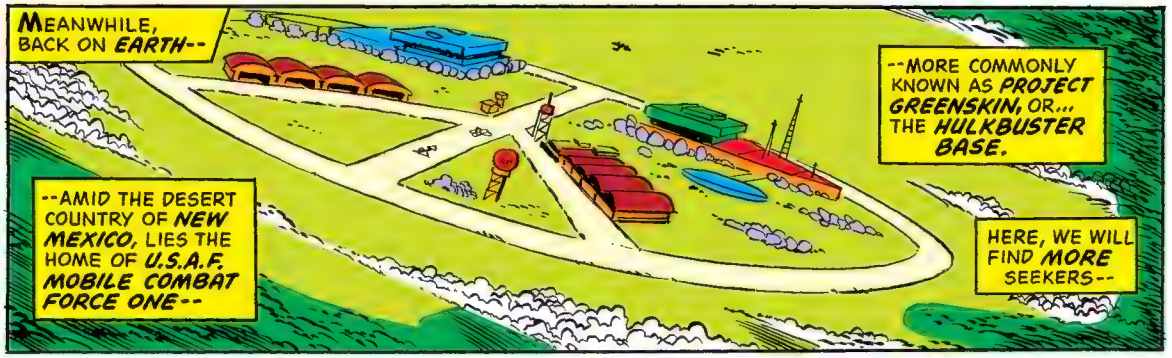
NAME MY VENGEANCE: RHINO!

IT IS SAID THE MONSTER THAT MEN CALL THE HULK HAS TWO MOODS: VERY ANGRY... AND EXPLOSIVE.
WHY THEN DOES HE SIT AS WE SEE HIM NOW? SILENT, BROODING... ALMOST PENSIVE.
INSENSITIVE TO THE BRACKISH, BEFOULED WATERS ABOUT HIM; OBLIVIOUS TO THE NEW DAY DAWNING BEYOND HIS DANK HIDING-PLACE.
SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO YOU, HULK. BUT LIKE BOB DYLAN'S MR. JONES...YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.

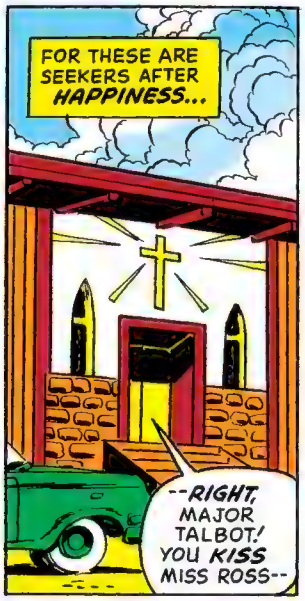
A STAN LEE PRODUCTION • ARCHIE GOODWIN, WRITER • HERB TRIMPE, ARTIST
SAL TRAPANI, INKER • JEAN IZZO, LETTERER • ROY THOMAS, EDITOR 10722

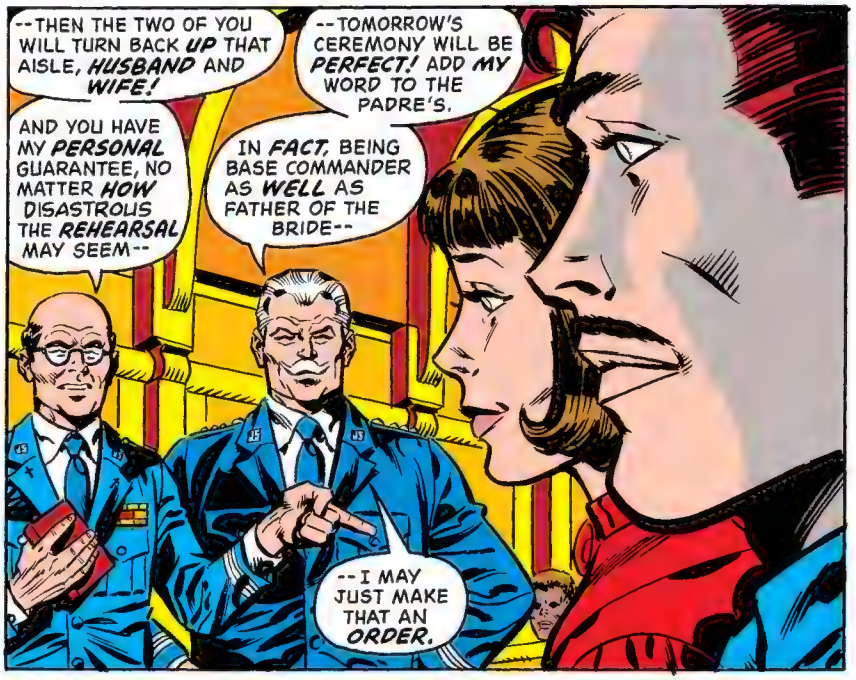
LAST NIGHT, YOU COMPLETED AN INCREDIBLE JOURNEY, HULK... FROM A MICROCOSM IN AN ATOM TO THIS, THE SO-CALLED REAL WORLD.
AND BEFORE YOUR PRESENCE COULD BE DISCOVERED, YOU TOOK REFUGE HERE--
--IN THIS DRAINAGE PIPE EMPTYING INTO THE NEW JERSEY MARSHLAND THAT BORDERS THE POLLUTED HUDSON.
HERE YOU SIT, AND SOMETIMES PACE... TRYING TO EVEN DIMLY UNDERSTAND THE SENSE OF HURT, OF LOSS, YOU FEEL.
BUT OF THE MANY POWERS BESTOWED ON YOUR GREAT GREEN FORM, THOUGHT AND MEMORY ARE SCARCELY IN THE FOREFRONT... AND IN THIS, THERE IS PERHAPS A KIND OF MERCY.
YOU VAGUELY RECALL HAVING FOUND THE SUB-ATOMIC WORLD OF JARELLA... EMERALD QUEEN WHO LOVED YOU FOR YOURSELF.
BUT YOU DO NOT REMEMBER HER PLEA THAT YOUR PLANNED MARRIAGE TAKE PLACE SOON--
--OR YOUR REFUSAL UNTIL THE WAR WITH HER ENEMY, VISIS, WAS WON.
OR THAT WAR'S AFTERMATH, WHEN THE SERUM THAT SHRUNK YOU TO MICROCOSMIC SCALE--
--WORE OFF, TO LEAVE YOU STARING HELPLESSLY DOWN AT YOUR BELOVED--
--AS YOU VANISHED INTO THE CLOUDS.
OR THAT, AS THE FORCE OF YOUR UNCHECKED GROWTH THRUST YOUR COLOSSAL FORM INTO THE SUB-ATOMIC VOID--
--YOUR FOOT STRUCK JARELLA'S WORLD--
--SENDING IT CAREENING OUT OF ORBIT!
YES, HULK, THERE IS MERCY IN YOUR HALTING MEMORY. IT SPARES YOU MUCH...
YET IT CANNOT TOTALLY BLUNT SOME STRANGE, UNEXPLAINED ACHING DEEP WITHIN YOU...
NOR STEM A TEAR WHICH FLOWS FROM YOUR EYE.


SO, FOR A TIME, THE HULK SEEKS SOLITUDE. BUT THERE ARE OTHER SEEKERS ABROAD...
SUCH AS THIS ONE, ORBITING THE VERY EARTH, HIDDEN FROM ALL DETECTION BY ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FORCE SCREENS...
A SEEKER SPEAKING WITH THE COLD, UNEMOTIONAL VOICE OF A MACHINE...
OMNIVAC, SIR. I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR REST PERIOD.
I HAVE TAMPERED A BIT WITH THE MUSIC TAPES, SIR. I THOUGHT WE MIGHT TRY AN ALL-MOZART PROGRAM--
IF THAT MEETS YOUR APPROVAL, OF COURSE, SIR.
IT IS YOUR SHIP. I WISH TO RUN IT TO PLEASE YOU.
I MUST AGAIN REPORT NEGATIVE SUCCESS WITH THE AUTO-MEDIC REPAIRS--
--BUT PROGRESS IS BEING MADE. AND ALL OTHER UNITS ARE FUNCTIONING SATISFACTORILY.
IN FACT, SIR, MY EARTH SCAN-PROBE DATA BANKS ARE RECEIVING INFORMATION YOU SHOULD FIND MOST EXCITING.
IT IS PASSING THROUGH MY IMAGE-ENLARGEMENT CIRCUITS NOW. IN A MOMENT YOU WILL SEE IT ON THE MASTER VIEW-SCREEN--
--THERE, SIR. AFTER ALL THOSE WEEKS OF PROBING WITHOUT RESULT--
-- IT IS HE HE HAS RETURNED, SIR... THE HULK.
THERE IS NO REASON WHY YOU CANNOT PROCEED WITH YOUR PLAN--
-- USING MODIFICATION B-3, WHICH WE DEVISED TO COMPENSATE FOR INJURY FACTOR.
UNLESS YOU HAVE OBJECTIONS, SIR--
--I WILL IMMEDIATELY LAUNCH THE SHUTTLE-CRAFT.


MEANWHILE, BACK ON EARTH--
--AMID THE DESERT COUNTRY OF NEW MEXICO, LIES THE HOME OF U.S.A.F. MOBILE COMBAT FORCE ONE--
--MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS PROJECT GREENSKIN, OR... THE HULKBUSTER BASE.
HERE, WE WILL FIND MORE SEEKERS--

--SEEKERS WHO HAVE GATHERED IN THIS BUILDING ... THE BASE CHAPEL.



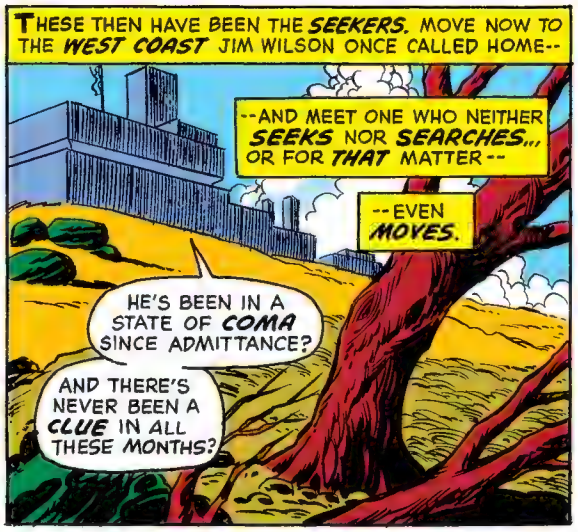

--THEN THE TWO OF YOU WILL TURN BACK UP THAT AISLE, HUSBAND AND WIFE!
--TOMORROW'S CEREMONY WILL BE PERFECT! ADD MY WORD TO THE PADRE'S,
AND YOU HAVE MY PERSONAL GUARANTEE, NO MATTER HOW DISASTROUS THE REHEARSAL MAY SEEM--
IN FACT, BEING BASE COMMANDER AS WELL AS FATHER OF THE BRIDE--
--I MAY JUST MAKE THAT AN ORDER.

A THREE-STAR GENERAL GROWS USED TO MANY THINGS. ONE IS QUICK LAUGHTER AT THE SMALLEST OF HIS JOKES...
BUT IS IT TOO QUICK TODAY, THUNDERBOLT ROSS. TOO ANXIOUS?
DOES YOUR DAUGHTER OR ONE OF THE OTHERS PERCEIVE THAT YOUR OWN SMILE IS FORCED--

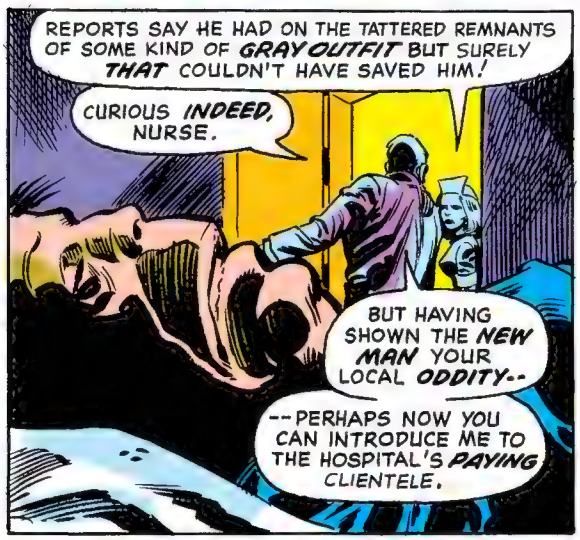
--YOUR OWN MIND TERRIBLY TROUBLED?
YOU OLD GALOOT! WHY KEEP THINKING SOMETHING WILL GO WRONG LIKE LAST TIME WHEN BETTY NEARLY WED BRUCE BANNER...?
GLENN TALBOT ISN'T CURSED WITH BEING THE HULK! IT'S GOING TO BE FINE.
AND YET, BLAST IT...! AND YET...

AND STILL ANOTHER WATCHES AND WONDERS...
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE, JIM WILSON?
IT WAS NICE'A MISS ROSS TO WANT ME AT THE WEDDIN'--
'CEPT I FEEL LIKE SOME KINDA TRAITOR!

THE MAJOR AIN'T A BAD GUY... JUST SO GOSH-AWFUL STRAIGHT--
--IT MAKES YOUR BACKBONE ACHE!
MAYBE MISS ROSS HAS DECIDED HE'S THE ONE TO MAKE HER HAPPY--
BUT I'LL ALWAYS BE A DOC BANNER ROOTER. WON'T EVER FEEL RIGHT 'BOUT THIS!
AN' IF ALL I CAN ADD TO THE FESTIVITIES IS A LONG FACE... MAYBE I BETTER SPLIT.
SO JIM WILSON OFFERS HASTILY INVENTED EXCUSES, AND...
IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WON'T RECONSIDER, SON--
--AT LEAST TRY TO KEEP IN TOUCH.
SURE, GENERAL.
LATER, HUH?
OL' ROSS, HE MEANS WELL, BUT WHAT'D WE EVER REALLY HAVE IN COMMON?
I WAS THE HULK'S FRIEND, THAT'S ALL. I COULD HELP AT CONTROLLIN' HIM, KEEPIN' HIM FROM HURTIN' HIMSELF AN' OTHERS.
WELL, THERE AIN'T BEEN A HULK SINCE EVERYBODY'S DECIDED POOR DOC BANNER GOT HIS IN THAT HYDRA MESS! *
SO WHO NEEDS YOU NOW, JIMBO? NOBODY HERE, THAT'S CERTAIN!
WITHOUT OL' GREENSKIN, THEY'RE TRANSFERRIN' MEN AN' EQUIPMENT LIKE CRAZY.
'LEAST IT SHOULD BE EASY FINDIN' A HITCH OUT!
BASE
*HULK #154, RIGHT? BRUCE BANNER'S DISAPPEARANCE INTO THE MICROCOSMOS WAS MISINTEPRETED. --ROY
FOR ANYBODY THAT'S GOT WILSON'S DRAG WITH THUNDERBOLT HIMSELF, GUESS WE CAN BEND A FEW REGULATIONS, HUH, PHIL?
WHERE YOU BOUND, KID?
SAME PLACE AS YOUR NEXT FLIGHT, RED BARON.
OKAY, WILSON... BUCKLE UP! NEXT STOP: McGUIRE AIR FORCE BASE!
HEY! THAT'S IN JERSEY, RIGHT?
KNEW SOME DUDES FROM L.A. WHO MOVED TO NEWARK--
MAY JUST DO ME SOME VISITIN', MAN!


THESE THEN HAVE BEEN THE SEEKERS. MOVE NOW TO THE WEST COAST JIM WILSON ONCE CALLED HOME--
--AND MEET ONE WHO NEITHER SEEKS NOR SEARCHES,,, OR FOR THAT MATTER --
--EVEN MOVES.
HE'S BEEN IN A STATE OF COMA SINCE ADMITTANCE?
AND THERE'S NEVER BEEN A CLUE IN ALL THESE MONTHS?

WE CALL HIM OUR MYSTERY PATIENT, DOCTOR.
HE WAS FOUND IN THE HILLS IN THIS CONDITION,,,
THE APPEARANCE OF THE GROUND AROUND HIM INDICATED HE'D FALLEN FROM A GREAT HEIGHT--
BUT NO ONE REALLY UNDERSTANDS HOW HE SURVIVED.

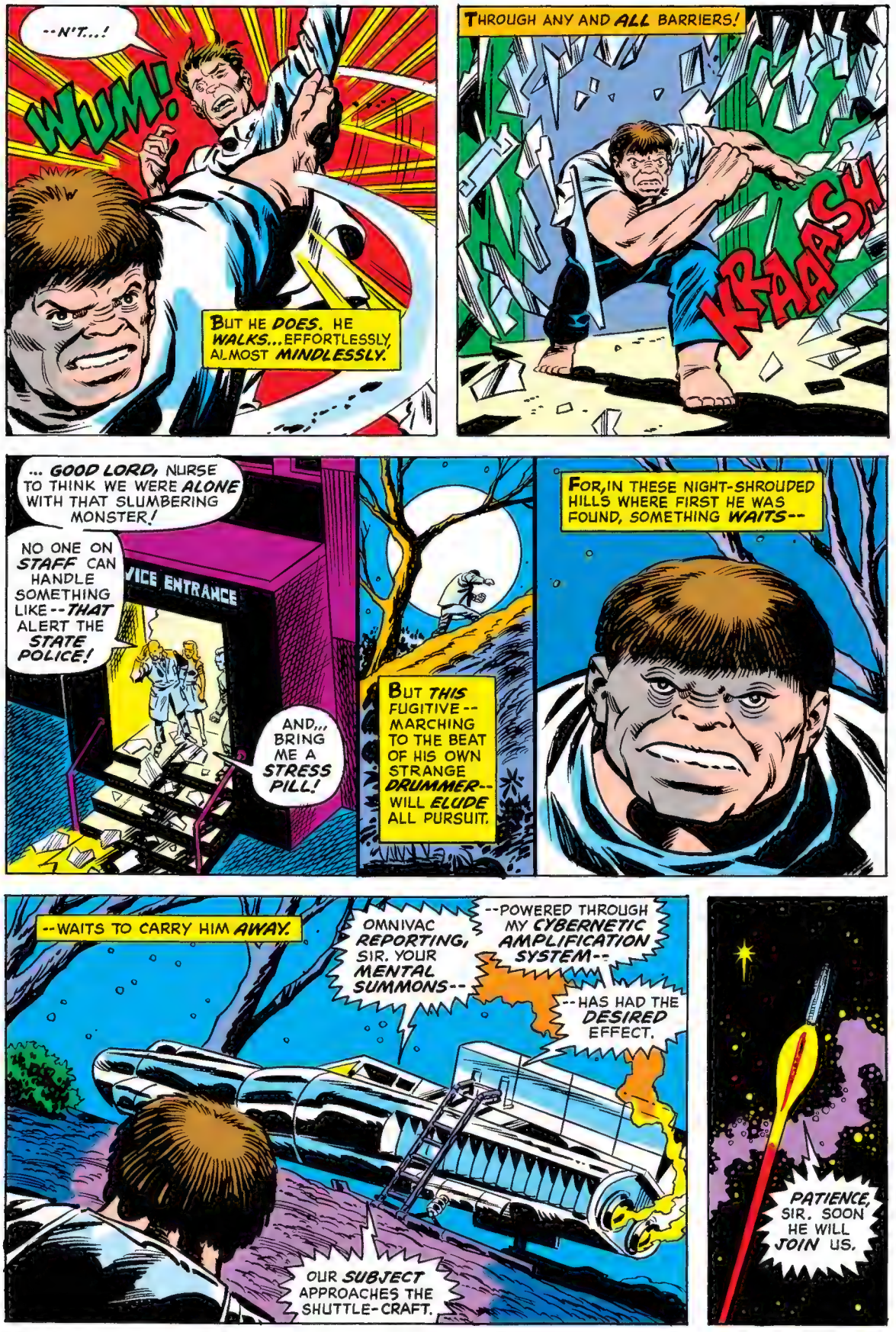

REPORTS SAY HE HAD ON THE TATTERED REMNANTS OF SOME KIND OF GRAY OUTFIT BUT SURELY THAT COULDN'T HAVE SAVED HIM!
CURIOUS INDEED, NURSE.
BUT HAVING SHOWN THE NEW MAN YOUR LOCAL ODDITY--
--PERHAPS NOW YOU CAN INTRODUCE ME TO THE HOSPITAL'S PAYING CLIENTELE.

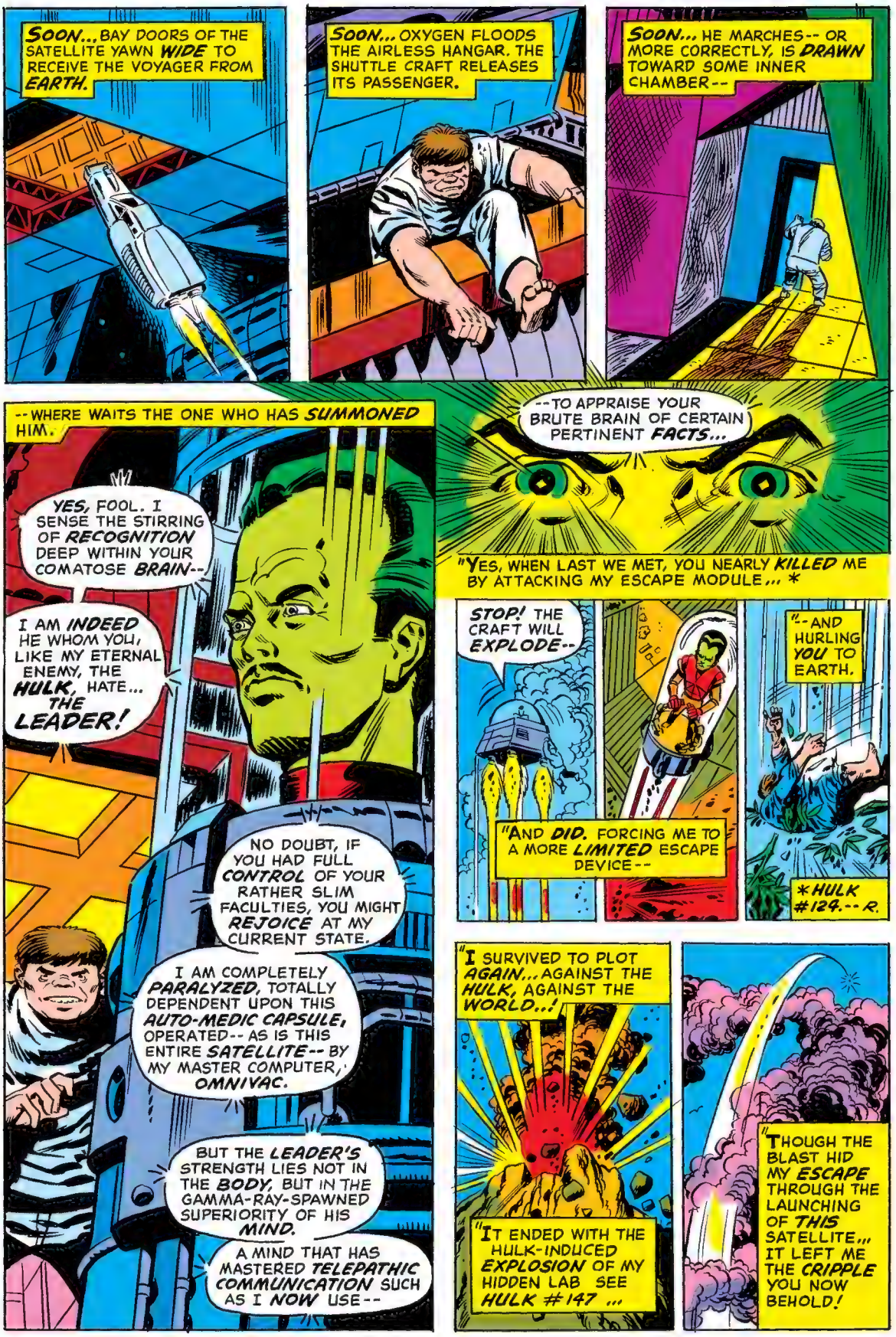
AND IT IS WELL THAT DOCTOR AND NURSE LEAVE, FOR EVEN THEIR HIGHLY TRAINED SENSES MIGHT REEL AT WHAT NEXT OCCURS,,,
AS SOMETHING-- CALL IT A RAY, OR BEAM, OR BETTER, A FORCE--
--STRIKES THIS MOTIONLESS MOUNTAIN OF A MAN --

--DOING WHAT MODERN MEDICINE HAS THUS FAR FAILED TO DO: MAKING HIM MOVE, RISE... AND WALK.

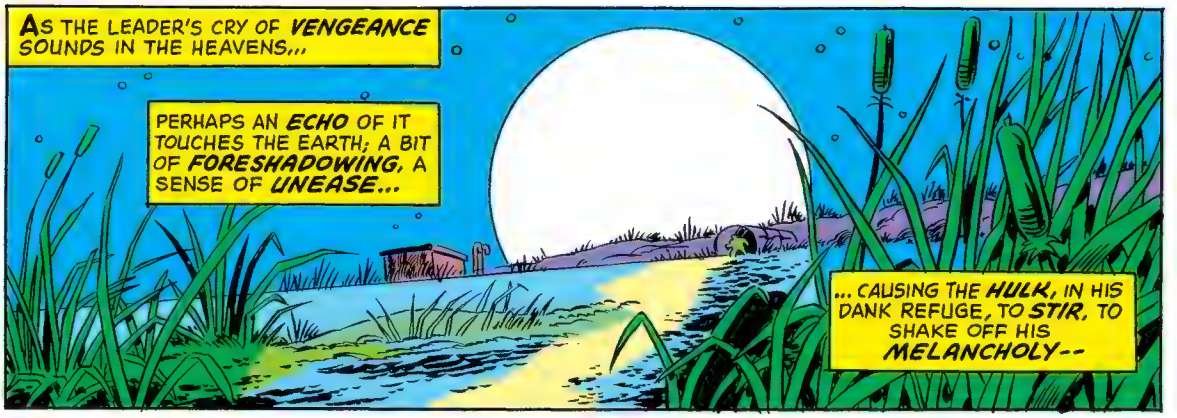
MAKING HIM THROW OPEN A DOOR, STEP UNSTEADILY INTO A QUIET CORRIDOR...

...THEN LUMBER TOWARD CONFRONTATION WITH AN ASTOUNDED ORDERLY.
HEY! Y-YOU'RE THAT VEGETABLE FROM 203!
YOU CAN'T BE WALKIN'! YOU CA--


--N'T...!
WUM!
BUT HE DOES, HE WALKS...EFFORTLESSLY, ALMOST MINDLESSLY.
THROUGH ANY AND ALL BARRIERS!
KRAAASH
... GOOD LORD, NURSE TO THINK WE WERE ALONE WITH THAT SLUMBERING MONSTER!
NO ONE ON STAFF CAN HANDLE SOMETHING LIKE--THAT ALERT THE STATE POLICE!
VICE ENTRANCE
AND... BRING ME A STRESS PILL!
BUT THIS FUGITIVE--MARCHING TO THE BEAT OF HIS OWN STRANGE DRUMMER--WILL ELUDE ALL PURSUIT.
FOR, IN THESE NIGHT-SHROUDED HILLS WHERE FIRST HE WAS FOUND, SOMETHING WAITS--
--WAITS TO CARRY HIM AWAY.
OMNIVAC REPORTING, SIR. YOUR MENTAL SUMMONS--
--POWERED THROUGH MY CYBERNETIC AMPLIFICATION SYSTEM--
--HAS HAD THE DESIRED EFFECT.
OUR SUBJECT APPROACHES THE SHUTTLE-CRAFT.
PATIENCE, SIR. SOON HE WILL JOIN US.


SOON... BAY DOORS OF THE SATELLITE YAWN WIDE TO RECEIVE THE VOYAGER FROM EARTH.
SOON... OXYGEN FLOODS THE AIRLESS HANGAR. THE SHUTTLE CRAFT RELEASES ITS PASSENGER.
SOON... HE MARCHES-- OR MORE CORRECTLY, IS DRAWN TOWARD SOME INNER CHAMBER--
--WHERE WAITS THE ONE WHO HAS SUMMONED HIM.
YES, FOOL. I SENSE THE STIRRING OF RECOGNITION DEEP WITHIN YOUR COMATOSE BRAIN--
I AM INDEED HE WHOM YOU, LIKE MY ETERNAL ENEMY, THE HULK, HATE... THE LEADER!
NO DOUBT, IF YOU HAD FULL CONTROL OF YOUR RATHER SLIM FACULTIES, YOU MIGHT REJOICE AT MY CURRENT STATE.
I AM COMPLETELY PARALYZED, TOTALLY DEPENDENT UPON THIS AUTO-MEDIC CAPSULE, OPERATED-- AS IS THIS ENTIRE SATELLITE-- BY MY MASTER COMPUTER, OMNIVAC.
BUT THE LEADER'S STRENGTH LIES NOT IN THE BODY, BUT IN THE GAMMA-RAY-SPAWNED SUPERIORITY OF HIS MIND.
A MIND THAT HAS MASTERED TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATION SUCH AS I NOW USE--
--TO APPRAISE YOUR BRUTE BRAIN OF CERTAIN PERTINENT FACTS...
"YES, WHEN LAST WE MET, YOU NEARLY KILLED ME BY ATTACKING MY ESCAPE MODULE... *
STOP! THE CRAFT WILL EXPLODE--
"AND DID. FORCING ME TO A MORE LIMITED ESCAPE DEVICE--
"--AND HURLING YOU TO EARTH.
*HULK #129.-- R.
"I SURVIVED TO PLOT AGAIN... AGAINST THE HULK, AGAINST THE WORLD...!
"IT ENDED WITH THE HULK-INDUCED EXPLOSION OF MY HIDDEN LAB SEE HULK #147 ...
"THOUGH THE BLAST HID MY ESCAPE THROUGH THE LAUNCHING OF THIS SATELLITE... IT LEFT ME THE CRIPPLE YOU NOW BEHOLD!

THE AUTO-MEDIC CAPSULE SHOULD HAVE CURED ME, BUT DAMAGE WAS DONE TO THE SATELLITE AS WELL. OMNIVAC HAS BEEN UNABLE TO COMPLETE PROPER REPAIRS.
SO THE LEADER MUST FIND ANOTHER BODY, A FABULOUSLY STRONG BODY--
--WITH A WEAK MIND! I THOUGHT IMMEDIATELY OF YOU, OLD FRIEND.
NOW, AT CLOSE RANGE... UNDER FULL BRUNT OF MY MENTAL BOLTS--
--THOUGH YOU LOATHE ME FOR SEEMINGLY TURNING AGAINST YOU THE FIRST TIME WE TEAMED--
--YOU WILL COOPERATE TOTALLY!
MOVE INTO THE ADJOINING CHAMBER, DON THE GARMENTS YOU FIND THERE--
--AS MY MENTAL BOMBARDMENT CONTINUES--
--CONTINUES UNTIL YOUR OWN WILL AND BEING ARE ERASED--
--AND THE PERSONALITY OF ANOTHER INSCRIBED IN THEIR PLACE.
FOR, WHEN YOU EMERGE AS THE CREATURE WHICH RADIATION-SIMULATED STRENGTH HAS LED YOU TO BECOME--
IT WILL BE WITH MY MIND--
--THE MIND OF THE LEADER IN THE BODY OF THE RHINO!
I'VE DONE IT! DO YOU HEAR, OMNIVAC?!
I CONTROL THE FORM OF THE ONE MOST ABLE TO DESTROY THE HULK--
--TO AVENGE THAT GROSS GROTESQUERIE'S CRIPPLING ME!
BUH-KOOM!
I PERCEIVE IT ON EVERY SENSOR, SIR.
AND I COMPUTE COMPLETE SUCCESS! IT IS A PLEASURE TO SERVE AN INTELLECT OF YOUR CALIBER.

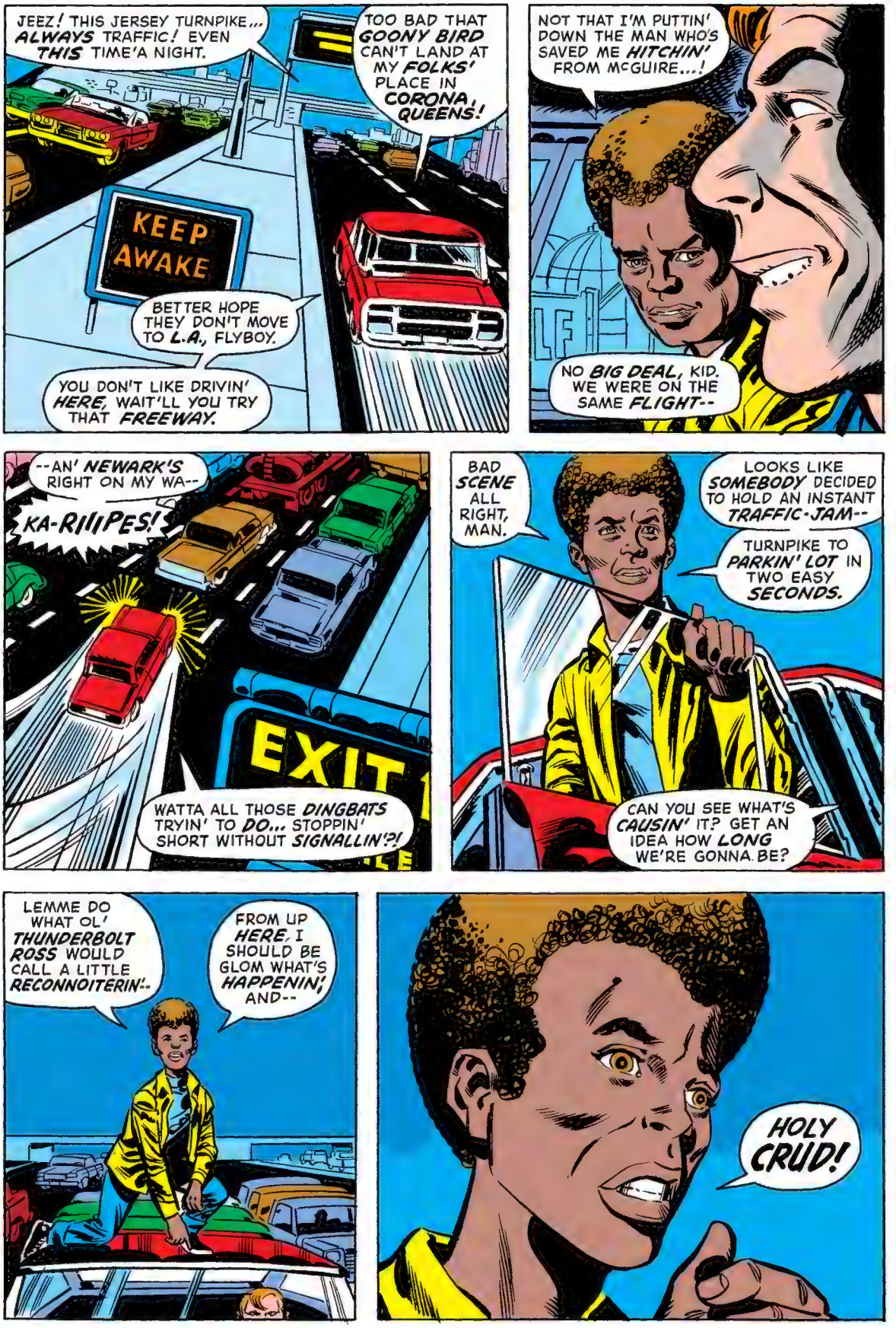

AS THE LEADER'S CRY OF VENGEANCE SOUNDS IN THE HEAVENS...
PERHAPS AN ECHO OF IT TOUCHES THE EARTH; A BIT OF FORESHADOWING, A SENSE OF UNEASE...
... CAUSING THE HULK, IN HIS DANK REFUGE, TO STIR, TO SHAKE OFF HIS MELANCHOLY--

--AND TO EXPLODE!
HULK IS SICK OF SITTING, OF THINKING--!
DOESN'T HELP HIM UNDERSTAND WHAT IS WRONG--
WRAAA
ANK!
--JUST MAKES HIM SADDER AND SADDER.
SPLOOSH!

HULK ONLY KNOWS HE HAS LOST JARELLA-- LOST HER WORLD!
VA-RUUM!
AND IS STUCK BACK IN THIS PLACE--!

PLACE WHERE SOLDIERS ALWAYS HOUND AND HUNT HULK, NEVER LEAVE HIM ALONE.
PLACE WHERE HULK ALWAYS LOOKS FOR PEACE... AND ONLY FINDS HATRED.

NO MORE HIDING! ANYTHING IN HULK'S WAY... GET'S SMASHED!
BA-DOOM!
WILL FIND A WAY TO ESCAPE THIS PLACE--
--OR WILL DESTROY IT!


JEEZ! THIS JERSEY TURNPIKE... ALWAYS TRAFFIC! EVEN THIS TIME'A NIGHT.
TOO BAD THAT GOONY BIRD CAN'T LAND AT MY FOLKS' PLACE IN CORONA, QUEENS!
KEEP AWAKE
BETTER HOPE THEY DON'T MOVE TO L.A., FLYBOY.
YOU DON'T LIKE DRIVIN' HERE, WAIT'LL YOU TRY THAT FREEWAY.
NOT THAT I'M PUTTIN' DOWN THE MAN WHO'S SAVED ME HITCHIN' FROM McGUIRE...!
NO BIG DEAL, KID. WE WERE ON THE SAME FLIGHT--
--AN' NEWARK'S RIGHT ON MY WA--
KA-RIIIPES!
EXIT
WATTA ALL THOSE DINGBATS TRYIN' TO DO... STOPPIN' SHORT WITHOUT SIGNALLIN'?!
BAD SCENE ALL RIGHT, MAN.
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY DECIDED TO HOLD AN INSTANT TRAFFIC-JAM--
TURNPIKE TO PARKIN' LOT IN TWO EASY SECONDS.
CAN YOU SEE WHAT'S CAUSIN' IT? GET AN IDEA HOW LONG WE'RE GONNA BE?
LEMME DO WHAT OL' THUNDERBOLT ROSS WOULD CALL A LITTLE RECONNOITERIN'--
FROM UP HERE, I SHOULD BE GLOM WHAT'S HAPPENIN', AND--
HOLY CRUD!

HARD TO BELIEVE YOUR EYES, ISN'T IT, JIM WILSON? EVEN AS YOU RUN FORWARD, PAST STALLED VEHICLES AND FLEEING PASSENGERS--
--TOWARD A FANTASTIC FIGURE WRITTEN OFF AS DEAD... AS GONE!
MEN AND MACHINES--! ALWAYS MAKING TROUBLE FOR HULK.
YOU WOULD NOT STOP SO HULK COULD CROSS ROAD--
--NOW HULK IS STOPPING YOU!
WILL KEEP BASHING, THROWING--
--UNTIL ALL YOUR MACHINES... WITH THEIR SMOKE, THEIR SMELLS... ARE NO MORE!
NO!
HULK-- STOP IT!
KID, ARE YA NUTS? YOU'RE RUNNIN' THE WRONG WAY!
WHAT?!
MERE BOY DARES TO YELL AT HULK? HULK WILL--
LOOK AT ME, MAN... LISTEN...!
IT'S JIM! YOUR BUDDY, YOUR FRIEND--
JIM WILSON. YOU GOTTA REMEMBER ME!
HULK HAS NO FRIENDS! NOT IN THIS WORLD!
YOU GOT ME, MAN! THINK ABOUT IT... WHY ELSE WOULD I BE RISKIN' MY NECK LIKE THIS?

JIM...WILSON... HULK DOES REMEMBER. IT HAS BEEN LONG TIME...
YOU WERE ALONE ...DIFFERENT... JUST LIKE HULK. THAT IS WHY WE BECAME FRIENDS...
YOU GOT IT, MAN! NOW C'MON... WE HAVE TO SPLIT!
THIS WAY, HULK... INTO THE REFINERY GROUNDS.
WE CAN LOSE OURSELVES AMONG THE STORAGE TANKS AN' STUFF, 'FORE THE COPS SHOW.
HULK COMES.
IT IS GOOD FINDING FRIEND, SOMEONE TO HELP HULK THINK.
YEAH, WELL..., I'M KINDA HAPPY SEEIN' YOUR BIG GREEN MUG AGAIN, TOO.
ONLY WE GOTTA BE MOVIN' 'STEADA TALKIN', FELLA.
LET'S GO, MAN... RUN.
HULK STILL MISSES JARELLA, BUT SEES NOW THERE ARE SOME GOOD THINGS IN THIS WORLD.
MAKES HULK FEEL BETTER... NOT SO ANGRY.
GONNA BE BAD IF NEWS OF THIS GETS OUT.
BUT EVERYTHING HAPPENED FAST BACK THERE ON THE ROAD. IF THE MAN DON'T FIND ANY TRACE OF US--
MAYBE THEY'LL WRITE IT ALL OFF TO MASS HALLUCINATION OR SOMETHIN'. I MEAN, YOU'RE 'SPOSE TO BE DEAD AN' ALL...
DEAD? HULK IS FINE. NOT EVEN MAD NOW. BUT TIRED OF RUNNING.
HULK--?
HUH? WHAT'RE YOU SAYIN', HU--
OH, MAN, GREENSKIN... THIS AIN'T THE TIME TO GO LAGGIN' BEHIND.
WE GOTTA FIND A BETTER HIDIN' SPOT THAN THI--
DOC... DOC BANNER! CHANGED BACK FROM THE HULK--!
YOU ALWAYS DID HAVE A CALMING EFFECT ON HIM, JIM.
NOW... COULD YOU FILL A VERY DAZED AND DISORIENTED EX-NUCLEAR PHYSICIST IN ON WHAT'S GOING ON...?

AND THAT "FILLING IN" INEVITABLY TOUCHES ON THE COMING MARRIAGE OF BETTY ROSS AND MAJOR GLENN TALBOT...
I HATE BEIN' THE ONE TO LAY THE BAD NEWS ON YOU, DOC.
IT SHOULDN'T AFFECT ME, JIM. WHEN I TURNED TO JARELLA AND HER WORLD, I GAVE UP ANY CLAIM TO BETTY'S AFFECTIONS--
AND YET... IT DOES, IT DOES.
THE SENSE OF LOSS... OF KNOWING THAT UNDER SANE CIRCUMSTANCES, THIS WEDDING WOULD BE MINE--
ONLY A NUCLEAR ACCIDENT MADE ME THE HULK!
--DOOMED ME FROM EVER HAVING THE PLEASANT NORMAL LIFE BETTY AND TALBOT WILL ENJOY!
AND I RESENT IT, JIM.
IT INFURIATES ME --MAKES ME WANT TO LASH OUT--
TO HIT, CRUSH-- DESTROY, AND --
NO!
OH, LORD... NO.
I WON'T LOSE CONTROL--WON'T REVERT BACK TO THE HULK! BETTY DESERVES THE HAPPINESS SHE'LL FIND TOMORROW.
THAT MONSTER MUSN'T REAPPEAR TO SPOIL IT. FOR BETTY'S SAKE, THE HULK MUST REMAIN DEAD! WE'LL --
HOW NOBLE, DR. BANNER... HOW AMUSING!
OH, MAN! IT'S--
--THE RHINO! BUT... THAT VOICE, ITS INTONATIONS--
--BELONG TO THE LEADER, MY DEAR BANNER!
AS DOES A RAPIDLY-FORMULATING--
--NEW PLAN FOR REVENGE!

ACTUALLY, IT IS A VARIATION ON AN EARLIER SCHEME IN WHICH LEADER AND RHINO INTERRUPTED YOUR PENDING NUPTIALS BETTY-ROSS--
BUT FAR MORE PROMISING THAN MERELY BATTERING YOU INTO OBLIVIAN!
YOUR REGARD FOR THE WOMAN STILL SEEMS TO BE SUCH THAT AN APPEARANCE BY ME AT THIS NEW CEREMONY--
--WOULD BE CHALLENGED, I BELIEVE, BY THAT OF THE HULK--
*ANOTHER EVENT FROM ISH #124. --ROY.
--EVEN THOUGH THE LADY HE FIGHTS FOR MIGHT WELL BE FATALLY HARMED IN THE ENSUING BATTLE!
OF COURSE, IF HE DOESN'T APPEAR... SO GREAT WOULD BE MY RAGE, MISS ROSS UNDOUBTEDLY WOULDN'T SURVIVE ANYWAY.
I LEAVE THE CHOICE TO YOU, BANNER--
--I'M OFF TO MY SHUTTLE-CRAFT. I'VE A WEDDING TO ATTEND.
NOT CERTAIN WHAT TO DO, B-BUT... HIS WORDS ALONE ARE ANGERING ME, MAKING ME--
FIGHT IT, DOC... HOLD BACK.
THERE'S OTHER WAYS TO HANDLE THIS HORN-HIDED JOKER.
SUCH AS USING THE FIELD-EMERGENCY PHONE LOCATED BEYOND US TO SUMMON FORCES TO DETAIN ME?
YOU MUST FIRST REACH IT, URCHIN!
THOK
RHINO... LEADER...! WHOEVER YOU ARE! IF YOU THOUGHT--
--DOING THAT TO JIM WOULD DRIVE ME TO LOSE CONTROL--
--FORCE ME TO... BECOME THE HULK--
YOU... WERE RIGHT!

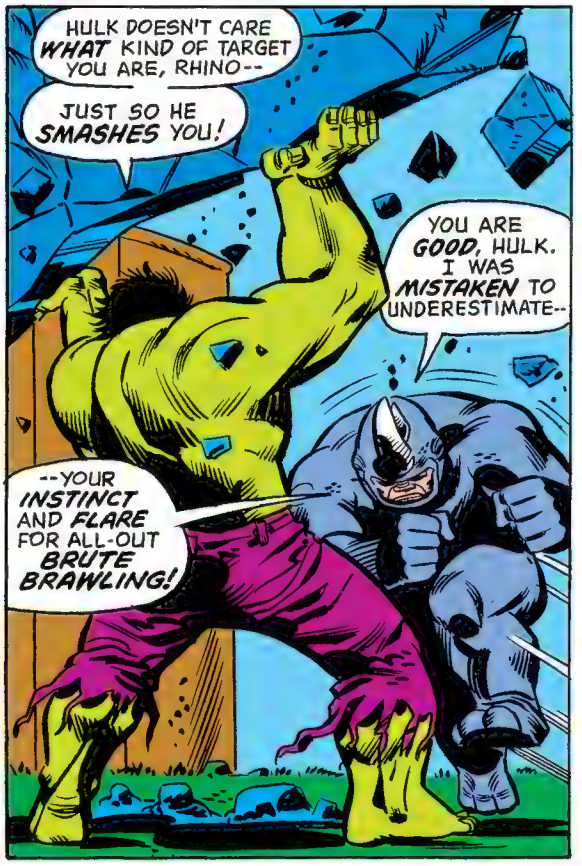
AND HULK LETS NO ONE HURT HIS FRIEND!
'SPECIALLY NOT STUPID FOE IN FUNNY-ANIMAL SUIT!
BOM!
THE ONLY STUPIDITY IN EVIDENCE IS YOURS, BRUTE!
THIS COSTUME-- AS REDESIGNED BY ME-- IS ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE GREATEST OF SHOCKS.
KA-VOOSH!
AND IF EVER YOU HAD A MATCH IN SHEER SAVAGERY AND RAW POWER--
IT IS THE RHINO!
RHINO...? RHINO...! HULK MAY RECALL AN ENEMY BY THAT NAME.
SOMETHING IS WRONG. YOU DON'T TALK LIKE ENEMY HULK REMEMBERS.
BECAUSE SOMETHING BEYOND THAT GREAT-HORNED CLOD'S SIMPLE MIND NOW GUIDES THIS BODY--
--THE INTELLECT OF THE LEADER! WHICH MEANS, MY CRETINOUS COLOSSUS--
--THAT THOUGH WE BE EQUALS PERHAPS IN MERE MIGHT--
I THINK-- AND ACT-- FAR MORE SWIFTLY!
AS THE SNAPPING OF YOUR OX-LIKE NECK MAY INFORM YOU!

BA-LAM!
HULK IS STRONGER THAN OX, GREYHIDE--
STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK YOUR FEEBLE GRIP!

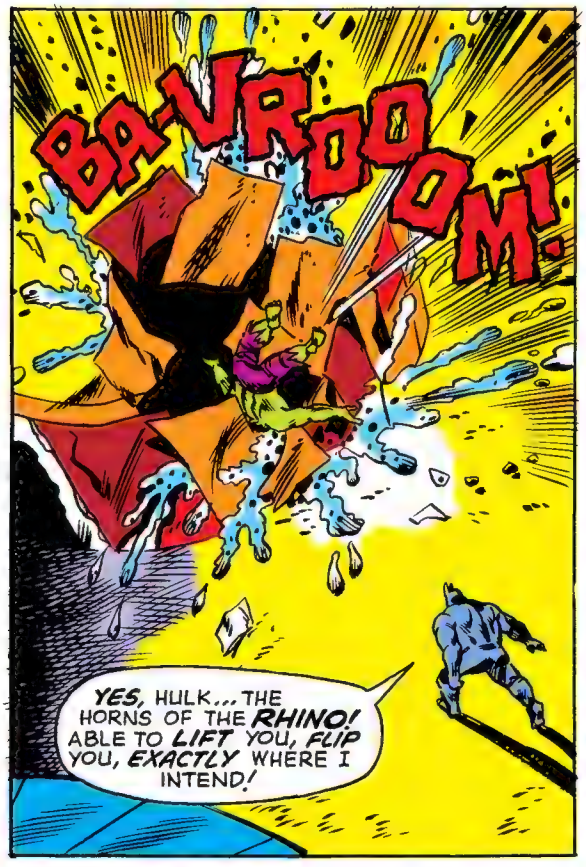
AND WHEN IT COMES TO WAYS TO HIT, TO SMASH--
KERAAK!

HULK CAN THINK AND ACT AS FAST AS ANY!!
AND IF THAT DOESN'T MAKE YOU BELIEVE, ANIMAL-SUIT--
KLOK!

--JUST KEEP WATCHING!
VRRUUUM
I WILL NOT REMAIN A STUNNED, UNMOVING TARGET, MONSTER--


HULK DOESN'T CARE WHAT KIND OF TARGET YOU ARE, RHINO--
JUST SO HE SMASHES YOU!
YOU ARE GOOD, HULK. I WAS MISTAKEN TO UNDERESTIMATE--
--YOUR INSTINCT AND FLARE FOR ALL-OUT BRUTE BRAWLING!

BUT THOSE QUALITIES CANNOT REPLACE INTELLIGENT APPLICATION OF POWER AND ABILITY--
WUK!
--LIKE THIS, NEANDERTHAL!
UNGHHHH! THOSE HORNS--


BA-VR-DO-OM!
YES, HULK... THE HORNS OF THE RHINO! ABLE TO LIFT YOU, FLIP YOU, EXACTLY WHERE I INTEND!

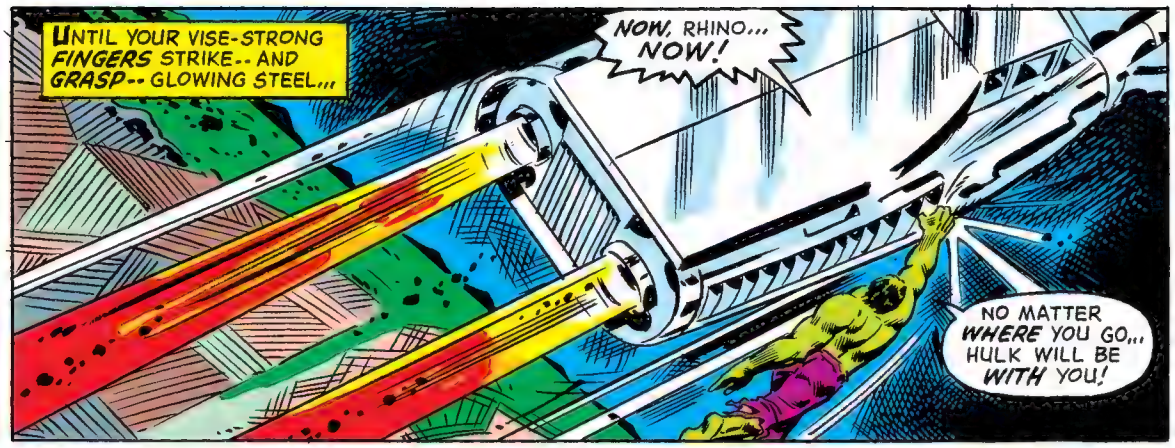
AND WHILE YOU STRUGGLE TO EXTRICATE YOURSELF FROM AMID TONS OF SHATTERED METAL AND CRUDE OIL--
-- I SHALL BEGIN TO GUIDE THIS CHARADE IN THE DIRECTION I WISH IT TO GO!

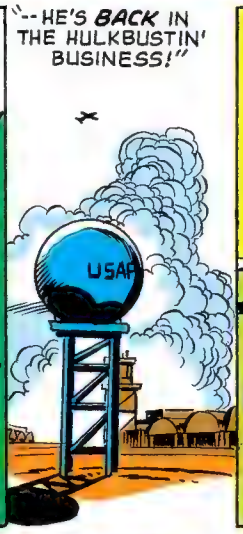
OMNIVAC, AWAITING AND READY, SIR.
SUGGESTION, SIR: A SIMPLE REVENGE PLAN HAS BECOME OVERLY-COMPLEX, MUDDLED.
THIS MAY BE INFLUENCE OF THE RHINO'S BRUTE NATURE. BUT IF YOU'D WAIT FOR MY AUTO-MEDIC REPAIRS SO YOUR OWN BODY--

SUGGESTION NOTED, COMPUTER... AND OVERRULED.
NOW: SUSTAIN A LIFT-OFF COURSE THAT ENABLES A THE BRUTE TO SPY US.
A SHIP!
FLYING FROM BEYOND TANKS. IT MUST BELONG TO ENEMY--
RHINO! YOU WILL NOT GET AWAY SO EASY!
NOT WHEN YOU HAVE HURT HULK'S FRIEND, JIM!

BUT YOU HEAR NOTHING, DO YOU, HULK? ARE AWARE OF NOTHING BUT THAT GLEAM OF SILVER SIGNALLING AN ESCAPING FOE...

AND SO, WITH ALL THE GAMMA-RAY-SPAWNED POWER OF YOUR GREAT-THEWED LEGS...

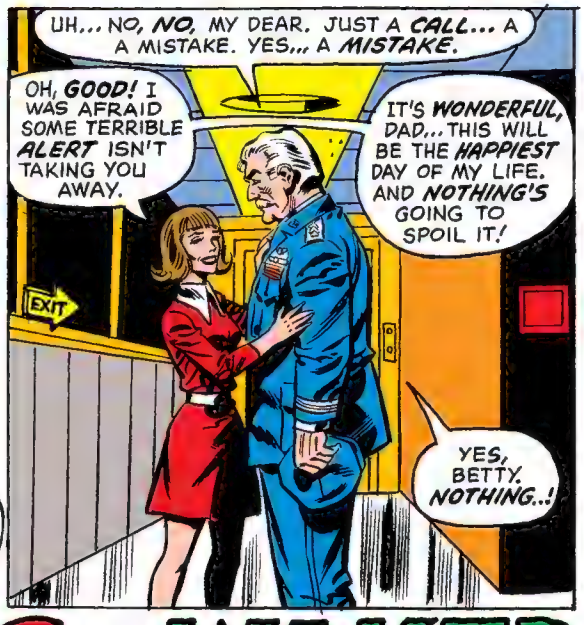




AND SOON, AS DAWN BREAKS IN THE NEW MEXICO SKY...
A SHAKEN MAN PLACES DOWN A RECEIVER, KNOWING THAT, IF THE BEST DREAMS OF MEN SOMETIMES COME TRUE...

...SO LIKEWISE DO THEIR WORST NIGHTMARES!

BETTY...! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE... AT THIS HOUR?
I'VE BEEN TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP, DAD.
I HEARD YOU LEAVE, AND I HAD TO SEE WHAT WAS DRAGGING YOU TO THE OFFICE.
IT ISN'T ANYTHING SERIOUS, IS IT? THERE WON'T BE ANY CHANGE--


UH... NO, NO, MY DEAR. JUST A CALL... A A MISTAKE. YES... A MISTAKE.
OH, GOOD! I WAS AFRAID SOME TERRIBLE ALERT ISN'T TAKING YOU AWAY.
IT'S WONDERFUL, DAD... THIS WILL BE THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE. AND NOTHING'S GOING TO SPOIL IT!
EXIT
YES, BETTY. NOTHING..!

NEXT: WEDDING--OR WAKE?

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
20¢
158
DEC
02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
ONLY ONE OF US IS GETTIN' OFF THIS CRUMMY WORLD, HULK--
...AND THAT ONE'S GONNA BE--THE RHINO!
HERB TRIMPE
STOP THEM! WE NEED THEIR HELP AGAINST--THE BEASTS WHO WALK LIKE MEN!
OL' GREENSKIN VS. THE RHINO--BRUCE BANNER--THE ARMY--AND THE NEFARIOUS NEW-MEN!
FRENZY ON COUNTER-EARTH!

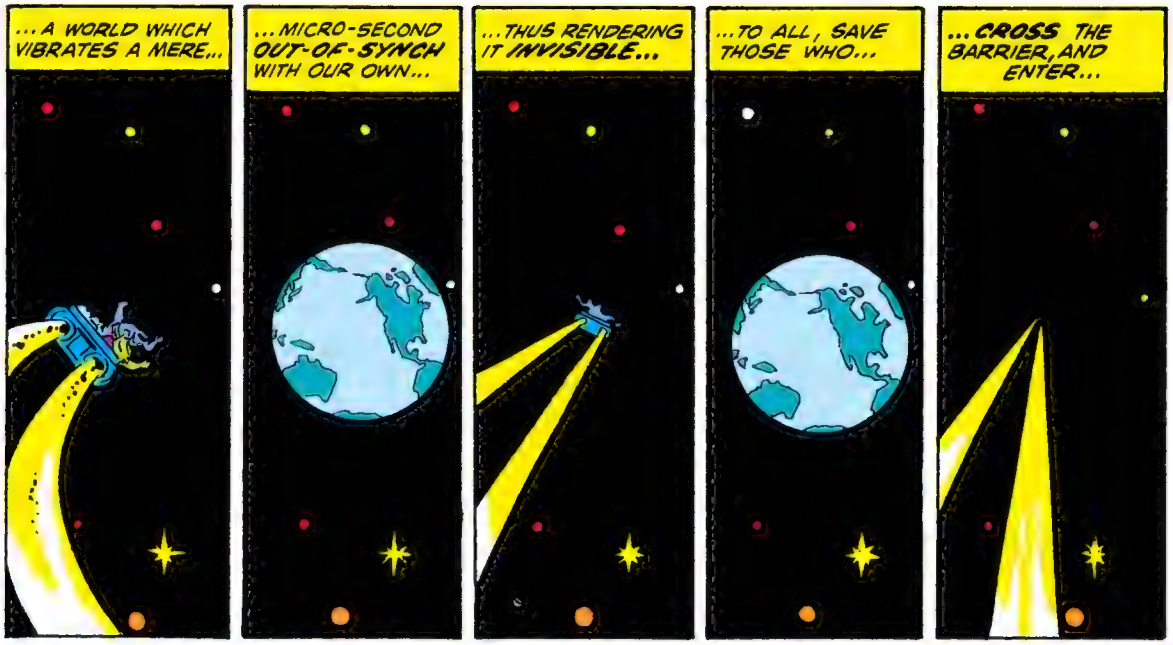
THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

FRENZY ON A FAR-AWAY WORLD!
SENSES-SHATTERING SYNOPSIS DEPT.: PARALYZED AS A RESULT OF HIS LAST ENCOUNTER WITH THE HULK, THE LOATHSOME LEADER TRANSFERRED HIS MIND INTO THE BODY OF THE RAMPAGING RHINO TO SEEK REVENGE ON OL' GREENSKIN! AFTER A PITCHED BATTLE, OUR GRUESOME GOLEM PURSUED THE RHINO ABOARD YON SPEEDING SPACECRAFT!
AND NOW, HANG ON, HULKOPHILE-- 'CAUSE HERE'S WHERE THINGS REALLY START TO GET WEIRD--!
RHINO THREATENED BETTY! RHINO TRY TO SMASH HULK'S FRIEND JIM!
NOW HULK WILL SMASH RHINO!!
WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
WHERE ARE WE, ANYHOW?
STAN LEE PRESENTS A TALE OF TWO WORLDS!
ROY THOMAS, PLOT/EDITING
STEVE GERBER, SCRIPT
HERB TRIMPE, PENCILS
SAL TRAPANI, inks
JOHN COSTANZA, letterer

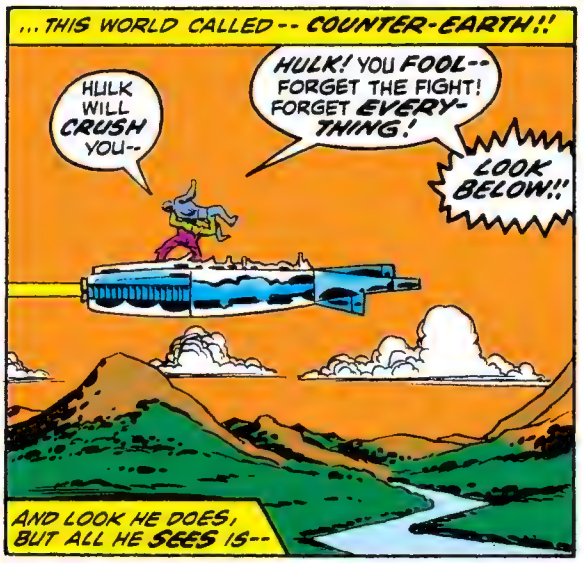
YOU LIE, GREY MAN!
YOU HURT JIM! YOU WANT TO HARM GIRL! YOU MADE HULK COME HERE!
AND FOR THAT--HULK WILL DESTROY!!
DESTROY--DO YOU HEAR!?!
HAVE YOU GONE BAZOONIES? YER BUSTIN' THE COCKPIT--
--AN' WE'RE IN OUTER SPACE!
DON'T CARE WHERE WE ARE! HULK WILL SMASH YOU!
KERUNCH!
HEY!! YOU'RE LETTIN' ALL THE AIR OUT, YOU BIG GREEN GOOFBALL!
MAYBE YOU CAN BREATHE THE THIN AIR-SHELL AROUND THIS CRATE--
BUT ME--I GOTTA HAVE THIS OXYGEN MASK!
HAH! NOW HULK HAS YOU WHERE HE WANTS YOU!
AND HULK IS SMART! HE KNOWS YOU ARE NOT WHO YOU LOOK LIKE!
HULK KNOWS YOU ARE THE ONE CALLED... LEADER!
RRRIP!
THE LEADER?
GREENIE--HOLD UP!! YOU'RE WRONG! I AIN'T NOBODY BUT THE RHINO!!
MORE LIES! HULK IS TIRED OF LIES! HULK WILL SMASH!
AND, FOR ONCE, THE RHINO SPEAKS TRUTH! FOR IT IS HE HIMSELF--HIS BODY ABANDONED BY THE MIND OF THE LEADER--WHO NOW ENTERS INTO CONFUSED BATTLE WITH THE GAMMA-RAY-SPAWNED BEHEMOTH MEN CALL THE HULK!
THE LEADER!! YEAH--YEAH--I KNOW HE'S MIXED UP IN THIS SOMEHOW--BUT--CAN'T REMEMBER--
--HEAD FOGGY--GOTTA THINK--GOTTA THINK!!
HULK DOES NOT UNDERSTAND! YOU ARE WEAK! YOU TRY TO HOLD HULK OFF, BUT DO NOT FIGHT!
HULK WANTS TO FIGHT!!

NOR IS THE HULK ALONE IN HIS DESIRE. FOR IT IS SHARED BY THE LONE OCCUPANT OF A CERTAIN COMPUTER-OPERATED SATELLITE PRESENTLY ORBITING THE EARTH...
OMNIVAC HERE, SIR. TELEMETRY INDICATES SHUTTLE-CRAFT ABOUT TO ASSUME PERMANENT ORBIT AROUND THE SUN, AS PLANNED.
HOWEVER, SENSOR BANKS REGISTOR CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE TO THE SHIP, SIR--APPARENTLY CAUSED BY THE HULK.
SHALL I ENGAGE SHUTTLE-CRAFT DESTRUCT SEQUENCE, SIR? OR WOULD YOU PREFER I PREPARE BREAKFAST FOR YOUR MORNING I.V.?
YES, THEY ARE SHARED BY... THE LEADER.
NEITHER, THANK YOU, OMNIVAC.
RATHER, ACTIVATE THE CRAFT'S ATMOSPHERIC SIMULATOR AND MAINTAIN LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEMS.
MY HUNGER IS BEST APPEASED BY THE SIGHT OF THEIR BATTLE--ABOARD THAT SHIP POWERED SOLELY BY MY MIND-FORCE!
THUS AM I RID FOREVER OF THE TWO I MOST DESPISE--
--THE BESTIAL HULK, WHO MADE ME A HELPLESS CRIPPLE--
--AND THE BOTHERSOME RHINO, WHOSE SIMPLE-MINDED LUST FOR POWER MIGHT ONE DAY HAVE TURNED HIM AGAINST ME!
WHILE, BACK ON TERRA FIRMA, AT THE AIR FORCE BASE KNOWN AS PROJECT GREEN-SKIN--
THEN YOU'RE TELLING ME HE CAN'T RETURN, CAPTAIN?
BASE OPERATIONS
NOT IF OUR COMPUTATIONS ARE ANYWHERE NEAR CORRECT, GENERAL.
THE GENERAL: "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS. THE SUBJECT-AT-HAND: WHAT ELSE?
ACCORDING TO YOUR REPORT, CAPTAIN, THE SHIP HAS ACHIEVED ORBITAL STATUS AROUND THE SUN--
--FOLLOWING PRECISELY THE SAME ELLIPSE AS THE EARTH ITSELF, BUT TRAVELING AT A MUCH FASTER RATE.
AFFIRMATIVE, SIR. OUR CALCULATIONS SHOW THAT WHEN IT REACHES A POINT IN ITS ORBIT EXACTLY OPPOSITE THE EARTH, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUN, IT WILL BEGIN TO SLOW.
AT THAT POINT, ONE OF TWO THINGS MUST OCCUR:
EITHER ITS ORBIT WILL DETERIORATE, AND THE SHIP WILL PLUNGE INTO THE SUN--
--OR IT WILL CONTINUE IN ORBIT, MOVING AT THE SAME SPEED AS OUR PLANET, AND THEREFORE ALWAYS OUT OF OUR SIGHT... AND REACH.

THEN--THE HULK IS GONE FOREVER!
AND YOU DID RIGHT, YOU OLD GALOOT, KEEPING ALL THIS--
--FROM BETTY AND GLENN!
IT SEEMS INDEED THAT BETTY ROSS HAS FOUND A KIND OF LIBERATION IN HER IMPENDING MARRIAGE TO MAJOR GLENN TALBOT--
FOR HOW COULD ANY WOMAN TRULY LOVE--
--THE MAN WHO IS THE HULK?
THE MAN WHO MAY SPEND ALL HIS DAYS RACING THRU SPACE ON A SHUTTLE TO NOWHERE... IF HE SURVIVES!
AWRIGHT, STUPID--YOU WANT A FIGHT? YOU GOT IT!
AND SO IT BEGINS: A BATTLE THAT WILL LAST FOR DAYS, BY EARTH RECKONING, A FUTILE STRUGGLE THAT CONTINUES AS THE TWO ANTAGONISTS HURTLE ONWARD--
--AROUND THE SUN--
--AND BEYOND--TOWARD A WORLD IN THE SELFSAME ORBIT AS EARTH--
--BUT ALWAYS TURNED TO SOL'S OTHER FACE--


...A WORLD WHICH VIBRATES A MERE...
...MICRO-SECOND OUT-OF-SYNCH WITH OUR OWN...
...THUS RENDERING IT INVISIBLE...
...TO ALL, SAVE THOSE WHO...
...CROSS THE BARRIER, AND ENTER...

...ITS ATMOSPHERE! FOR TO THEM ALONE AMONG EARTHMEN...
...SHALL BE REVEALED...


...THIS WORLD CALLED -- COUNTER-EARTH!!
HULK WILL CRUSH YOU--
HULK! YOU FOOL-- FORGET THE FIGHT! FORGET EVERY-THING!
LOOK BELOW!!
AND LOOK HE DOES, BUT ALL HE SEES IS--

ANOTHER TRICK!!

BUT HULK WILL NOT BE FOOLED! HULK WILL FINISH OUR FIGHT--LIKE THIS!
NOOOOOOO...!
KA-THOOM
THAT SOUND!! LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!
OR WORSE, THE DIN OF FALLING BOMBS!
IT FELL, ALL RIGHT--
BUT THAT WAS NO BOMB! SHOULD WE CHECK IT OUT--?
I THINK NOT, MY FRIEND.
FOR WE HAVE OTHER MATTERS TO ATTEND TO THIS DAY...*
*IN WARLOCK'S OWN MAG., NATCH. --ROY.
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HULK...
HE FELL FAR! HULK WINS! NOW, MAYBE--
HULK HAVE PEACE!
AND THEN AGAIN-- MAYBE NOT. FOR, AS THE CRAFT STRIKES A PEAK--
--THE HULK IS THROWN INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER.
BAH! NO FALL CAN HURT HULK!

PERHAPS. BUT, YOU'RE FALLING TOWARD A CITY, HULK..., WHERE MEN DWELL. THE ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR HUMANS--AND OTHER MEN: NEW-MEN!
YOU ARE SSSURROUNDED, PORCUNIUS--YOU AND YOUR REBEL BAND!
SSSURRENDER! JOIN YOUR FELLOW NEW-MEN!
RECLAIM YOUR DESSSTINY--AND OURS: TO RULE THIS EARTH!

BUT BEFORE A REPLY--EVEN A DEFIANT ONE--CAN BE MADE--
BY WUNDAGORE! WHAT HELL-SPAWNED MONSTROSITY DOES KOHBRA SEND AT US NOW?

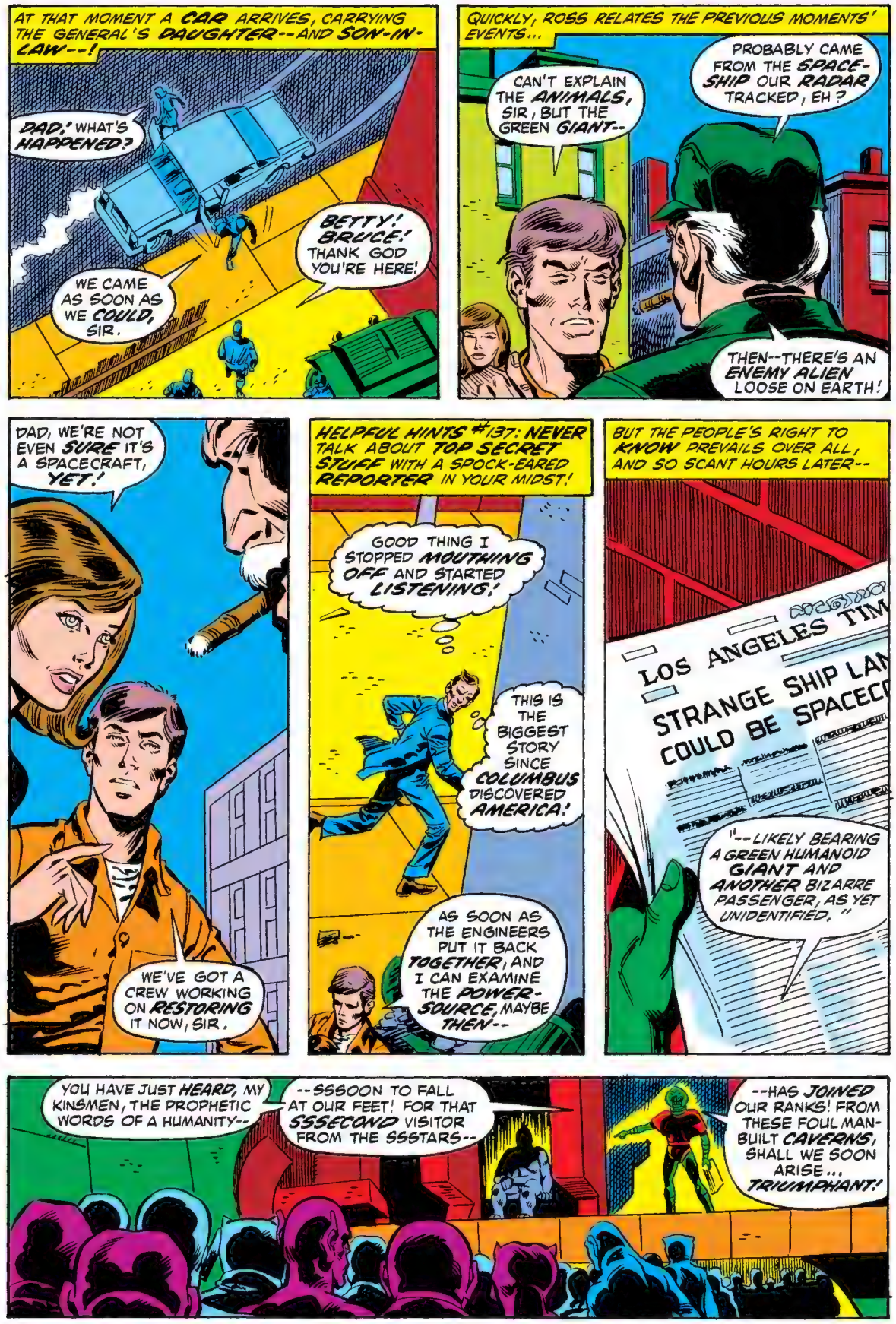
AWAY WITH ME, BRETHREN! PORCUNIUS HAS FOUND AN ALLY!
LET THE FOOL THINK USSS FRIGHTENED! WE SHALL HAVE OUR DAY SSSOON ENOUGH!
LOOK, PORCUNIUS!
KOHBRA FLEES! THE GREEN ONE IS NOT ONE OF HIS!

HULK IS NOBODY'S! HULK IS ALONE--NO MATTER WHERE HE GOES ON EARTH!*
THEN BE WITH US! WE OFFER SANCTUM--
*YEP, THAT'S RIGHT. THE HULK THINKS HE'S BACK ON EARTH. WHY NOT? --RT.

--SHELTER FROM THE HUMANS WHO WOULD HUNT ALL THAT ARE DIFFERENT!
SOLDIERS!! HULK HATES SOLDIERS!!

ESPECIALLY THIS SOLDIER!
TALBOT! THE REPORTS WERE TRUE!! THEY'RE ...MONSTERS!
ANIMAL-MEN... AND SOME KIND OF HUGE GREEN MONSTER!
*FORGOT, DIDN'T YOU? THERE IS NO HULK ON COUNTER-EARTH! --R.

WHILE, FROM SPACE, COUNTER-EARTH'S CREATOR SOLEMNLY LOOKS ON...
LONG HAVE I FEARED THIS DAY--
--WHEN MEN OF THE OLD EARTH WOULD SET FOOT ON THE NEW.
E'EN AS I FEARED COUNTER-EARTH'S DISCOVERY OF THE NEW-MEN--
...THOSE CREATURES WHICH SURVIVED THE FALL OF THE LATE AND UNLAMENTED MAN-BEAST!
NOW, BOTH CALAMITIES HAVE OCCURRED.
AND THE HIGH-EVOLUTIONARY CAN DO NAUGHT BUT WATCH...
...AS THE SONS OF WUNDAGORE WAR AMONGST THEMSELVES, AND THE EARTH-SOLDIERS SEEK TO DESTROY THEM ALL.
A SKUNK!?! GENERAL, WE SHOT AT A MAN-- A MONSTER...!
HASN'T THE ARMY BETTER THINGS TO DO, GENERAL, THAN SHOOTING AT CITIZEN'S PETS?
THIS AREA'S BEEN CORDONED OFF, MISTER JASON ANDERS!
THIS IS TOP-SECRET MILITARY BUSINESS, ANDERS! GET YOUR NEWSHAWK'S NOSE OUTA HERE BEFORE I BREAK IT!
YOU'RE BREATHING ON ME, ROSS.
YOU'RE LUCKY IF THAT'S ALL I DO! NOW--
SCRAM!


AT THAT MOMENT A CAR ARRIVES, CARRYING THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER--AND SON-IN-LAW--!
DAD! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
BETTY! BRUCE! THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE!
WE CAME AS SOON AS WE COULD, SIR.
QUICKLY, ROSS RELATES THE PREVIOUS MOMENTS' EVENTS...
CAN'T EXPLAIN THE ANIMALS, SIR, BUT THE GREEN GIANT--
PROBABLY CAME FROM THE SPACE-SHIP OUR RADAR TRACKED, EH?
THEN--THERE'S AN ENEMY ALIEN LOOSE ON EARTH!
DAD, WE'RE NOT EVEN SURE IT'S A SPACECRAFT, YET!
WE'VE GOT A CREW WORKING ON RESTORING IT NOW, SIR.
HELPFUL HINTS #137: NEVER TALK ABOUT TOP SECRET STUFF WITH A SPOCK-EARED REPORTER IN YOUR MIDST!
GOOD THING I STOPPED MOUTHING OFF AND STARTED LISTENING!
THIS IS THE BIGGEST STORY SINCE COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA!
AS SOON AS THE ENGINEERS PUT IT BACK TOGETHER, AND I CAN EXAMINE THE POWER-SOURCE, MAYBE THEN--
BUT THE PEOPLE'S RIGHT TO KNOW PREVAILS OVER ALL, AND SO SCANT HOURS LATER--
LOS ANGELES TIM
STRANGE SHIP LAN
COULD BE SPACEC
"--LIKELY BEARING A GREEN HUMANOID GIANT AND ANOTHER BIZARRE PASSENGER, AS YET UNIDENTIFIED."
YOU HAVE JUST HEARD, MY KINSMEN, THE PROPHETIC WORDS OF A HUMANITY--
--SSSOON TO FALL AT OUR FEET! FOR THAT SSSECOND VISITOR FROM THE SSSTARS--
--HAS JOINED OUR RANKS! FROM THESE FOUL MAN-BUILT CAVERNS, SHALL WE SOON ARISE... TRIUMPHANT!

WHILE, IN SIMILAR CATACOMBS SOME DISTANCE AWAY, WHERE A SLIGHTLY-DAZED HULK IS STILL DIGESTING THE INFORMATION THAT HE IS ON A TWIN OF HIS OWN EARTH...
LIKE KOHBRA, WE ARE NEW-MEN, HULK.
HUMANS EVOLVED FROM SPECIES OTHER THAN PRIMATES.
UNLIKE KOHBRA, WE SEEK ONLY ACCEPTANCE, NOT DOMINATION.
THAT ALSO WHAT HULK SEEKS. HULK LIKE PORCU...PORCU--
PORCUNIUS!
BAH! NAMES CONFUSE HULK! WHAT IS IN NAME?
YOU READ TO HULK ABOUT SHIP-- YOU HELP HULK FIND--SO HE CAN GET BACK TO OWN WORLD?
AYE! LEST KOHBRA OBTAIN SO POWERFUL A VEHICLE!
GOOD. THEN YOU ARE HULK'S FRIENDS!
ALL SAVE ONE, HULK... THE NEW-MAN CALLED PHROGG.
WHILE, IN A LITTLE-USED HANGER AT THE LOCAL AIR FORCE BASE--
IT'S POWERED BY GAMMA RAYS, BETTY! THE ENGINE GENERATES THEM!
IT'S CERTAINLY SPACEWORTHY-- AIRTIGHT, PRESSURIZED, AND CAPABLE OF TREMENDOUS SPEEDS!
AND ITS GUIDANCE MECHANISMS RESPOND TO SOME KIND OF MIND-FORCE?
I DON'T KNOW...! I JUST KEEP THINKING OF THE GAMMA RAYS...WHY I STOPPED EXPERIMENTING WITH THEM...
BRUCE-- PLEASE-- THAT WAS YEARS AGO--!
I CAN STILL SEE IT, BETTY--
"...THAT YOUNG LAD WHO DROVE OUT ON THE PROVING GROUNDS ACCIDENTALLY... AND PARKED AT GROUND ZERO!
"HOW I RAN FROM THE BUNKER TO SAVE HIM, WITH JUST SECONDS BEFORE THE EXPLOSION...
"...HOW WE LEAPED FOR THE TRENCH...
"...AND MADE IT, BARELY IN TIME!
"HAD I BEEN EXPOSED TO THOSE RAYS, WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED?*
* WE DO! --RASCALLY.

THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER REALIZED, BETTY, HOW MUCH YOU MEANT TO ME--THAT I NEEDED YOU MORE THAN ANYTHING!
AND, SINCE THEN, YOU'VE MADE THE BEST LAB ASSISTANT--AND THE BEST WIFE--ANY PHYSICIST EVER HAD!
LIFE HAS BEEN GOOD TO US, BRUCE...
CRASH!
OH, DEAR LORD--NO!
IT CAN'T BE! IT'S TOO--IMPOSSIBLE!
YOU!!
HULK CAME TO FIND SHIP--BUT FOUND SOMETHING BETTER!
THE ONE HULK HATES MORE THAN ANYONE!!
BRUCE!! HE MEANS YOU!! WHY? HOW??
I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW!
YOU MAKE HULK--HULK, MAKE MEN DESPISE, FEAR!
NO, YOU'RE WRONG, I SWEAR IT!!

WRONG?! HAH!! IT IS LIKE ALWAYS! GIRL HATES HULK, AFRAID OF HULK-- BUT GIRL LIKES BANNER!
YOU ARE WEAK-- NOT STRONG LIKE HULK! BUT-- YOU ARE ALSO WHAT HULK WAS!
STAY BACK!! STAY AWAY FROM MY WIFE!
WIFE?
THEN YOU TOOK GIRL AWAY FROM HULK!!
AND FOR THAT-- HULK WILL CRUSH YOU!!
BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!!
NO! STOP!!
GOOD LORD--IT CAN'T BE! NOT BOBBIE!!
I WON'T LET YOU HURT MY DADDY! I WON'T!
ROBERT BRUCE BANNER,JR.-- AGE 7, TO BE EXACT!
HULK DOES NOT SMASH... CHILDREN.
BOBBIE, COME HERE!
I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU! AN' I'M NOT AFRAID TO FIGHT YOU!

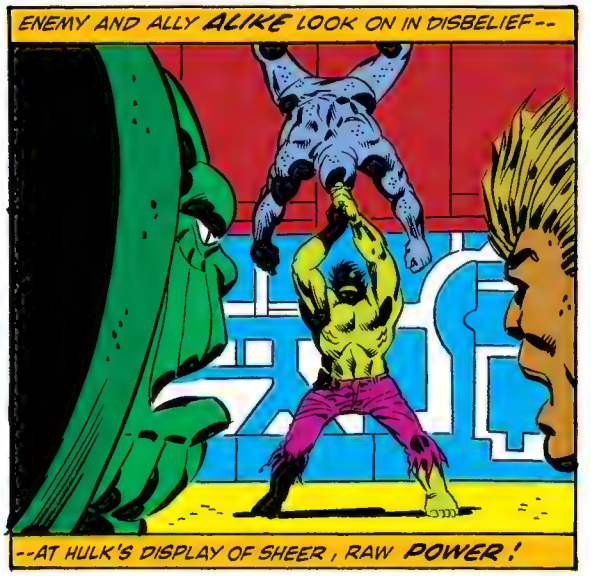
...NOT... HURT... BOY. BOY IS LIKE HULK'S FRIEND JIM...
...ONLY THIS BOY SEEMS... CLOSER TO HULK.
BOBBIE! BETTY! NOW--WHILE HE'S CONFUSED! HIDE!
HARD TO THINK... WHY HULK HATES BANNER... HOW BANNER CAN BE HERE--
--WHEN BANNER IS PART OF HULK. NOTHING ON THIS WORLD IS... RIGHT!
ALL WRONG... JUST LIKE ON OTHER WORLD.
BUT, EVEN AS THE HULK TRIES TO RESOLVE HIS PROBLEM OF CONFLICTING REALITIES...
PORCUNIUS! THE EVIL ONES ATTACK!!
ONE SIDE, GREENSKIN! THE RHINO'S COMIN' THRU!!
THWAMM!
ORDER THE GREEN ONE ASIDE, PORCUNIUS. WE HAVE COME FOR THE SHIP--
--AND WE MEAN TO HAVE IT!!
MOVE, HULK! BEFORE I HAFTA DO SOMETHIN' VIOLENT!
LIKE THIS!

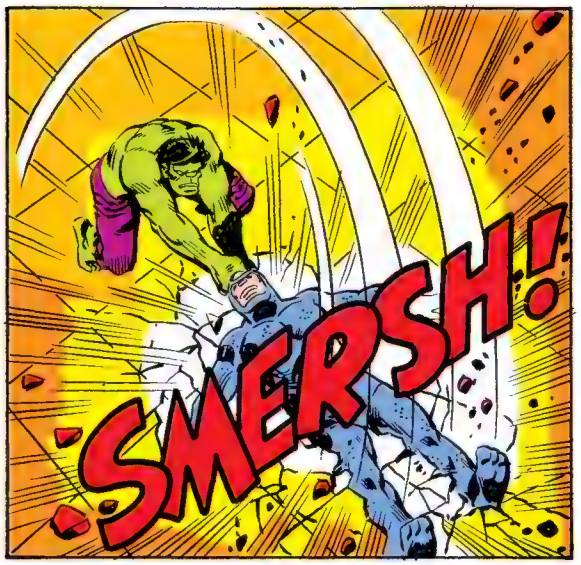
AND SO COMES ANOTHER CLASH IN THE CAMPAIGN FOR CONTROL OF COUNTER-EARTH-- A CAMPAIGN MOSTLY UNKNOWN TO THOSE WHOSE DESTINY IT WILL DETERMINE.
A CAMPAIGN FOUGHT THIS DAY BY MEN OF OTHER WORLDS--
--AND BY ONE TO WHOM NO WORLD IS HOME.
HULK SAYS NO!
HULK NEEDS SHIP--TO LEAVE THIS WORLD!
MEBBE SO, BRAINLESS-- BUT YER GONNA HAFTA KILL THE RHINO TO GET IT!!
FORWARD, NEW-MEN! FOR THE GLORY OF LOST WUNDAGORE!

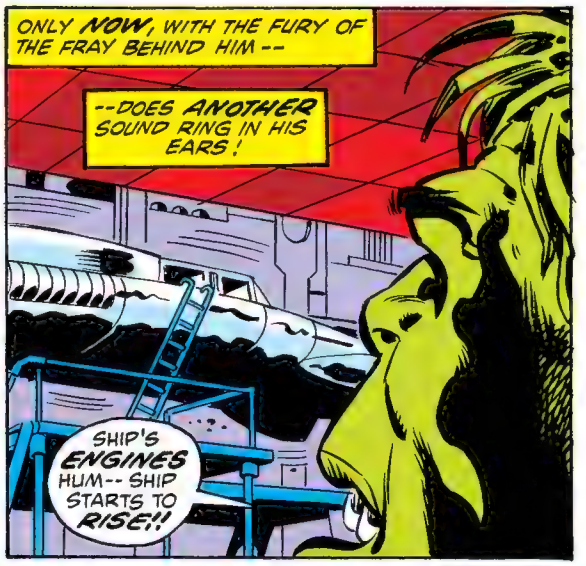
WHILE, HUDDLED BEHIND MASSIVE STEEL MACHINERY, THE BANNER FAMILY WATCHES, AND WAITS...
IT'S MADNESS! SHEER MADNESS!! THERE ARE ARMIES OF THEM! WHOLE ARMIES--
--OF ANIMALS WHO WALK AND TALK LIKE MEN!
AND THAT GREEN BRUTE-- WHO SAYS HE KNOWS ME... AND HATES ME-- AND THE ONE CALLED RHINO--
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US--AND TO THE WORLD?
THE TIME FOR YOUR EVIL IS ENDED, KOHBRA!
FOR, OUTNUMBERED THO WE BE, STILL WE FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT!
THE FIGHT TO SAVE MEN'S SOULS!!
AYE! AND 'TIS A SSSTRUGGLE YOU SHALL LOSE, QUILLED ONE!
BRUCE... DARLING, YOU MAY FIND THIS HARD TO BELIEVE--
--BUT I THINK I SENSED SOMETHING GOOD... EVEN KIND IN THAT HULKING CREATURE--
--SOMETHING OF... YOU!
MOMMY, I'M FRIGHTENED!
HUSH, DEAR-- THEY CAN'T FIND US HERE...

AND, ALMOST 200 MILLION MILES AWAY...
OMNIVAC HERE, SIR. SHUTTLE-CRAFT LOCATED ON A NEW PLANET DIRECTLY OPPOSITE EARTH IN IDENTICAL ORBIT.
I HAVE IT ON VISUAL, SIR.
THANK YOU, OMNIVAC. I SEE OUR SHIP IS THE PRIZE IN SOME STRANGE SORT OF CONFLICT. MOST FLATTERING!
HOWEVER, NEITHER SIDE SHALL GAIN IT. EVEN NOW--
--MY MIND-FORCE IS REACHING OUT, CALLING IT BACK--LEAVING HULK AND THE RHINO STRANDED!
AND, SPEAKING OF BLUDGEONING BRAWLERS--
YOU HIT HARD, HORNED MAN-- BUT HULK HITS HARDER!!
FWOK!
AT LAST, DORCUNIUS! WE MEET!
LET THE GIANTS TRADE BLOWS! IT IS ONLY WE WHO CAN PUT AN END TO THIS FARCE!
THE WAR FOR THIS WORLD'S SURVIVAL CAN BE NO FARCE!

BUT, EVEN AS VENOM AND QUILL PREPARE FOR A DUEL TO THE DEATH--
BATTLE IS OVER, RHINO!
NOW THAT HULK HAS YOU--
--HULK WON'T LET GO!!


ENEMY AND ALLY ALIKE LOOK ON IN DISBELIEF--
--AT HULK'S DISPLAY OF SHEER, RAW POWER!

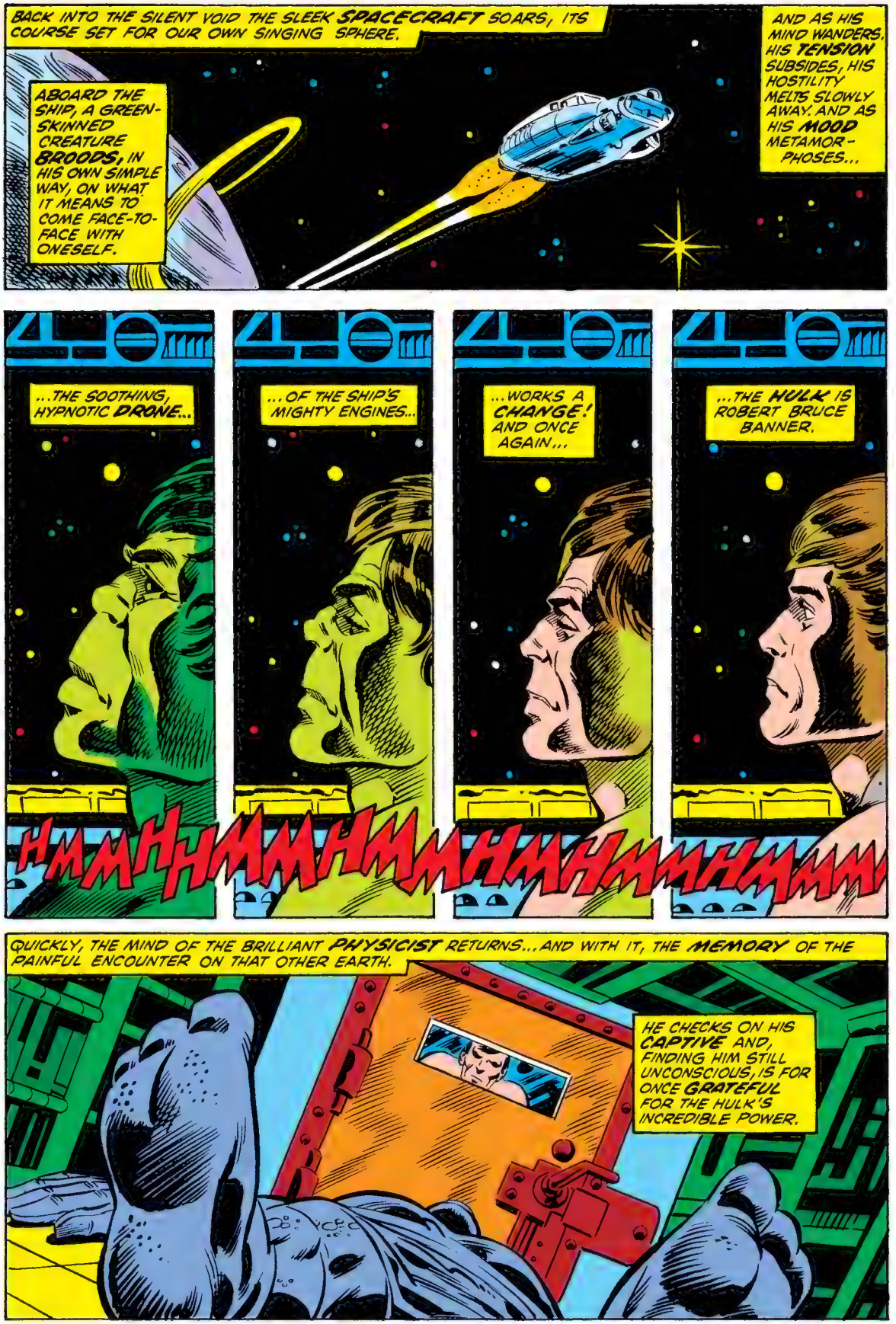

SMERSH!!

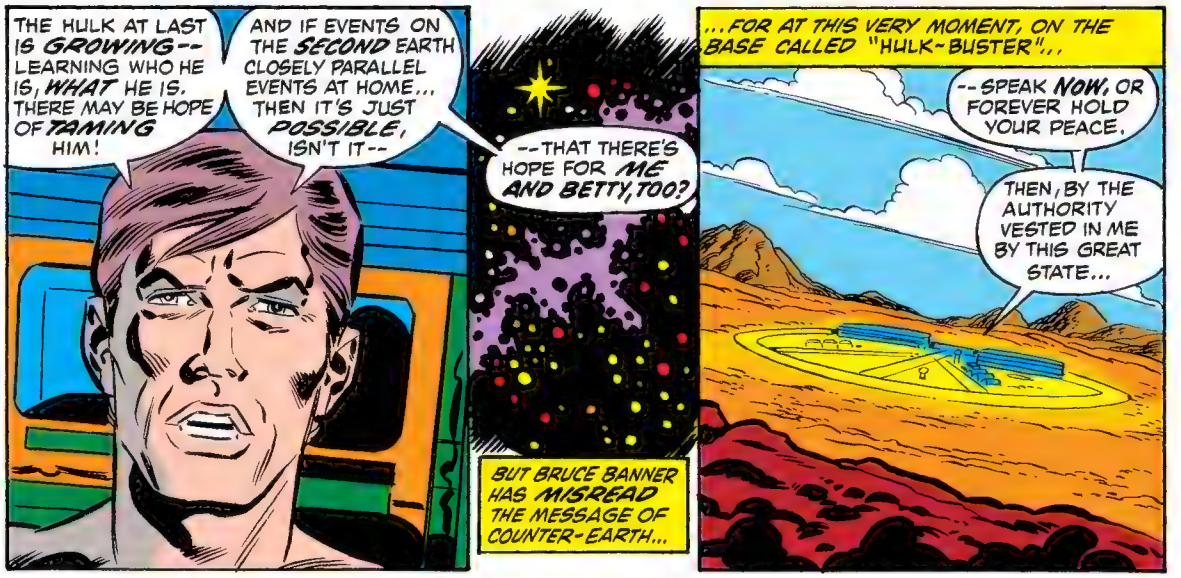

ONLY NOW, WITH THE FURY OF THE FRAY BEHIND HIM --
--DOES ANOTHER SOUND RING IN HIS EARS!
SHIP'S ENGINES HUM-- SHIP STARTS TO RISE!!

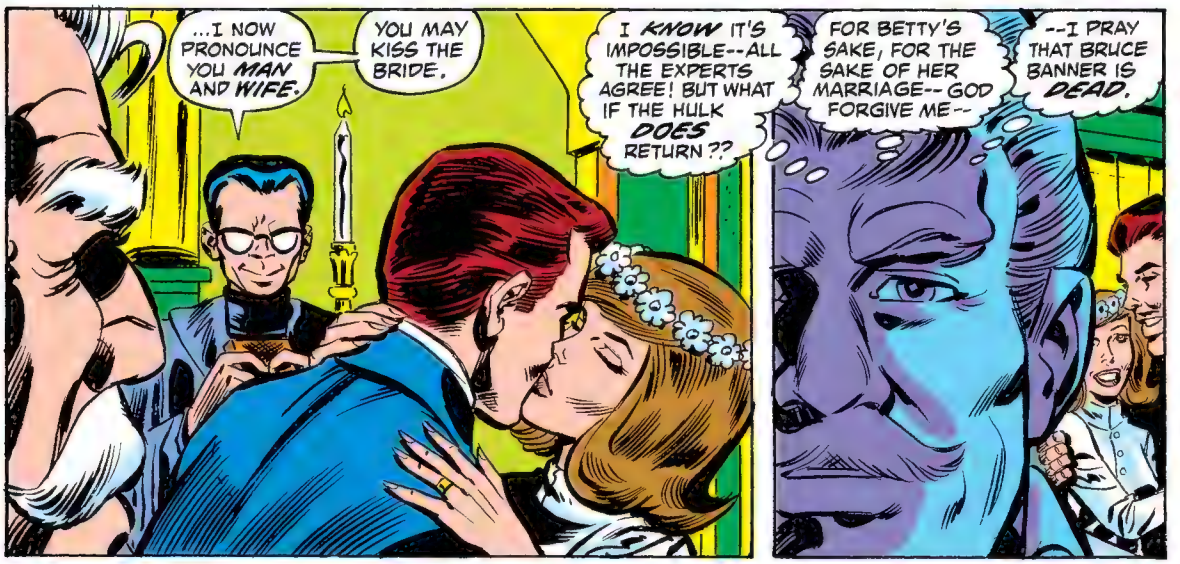
HULK AND GRAY MAN GO WITH SHIP!
MAYBE IT WILL TAKE US HOME-- MAYBE NOT.
BUT HULK IS SURE... WE DON'T BELONG HERE! SO-- MUST GO!

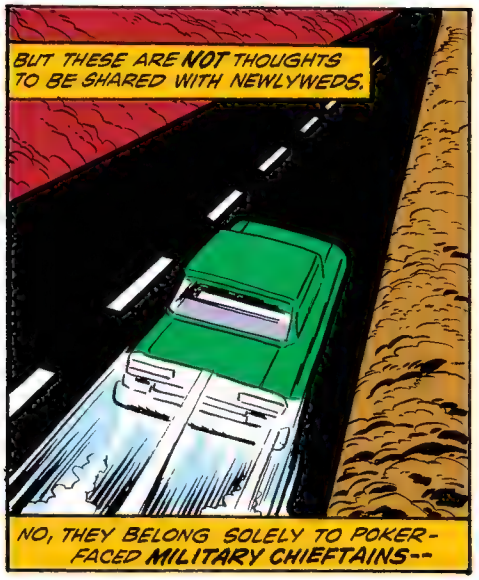
OMNIVAC HERE, SIR. TWO PASSENGERS HAVE BOARDED--!
SHUT UP, OMNIVAC! I KNOW! I KNOW-- BLAST IT!!

WHILE, BACK ON COUNTER-EARTH --
THE EARTH-SOLDIERS ATTACK!
AGAIN OUR CONFLICT MUST BE SET ASIDE!
AYE, KOHBRA-- FOR NOW.
GET IN THERE, YOU GOLDBRICKS! SCATTER!
ROUND UP EVERY ONE OF THOSE BLASTED BEAST-MEN--
NOW!!
AS THE NEW-MEN SCURRY BACK TO THEIR UNDERGROUND LAIRS, THE HULK GLANCES DOWN FROM THE WINDOW OF THE SLOWLY RISING SHUTTLE-CRAFT AT THE TREMBLING BANNERS...
HULK NOT HATE BANNER SO MUCH, ANYMORE...
CAN'T HATE MAN WHO RAISES GOOD SON.
CAN'T HATE MAN WHO IS WHAT FATHER SHOULD BE.
ALREADY GAINING SPEED, THE VESSEL CONTINUES TO RISE, UNTIL--
DON'T WANT TO LEAVE-- HULK MADE FRIENDS HERE...
...AND HULK LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT HIMSELF.
SO HARD TO REMEMBER WHAT HULK LEARNED...!


BACK INTO THE SILENT VOID THE SLEEK SPACECRAFT SOARS, ITS COURSE SET FOR OUR OWN SINGING SPHERE.
ABOARD THE SHIP, A GREEN-SKINNED CREATURE BROODS, IN HIS OWN SIMPLE WAY, ON WHAT IT MEANS TO COME FACE-TO-FACE WITH ONESELF.
AND AS HIS MIND WANDERS, HIS TENSION SUBSIDES, HIS HOSTILITY MELTS SLOWLY AWAY. AND AS HIS MOOD METAMOR-PHOSES...
...THE SOOTHING, HYPNOTIC DRONE...
...OF THE SHIP'S MIGHTY ENGINES...
...WORKS A CHANGE! AND ONCE AGAIN...
...THE HULK IS ROBERT BRUCE BANNER.
HMMM


THE HULK AT LAST IS GROWING-- LEARNING WHO HE IS, WHAT HE IS. THERE MAY BE HOPE OF TAMING HIM!
AND IF EVENTS ON THE SECOND EARTH CLOSELY PARALLEL EVENTS AT HOME... THEN IT'S JUST POSSIBLE, ISN'T IT--
--THAT THERE'S HOPE FOR ME AND BETTY, TOO?
BUT BRUCE BANNER HAS MISREAD THE MESSAGE OF COUNTER-EARTH...
...FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT, ON THE BASE CALLED "HULK-BUSTER"...
--SPEAK NOW, OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE.
THEN, BY THE AUTHORITY VESTED IN ME BY THIS GREAT STATE...


...I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE.
YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE.
I KNOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--ALL THE EXPERTS AGREE! BUT WHAT IF THE HULK DOES RETURN??
FOR BETTY'S SAKE, FOR THE SAKE OF HER MARRIAGE-- GOD FORGIVE ME--
--I PRAY THAT BRUCE BANNER IS DEAD.

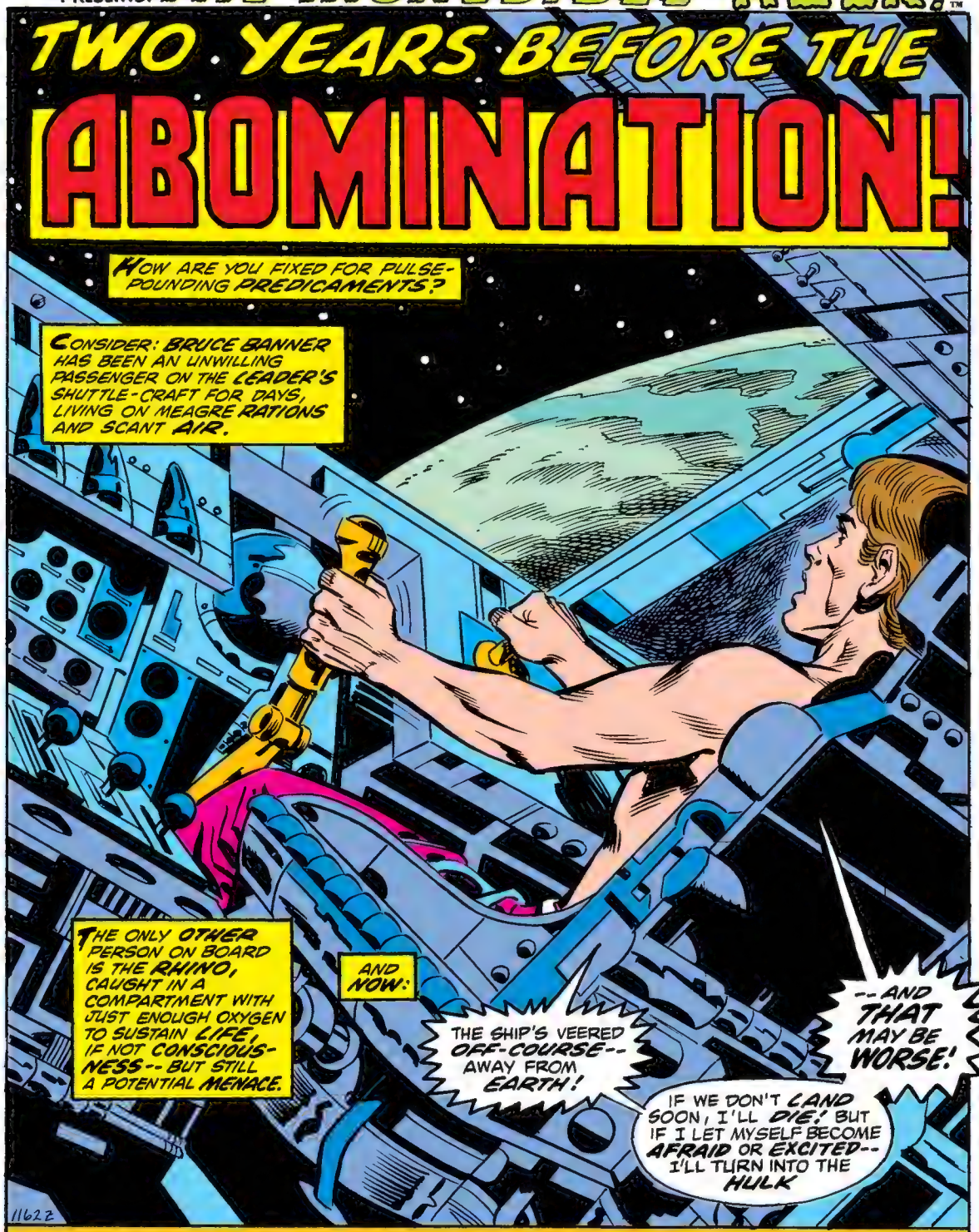


NEXT: THE AWESOME ABOMINATION!!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢ 159 JAN 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
AT BAY!
PERHAPS THE GREATEST BATTLE ISH OF ALL!
TRIMPE
U.S.A.F.
SMASH HIM! CRUSH HIM! THE HULK MUST BE DESTROYED, BY THE HAND OF--
THE ABOMINATION!

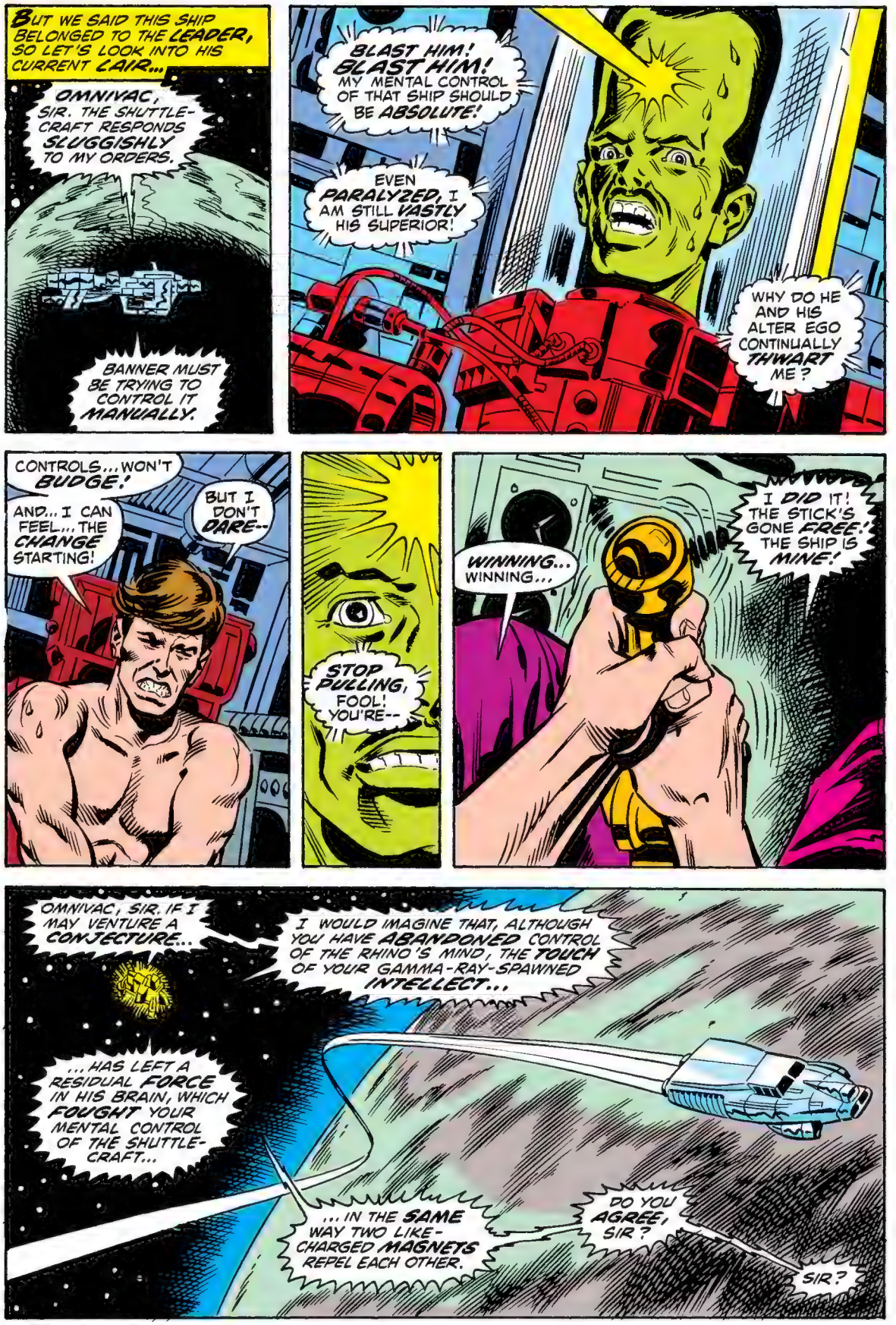
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE ABOMINATION!

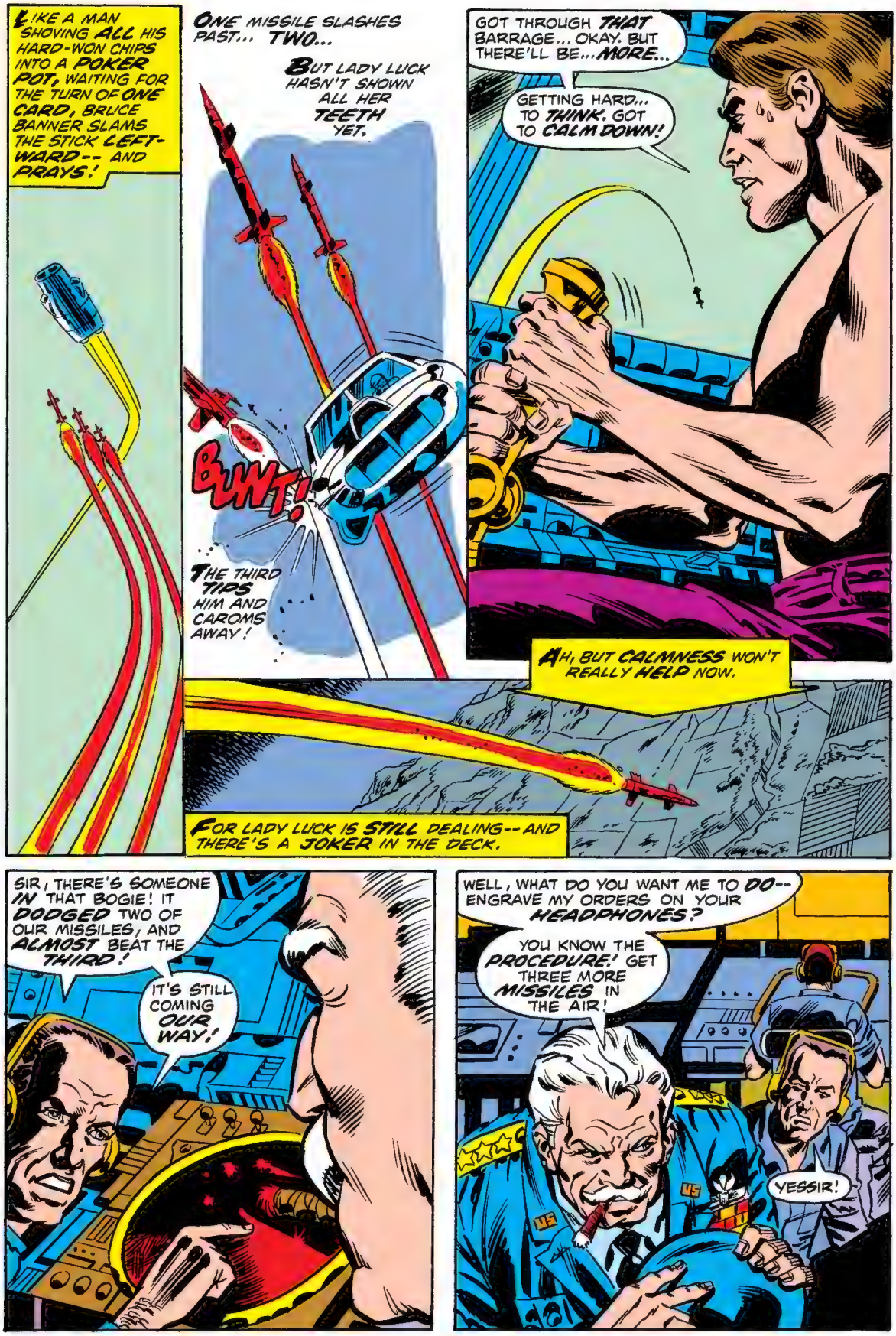

HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR PULSE-POUNDING PREDICAMENTS?
CONSIDER: BRUCE BANNER HAS BEEN AN UNWILLING PASSENGER ON THE LEADER'S SHUTTLE-CRAFT FOR DAYS, LIVING ON MEAGRE RATIONS AND SCANT AIR.
THE ONLY OTHER PERSON ON BOARD IS THE RHINO, CAUGHT IN A COMPARTMENT WITH JUST ENOUGH OXYGEN TO SUSTAIN LIFE, IF NOT CONSCIOUSNESS -- BUT STILL A POTENTIAL MENACE.
AND NOW:
THE SHIP'S VEERED OFF-COURSE -- AWAY FROM EARTH!
IF WE DON'T LAND SOON, I'LL DIE! BUT IF I LET MYSELF BECOME AFRAID OR EXCITED -- I'LL TURN INTO THE HULK
-- AND THAT MAY BE WORSE!
11622

STAINLESS STEVE ENGLEHART, author * HAPPY HERB TRIMPE, artist

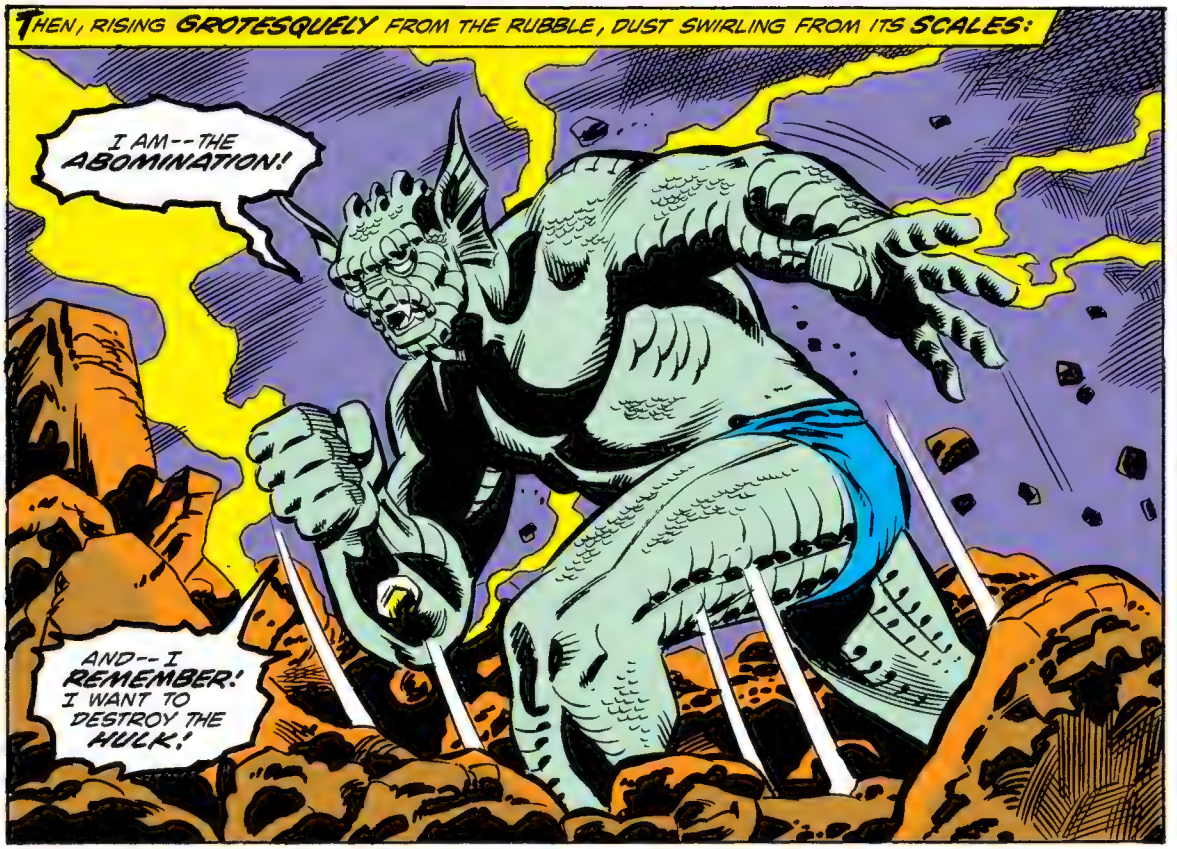
SAL TRAPANI, inker * JOHN COSTANZA letterer * GEORGE ROUSSOS colorist * ROY THOMAS, editor

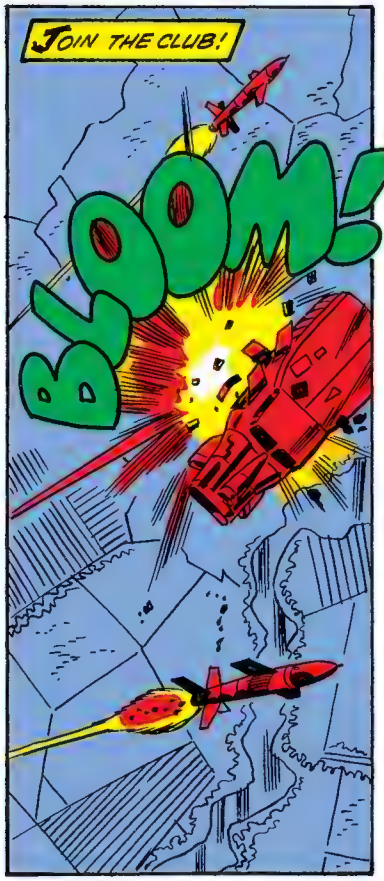

BUT WE SAID THIS SHIP BELONGED TO THE LEADER, SO LET'S LOOK INTO HIS CURRENT LAIR...
OMNIVAC, SIR. THE SHUTTLE-CRAFT RESPONDS SLUGGISHLY TO MY ORDERS.
BANNER MUST BE TRYING TO CONTROL IT MANUALLY.
BLAST HIM! BLAST HIM! MY MENTAL CONTROL OF THAT SHIP SHOULD BE ABSOLUTE!
EVEN PARALYZED, I AM STILL VASTLY HIS SUPERIOR!
WHY DO HE AND HIS ALTER EGO CONTINUALLY THWART ME?
CONTROLS... WON'T BUDGE!
AND... I CAN FEEL... THE CHANGE STARTING!
BUT I DON'T DARE--
STOP PULLING, FOOL! YOU'RE--
WINNING... WINNING...
I DID IT! THE STICK'S GONE FREE! THE SHIP IS MINE!
OMNIVAC, SIR. IF I MAY VENTURE A CONJECTURE...
I WOULD IMAGINE THAT, ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE ABANDONED CONTROL OF THE RHINO'S MIND, THE TOUCH OF YOUR GAMMA-RAY-SPAWNED INTELLECT...
... HAS LEFT A RESIDUAL FORCE IN HIS BRAIN, WHICH FOUGHT YOUR MENTAL CONTROL OF THE SHUTTLE-CRAFT...
... IN THE SAME WAY TWO LIKE-CHARGED MAGNETS REPEL EACH OTHER.
DO YOU AGREE, SIR?
SIR?

NO, GENTLE READER--THE LEADER'S NOT DEAD. HE'S JUST INORDINATELY HONKED OFF! AND SPEAKING OF HONKED OFF...
YOU'D BETTER NOT HAVE SAID WHAT I THINK YOU SAID, MISTER!
I'M TELLING YOU WHAT I SAW, GENERAL.
THE SCREENS SHOW THAT A VERY SMALL UFO JUST POPPED DOWN OUT OF THE IONO-SPHERE...
... AND IS NOW VIOLATING OUR AIR SPACE. IT DOESN'T ANSWER CALLS ON ANY FREQUENCY.
THE HULK WAS ON A SMALL SPACECRAFT. IF HE'S COME BACK--TO RUIN MY LITTLE GIRL'S HAPPINESS--
NO! I COULDN'T LET THAT HAPPEN!
ALL I KNOW IS, IT'S A UFO. MY ORDERS ARE CLEAR ON THEM.
FIRE MISSILES!
MISSILES AWAY, SIR!
"THREE GROUND-TO-AIR BEAUTIES--OFF AND RUNNING!"
FWOOM!
THANK THE LORD THE PRESSURE'S OFF NOW! I WAS RIGHT ON THE VERGE OF--
OH NO!!


LIKE A MAN SHOVING ALL HIS HARD-WON CHIPS INTO A POKER POT, WAITING FOR THE TURN OF ONE CARD, BRUCE BANNER SLAMS THE STICK LEFTWARD -- AND PRAYS!
ONE MISSILE SLASHES PAST... TWO...
BUT LADY LUCK HASN'T SHOWN ALL HER TEETH YET.
BLAM!
THE THIRD TIPS HIM AND CAROMS AWAY!
GOT THROUGH THAT BARRAGE... OKAY. BUT THERE'LL BE...MORE...
GETTING HARD... TO THINK. GOT TO CALM DOWN!
AH, BUT CALMNESS WON'T REALLY HELP NOW.
FOR LADY LUCK IS STILL DEALING -- AND THERE'S A JOKER IN THE DECK.
SIR, THERE'S SOMEONE IN THAT BOGIE! IT DODGED TWO OF OUR MISSILES, AND ALMOST BEAT THE THIRD!
IT'S STILL COMING OUR WAY!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO -- ENGRAVE MY ORDERS ON YOUR HEADPHONES?
YOU KNOW THE PROCEDURE! GET THREE MORE MISSILES IN THE AIR!
YESSIR!

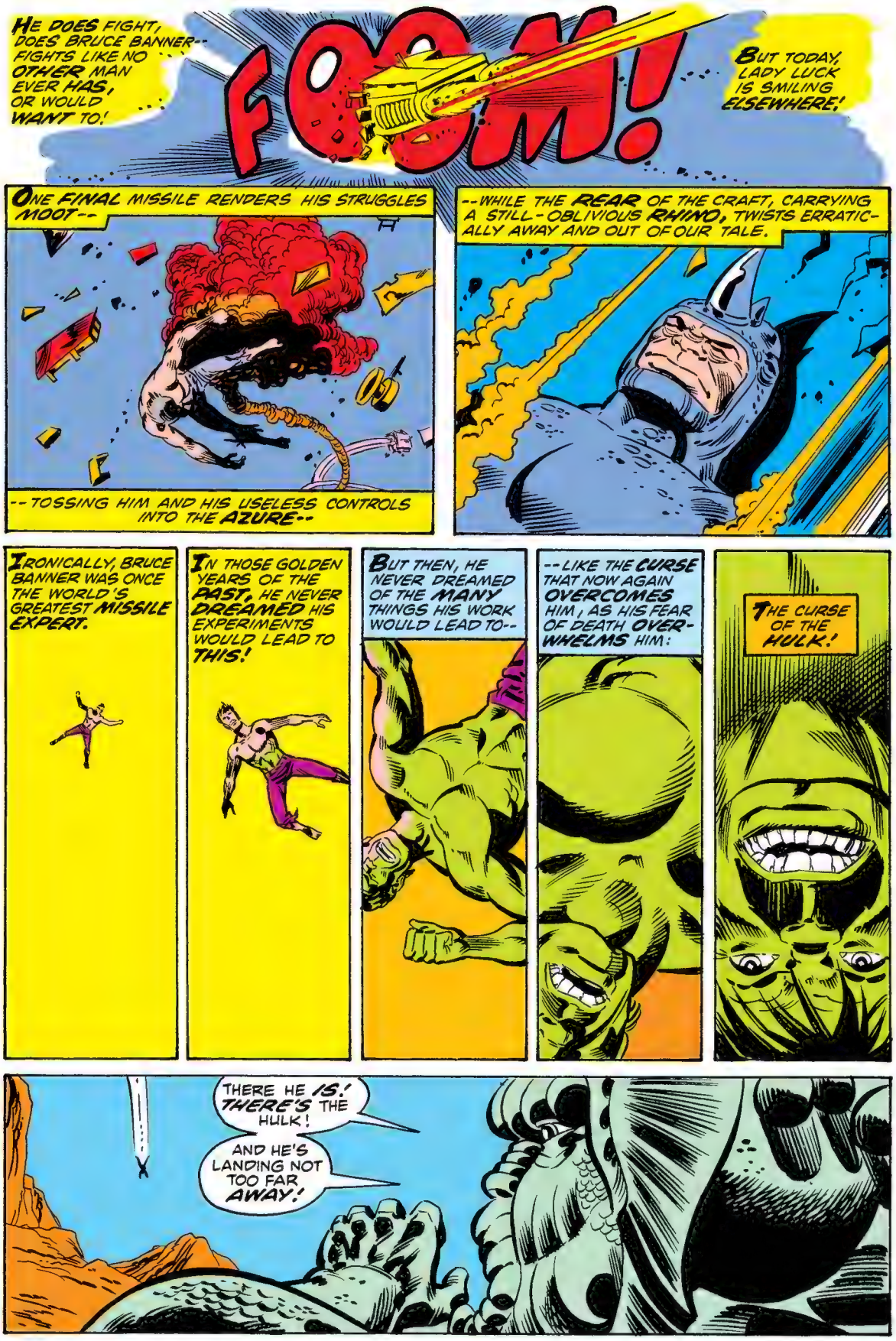
AND ONE LONELY MISSILE, DAMAGED BUT NOT DISARMED, PREPARES TO LEAVE THE AIR...
KRA-BOOM!
FLIK!
LADY LUCKY IS A BLACK-JACK DEALER: YOU PLAY THE ODDS, AND SHE STILL SURPRISES YOU.
THE GREAT DRY DESERT SHATTERS FOR MILES IN EVERY DIRECTION FROM THE MISSILE'S IMPACT BLAST--
-- BUT THE BROKEN EARTH DOES NOT HEAL. NO, IT RIPPLES, SHUDDERS, BULGES...
... AND, AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE MISSILE --
EXPLODES AGAIN!!

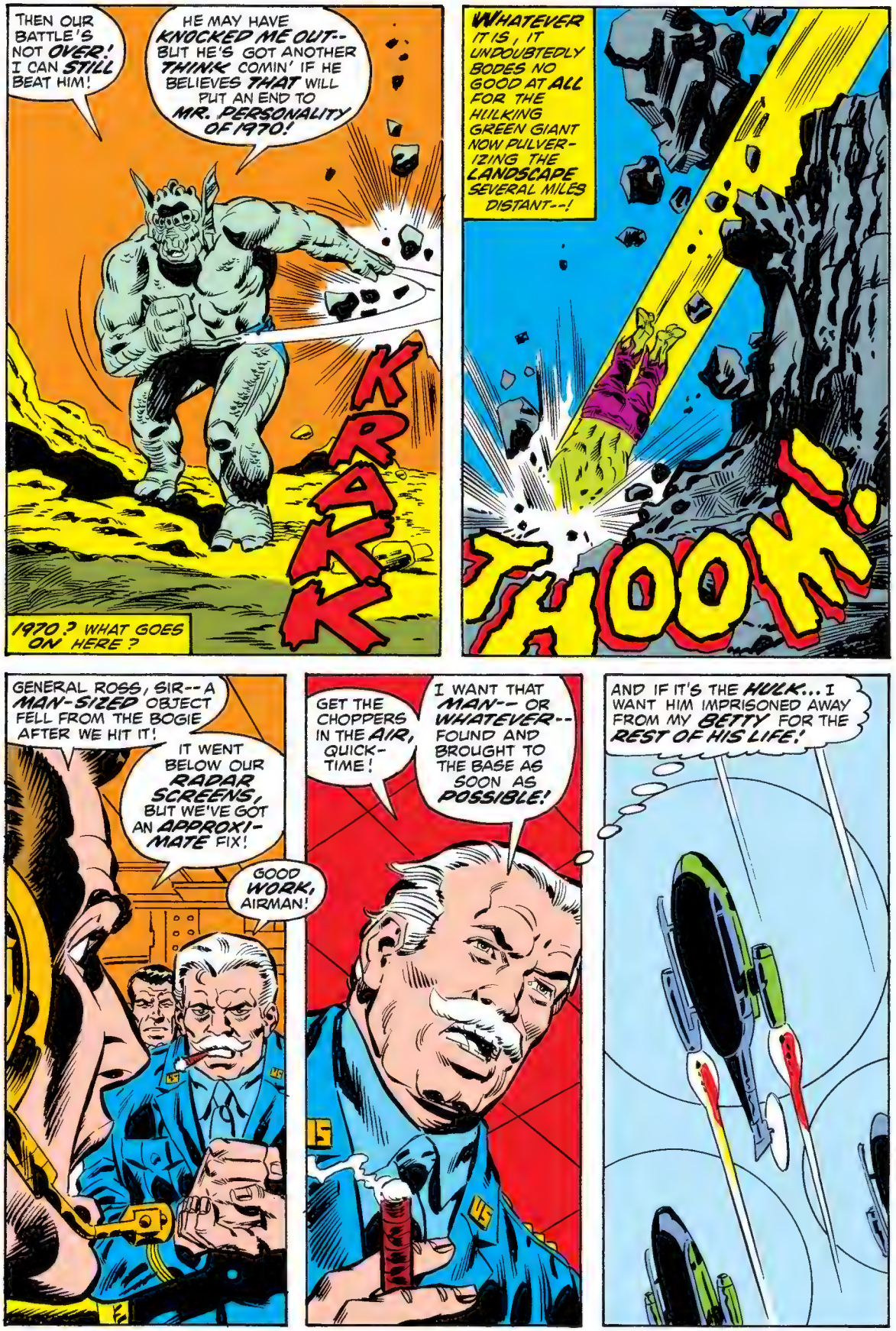

THEN, RISING GROTESQUELY FROM THE RUBBLE, DUST SWIRLING FROM ITS SCALES:
I AM--THE ABOMINATION!
AND--I REMEMBER! I WANT TO DESTROY THE HULK!

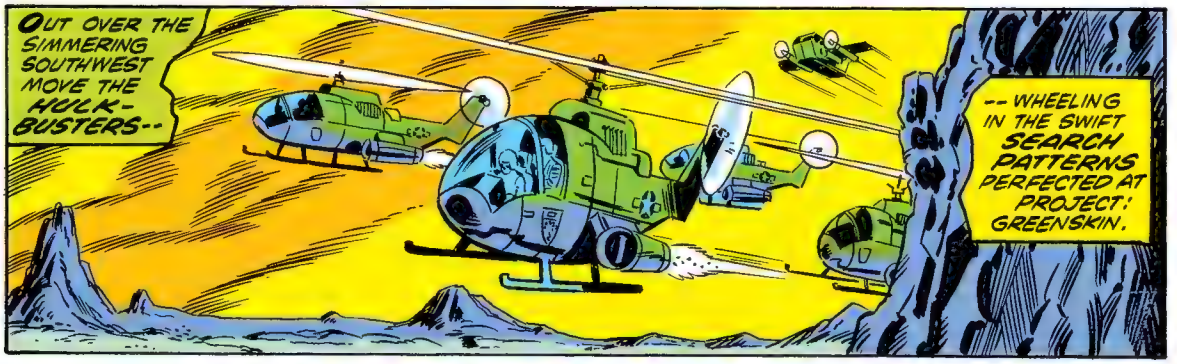

JOIN THE CLUB!
BLOOM!

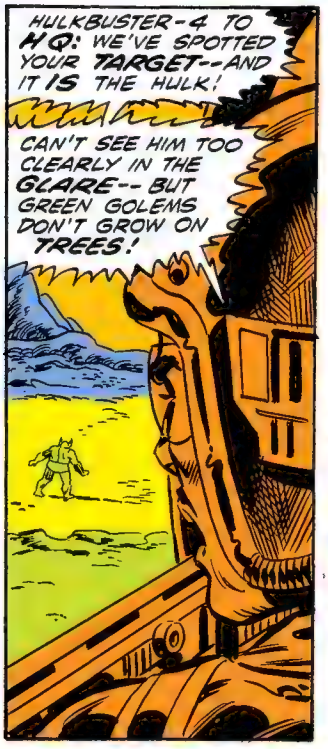
SECOND SALVO... OF MISSILES... GOT THE SHIP!
EVERYWHERE I...TURN... IS DISASTER! RHINO... MISSILES... BETTY GETTING MARRIED...AND ALWAYS--ALWAYS--THE HULK!

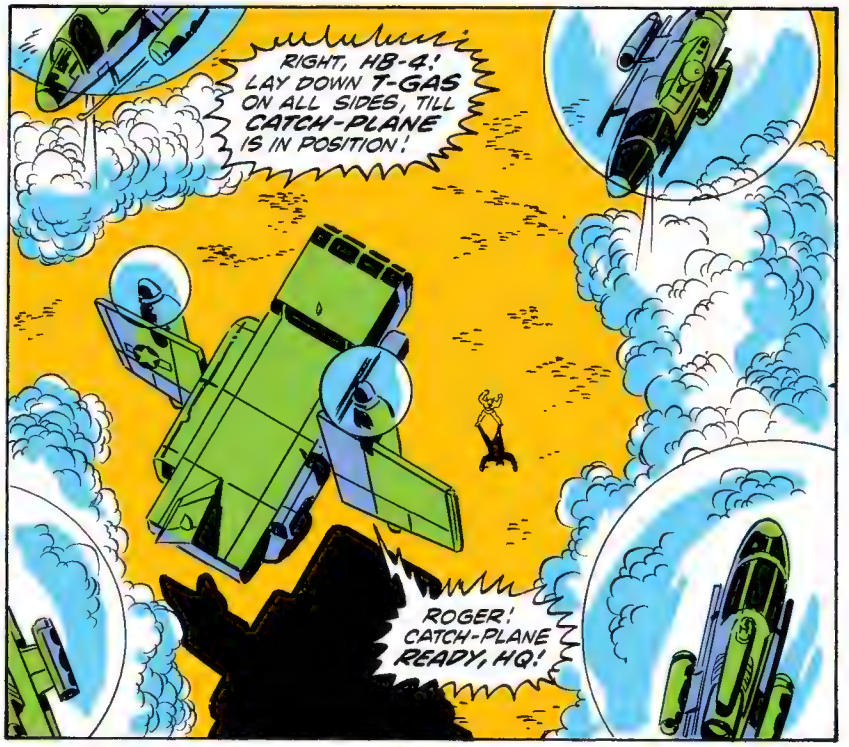
BUT I'LL FIGHT IT--FIGHT THE CONTROLS OF THIS SHIP, TO GET ME DOWN ALIVE--
--AND FIGHT MYSELF, TOO!
AND I'LL WIN! I'LL WIN!!

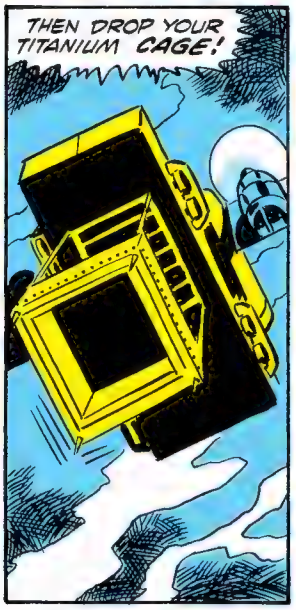

HE DOES FIGHT, DOES BRUCE BANNER-- FIGHTS LIKE NO OTHER MAN EVER HAS, OR WOULD WANT TO!
FOOM!
BUT TODAY, LADY LUCK IS SMILING ELSEWHERE!
ONE FINAL MISSILE RENDERS HIS STRUGGLES MOOT--
--TOSSING HIM AND HIS USELESS CONTROLS INTO THE AZURE--
--WHILE THE REAR OF THE CRAFT, CARRYING A STILL-OBLIVIOUS RHINO, TWISTS ERRATICALLY AWAY AND OUT OF OUR TALE.
IRONICALLY, BRUCE BANNER WAS ONCE THE WORLD'S GREATEST MISSILE EXPERT.
IN THOSE GOLDEN YEARS OF THE PAST, HE NEVER DREAMED HIS EXPERIMENTS WOULD LEAD TO THIS!
BUT THEN, HE NEVER DREAMED OF THE MANY THINGS HIS WORK WOULD LEAD TO--
--LIKE THE CURSE THAT NOW AGAIN OVERCOMES HIM, AS HIS FEAR OF DEATH OVERWHELMS HIM:
THE CURSE OF THE HULK!
THERE HE IS! THERE'S THE HULK!
AND HE'S LANDING NOT TOO FAR AWAY!


THEN OUR BATTLE'S NOT OVER! I CAN STILL BEAT HIM!
HE MAY HAVE KNOCKED ME OUT-- BUT HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMIN' IF HE BELIEVES THAT WILL PUT AN END TO MR. PERSONALITY OF 1970!
KRAK
1970? WHAT GOES ON HERE?
WHATEVER IT IS, IT UNDOUBTEDLY BODES NO GOOD AT ALL FOR THE HULKING GREEN GIANT NOW PULVERIZING THE LANDSCAPE SEVERAL MILES DISTANT--!
THOOM!
GENERAL ROSS, SIR--A MAN-SIZED OBJECT FELL FROM THE BOGIE AFTER WE HIT IT!
IT WENT BELOW OUR RADAR SCREENS, BUT WE'VE GOT AN APPROXI-MATE FIX!
GOOD WORK, AIRMAN!
GET THE CHOPPERS IN THE AIR, QUICK-TIME!
I WANT THAT MAN-- OR WHATEVER-- FOUND AND BROUGHT TO THE BASE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
AND IF IT'S THE HULK... I WANT HIM IMPRISONED AWAY FROM MY BETTY FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!

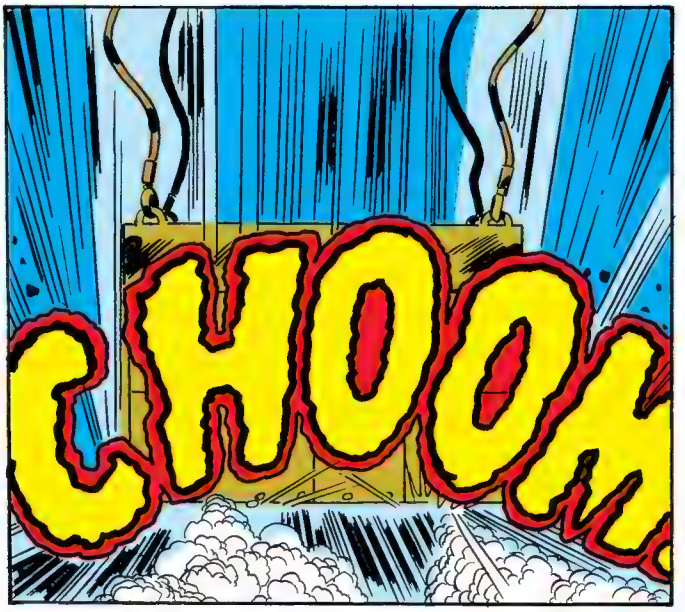

OUT OVER THE SIMMERING SOUTHWEST MOVE THE HULK-BUSTERS--
-- WHEELING IN THE SWIFT SEARCH PATTERNS PERFECTED AT PROJECT: GREENSKIN.


HULKBUSTER-4 TO HQ: WE'VE SPOTTED YOUR TARGET--AND IT IS THE HULK!
CAN'T SEE HIM TOO CLEARLY IN THE GLARE-- BUT GREEN GOLEMS DON'T GROW ON TREES!

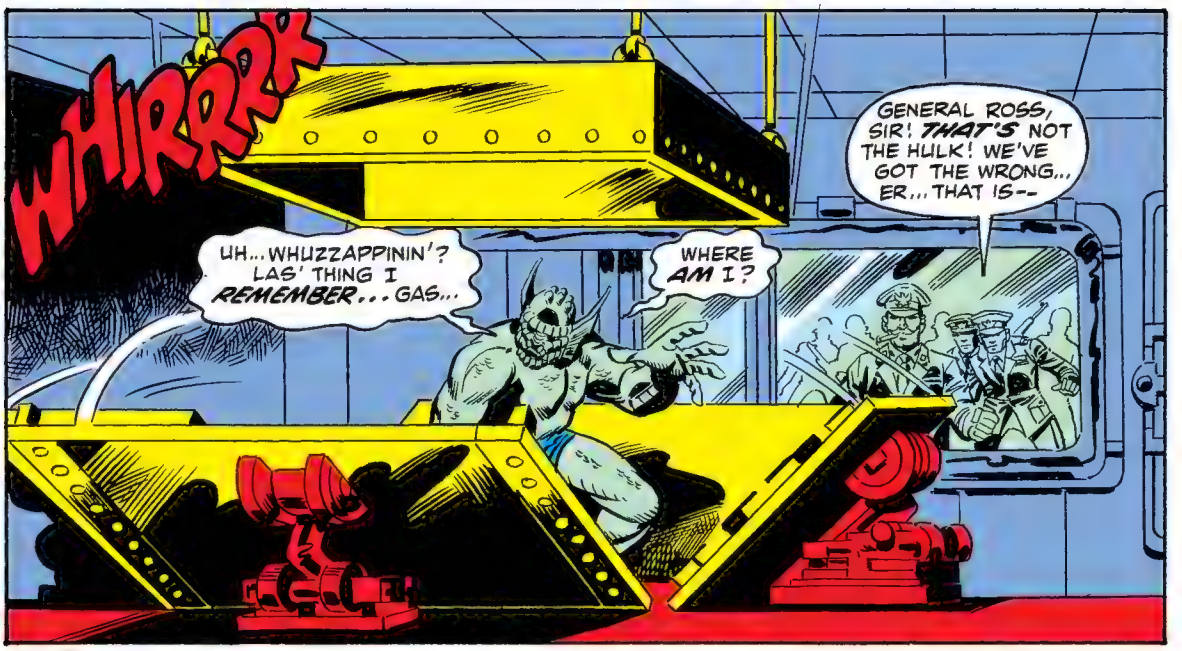

RIGHT, HB-4! LAY DOWN T-GAS ON ALL SIDES, TILL CATCH-PLANE IS IN POSITION!
ROGER! CATCH-PLANE READY, HQ!

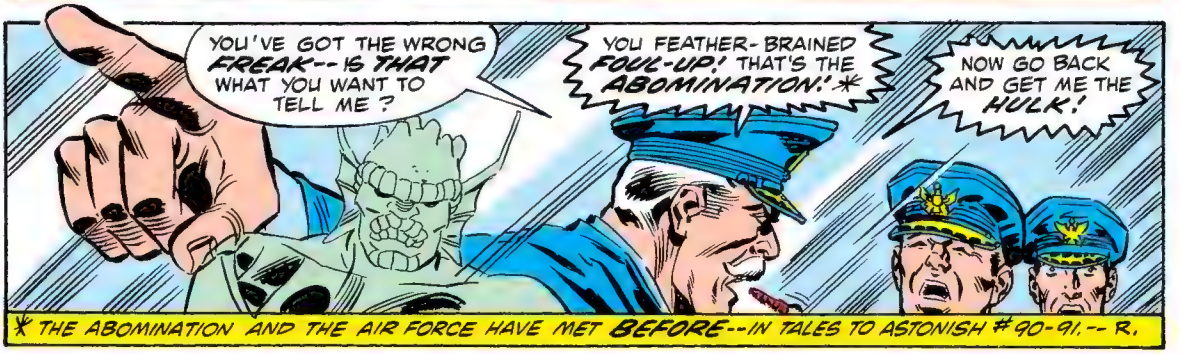

THEN DROP YOUR TITANIUM CAGE!

DROP IT... ON WHOM?
KNOCK-OUT GAS... WHA--?

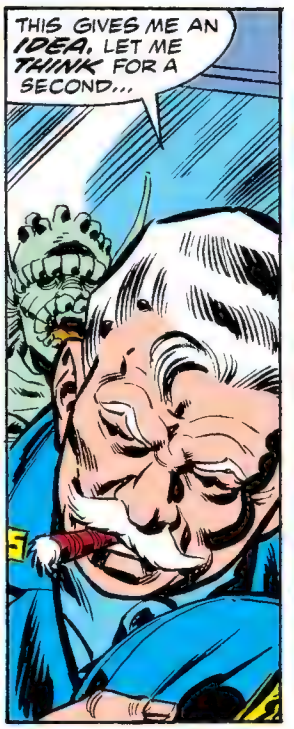

CHOOK

THE MANEUVERS ARE EFFICIENT AND QUICK. WITHIN MINUTES, THE HB AIRCRAFT ARE HEADED HOME.
BUT AS THEY PASS A LOW OUTCROPPING...
PLANES! HULK KNOWS PLANES!
BELONG TO ROSS-- ONE WHO HUNTS HULK--TRIES TO HURT HIM!
DON'T KNOW HOW HULK GOT HERE-- BUT HULK DOESN'T CARE!
PLANES WILL LEAD HULK TO ROSS--
THEN HULK WILL SMASH!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
HANDLE THAT CAGE LIKE AN EGG, SERGEANT!
IT MAY BE UNBREAKABLE--
--BUT WITH THE HULK, I TAKE NO CHANCES!
DOWN SINK CAPTIVES AND CAPTORS--TO THE DEPTHS OF PROJECT: GREENSKIN...
...TO A SPECIALLY DESIGNED HULK-PROOF DETENTION CELL.
ALL RIGHT! GET THOSE REMOTE-CONTROLLED DO-HICKIES TO OPEN IT UP!


WHIRRRK
UH... WHUZZAPPININ'? LAS' THING I REMEMBER... GAS...
WHERE AM I?
GENERAL ROSS, SIR! THAT'S NOT THE HULK! WE'VE GOT THE WRONG... ER... THAT IS--


YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG FREAK--IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT TO TELL ME?
YOU FEATHER-BRAINED FOUL-UP! THAT'S THE ABOMINATION!*
NOW GO BACK AND GET ME THE HULK!

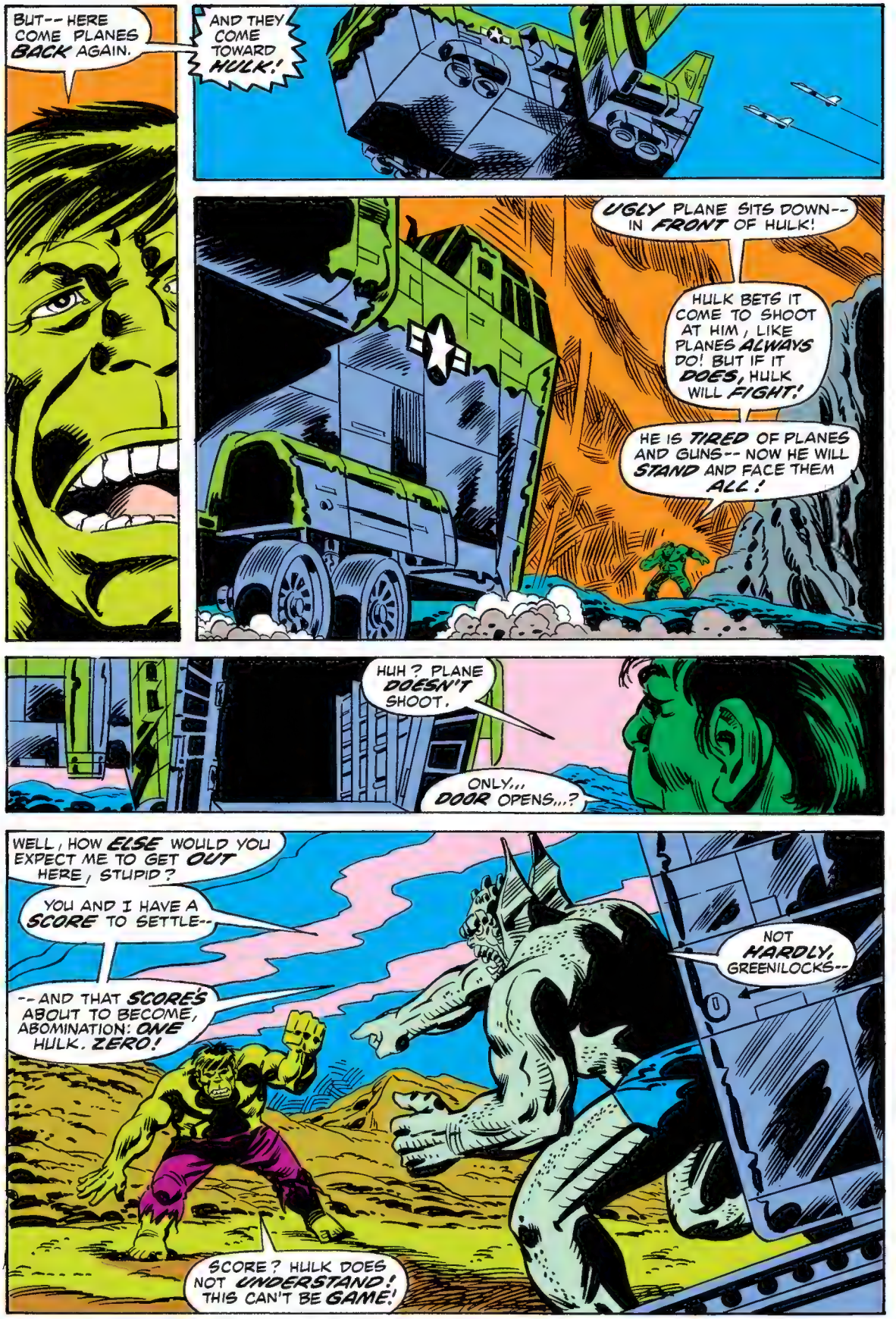
*THE ABOMINATION AND THE AIR FORCE HAVE MET BEFORE--IN TALES TO ASTONISH #90-91.-- R.



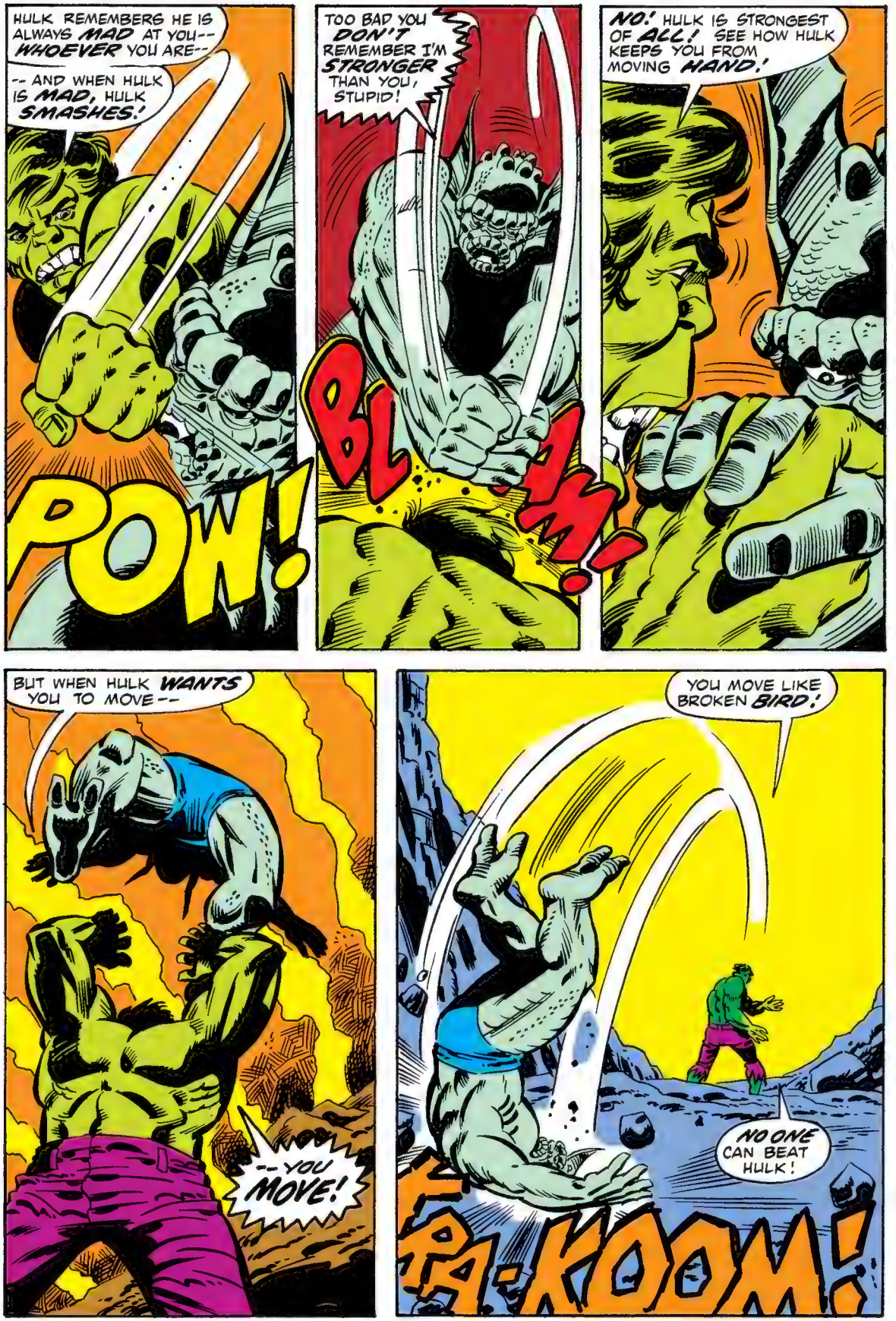
WITH ALL RESPECT, SIR-- YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
THE ABOMINATION'S AS STRONG AS THE HULK-- HE'LL CHEW YOU UP LIKE HAMBURGER!
OPEN IT.
SOMEWHERE THE HISS OF AIR CYLINDERS MARK THE RELEASE OF LOCKED LEVERS... FAINT SNAPS OF ELECTRONIC RELAYS CUT THE SUDDEN STILLNESS... AND A WEIGHTED TITANIUM PORTAL RIDES OPEN.
WELL... ROSS! OL' "THUNDER-BOLT" HIMSELF!
THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, I WAS JUST A SCARED SPY...
...BEFORE I STEPPED IN FRONT OF DOC BANNER'S GAMMA RAYS, AND GREW SOME MUSCLES ON MY MUSCLES!
THAT WAS WHEN I KIDNAPPED YOUR DAUGHTER, T-BOLT!
AS I RECALL, IT DIDN'T MAKE US THE BEST OF FRIENDS--
-- SO WHY SHOULDN'T I KILL YOU WHERE YOU STAND?
NO REASON-- BUT YOU'D BETTER HEAR ME OUT. IT'S ABOUT MY DAUGHTER.
SHE'S JUST LEFT FOR NIAGARA FALLS ON HER HONEYMOON, THINKING THE HULK IS DEAD!
I DON'T BELIEVE THAT-- BUT IF HE'S CAPTURED QUICKLY, BETTY WILL NEVER KNOW OTHERWISE.
MY BOYS COULD DO THE JOB, BUT THERE'S MORE CHANCE OF A LEAK THAT WAY.
SO HERE'S MY OFFER: IN EXCHANGE FOR MY CURING YOU, AND THEN LETTING YOU GO--
--I WANT YOU TO CAPTURE THE HULK!
WHAT--? ARE YOU SERIOUS?
DEAD SERIOUS. BETTY IS MY LIFE.

WELL...WHAT'S TO KEEP ME FROM BLACK-MAILING YOU LATER?
WHO'D BELIEVE YOU IF YOU TALKED--WITH YOUR RECORD?
C'MON, C'MON--WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I SAY: T-BOLT, OLD PAL--YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DEAL!
GOOD! NOW COME TO MY OFFICE!
OKAY--THIS IS THE PLAN. WHEN WE SPOT THE HULK, YOU--
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!
OCTOBER 1972
WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO PULL?
THIS THING SAYS IT'S 1972! BUT...BUT IT'S NOT! IT'S 1970!
THE HULK KNOCKED ME DOWN OUT OF SPACE IN 1970, AND--AND, IF IT'S 1972, I'VE BEEN OUT COLD FOR TWO YEARS!
OCTOBER 1972
THAT CAN'T BE TRUE! TELL ME IT CAN'T BE TRUE, ROSS! TELL ME!
TELL ME!!
HE'S...CRACKING UP! MY ALLY'S GOING NUTS! I'D BETTER HUMOR HIM, OR ELSE--
HARUMPH... OF COURSE IT'S 1970!
BUT THIS IS A LARGE BASE--WITH LONG-RANGE GOALS--AND I HAVE TO PLAN OPERATIONS TWO YEARS IN ADVANCE! THAT'S ALL IT IS!
YEAH?

SURE, SURE-- NOW GET READY TO GO.
HE'S PSYCHO-- AS WELL HE MIGHT BE, IF HE HAS BEEN UN-CONSCIOUS FOR TWO YEARS!
BUT I NEED HIM-- AND THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS!
THAT'S... ALL.
CAPTAIN SCOTT? I WANT ANYTHING-- ANYTHING-- THAT SHOWS A DATE HIDDEN UNTIL THE ABOMINATION LEAVES THIS BASE!
OH, WHAT A TANGLED WEB WE WEAVE...
THIS ISN'T GOING TO WORK! THERE ARE JUST TOO MANY HOLES...
AND THEN BETTY WILL KNOW HER FIRST LOVE STILL LIVES-- AND WE'LL BE BACK WHERE WE STARTED...
...ONLY NOW, SHE'LL BE MARRIED TO TALBOT, WHILE SHE LOVES BANNER! I KNOW SHE TOOK GLEN ON THE REBOUND. STILL...
SIR!
GENERAL ROSS--
--WE'VE FOUND THE HULK!
OKAY, FOOM-FANS, THAT'S ENOUGH SOAP OPERA FOR THIS MONTH. NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHY ALL THIS IS HAPPENING-- LET'S LET IT HAPPEN!
HA! HULK WAS RIGHT! PLANES WENT TO BASE!
AND NOW HULK WILL DESTROY IT!


BUT-- HERE COME PLANES BACK AGAIN.
AND THEY COME TOWARD HULK!
UGLY PLANE SITS DOWN-- IN FRONT OF HULK!
HULK BETS IT COME TO SHOOT AT HIM, LIKE PLANES ALWAYS DO! BUT IF IT DOES, HULK WILL FIGHT!
HE IS TIRED OF PLANES AND GUNS-- NOW HE WILL STAND AND FACE THEM ALL!
HUH? PLANE DOESN'T SHOOT.
ONLY,,, DOOR OPENS,,,?
WELL, HOW ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT ME TO GET OUT HERE, STUPID?
YOU AND I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE--
--AND THAT SCORE'S ABOUT TO BECOME, ABOMINATION: ONE HULK. ZERO!
NOT HARDLY, GREENILOCKS--
SCORE? HULK DOES NOT UNDERSTAND! THIS CAN'T BE GAME!

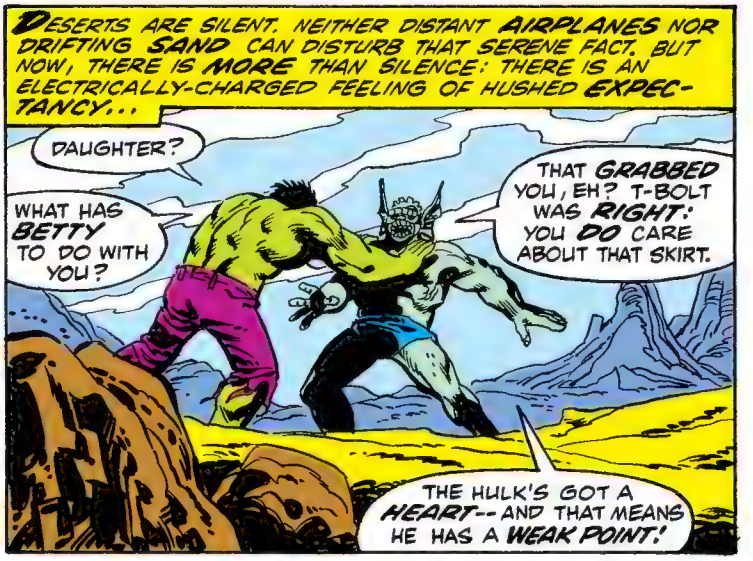
THIS IS REAL LIFE!
THOOM
YOU! FIGHTING MAKES HULK REMEMBER!
YOU ARE ABOM--ABOMINA--
YOUR HEAD'S WORKING ABOUT AS WELL AS EVER, I SEE!
WE'LL HAVE TO PUT A STOP TO THAT--BY CRUSHING IT!
IF CRUSHING IS DONE--
--HULK WILL DO IT, BIG EARS!
CRONCH!


HULK REMEMBERS HE IS ALWAYS MAD AT YOU-- WHOEVER YOU ARE--
-- AND WHEN HULK IS MAD, HULK SMASHES!
POW!
TOO BAD YOU DON'T REMEMBER I'M STRONGER THAN YOU, STUPID!
BL...M!
NO! HULK IS STRONGEST OF ALL! SEE HOW HULK KEEPS YOU FROM MOVING HAND!
BUT WHEN HULK WANTS YOU TO MOVE--
-- YOU MOVE!
YOU MOVE LIKE BROKEN BIRD!
NO ONE CAN BEAT HULK!
KRA-KOOM!

YOU BRAINLESS GARGOYLE! MAYBE I HAVE BEEN WEAKENED BY OUR PREVIOUS BATTLE--
BUT THE ABOMINATION CAN'T BE INJURED!
CAN YOU SAY THE SAME?
KOKK!
BAH! YOU DON'T FRIGHTEN HULK!
HULK DOESN'T EVEN CARE ABOUT YOU!
HULK WANTS ROSS! IF YOU HAD NOT BOTHERED HULK, HE WOULD HAVE LET YOU ALONE!
BUT NOW, HULK WILL FIGHT YOU TO THE END!
P!
OW!

HA! HULK HAS YOU, AND WON'T LET GO!
NO! IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS! I HAVE TO BEAT YOU!
MY FREEDOM DEPENDS ON IT--

-- AND I VALUE MY FREEDOM JUST AS MUCH AS HE VALUES HIS DAUGHTER!

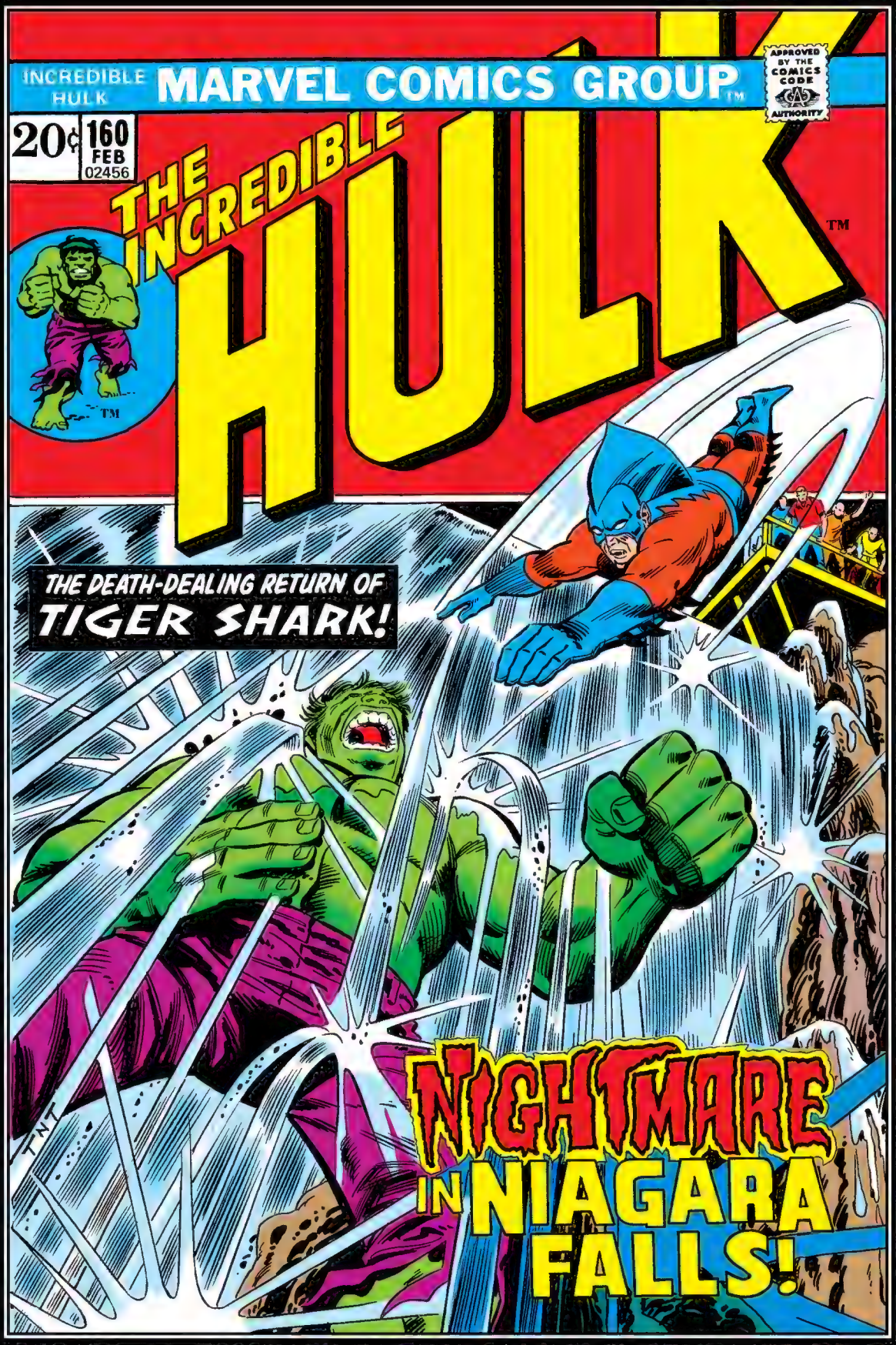

DESERTS ARE SILENT. NEITHER DISTANT AIRPLANES NOR DRIFTING SAND CAN DISTURB THAT SERENE FACT. BUT NOW, THERE IS MORE THAN SILENCE: THERE IS AN ELECTRICALLY-CHARGED FEELING OF HUSHED EXPECTANCY...
DAUGHTER?
WHAT HAS BETTY TO DO WITH YOU?
THAT GRABBED YOU, EH? T-BOLT WAS RIGHT! YOU DO CARE ABOUT THAT SKIRT.
THE HULK'S GOT A HEART--AND THAT MEANS HE HAS A WEAK POINT!

LISTEN, GRUESOME--YOUR PRECIOUS BETTY'S GONE TO NIAGARA FALLS--JUST THE PLACE A LOSER LIKE TALBOT WOULD TAKE HER--
--NOW THAT THEY'RE MARRIED!
YOU LIE! BETTY IS HULK'S!

ONLY FEW PEOPLE LIKE HULK! HE CAN'T FIND JARELLA--OR JIM--SO MUST FIND BETTY!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "AFTER... LAST TIME...!"?
HULK ALWAYS COMES HOME TO BETTY! AFTER HULK KNOCKED YOU OUT OF SPACE LAST TIME, SHE WAS WAITING FOR HIM, AND--

HUH ? HULK MEANS WHAT HE SAYS!
HULK BEAT YOU LONG TIME AGO!
A-HA! HA HA HA! HA HA HA HA HAAAA!
"NOTHING CAN HURT THE ABOMINATION," I SAID! NOT EVEN FALLING OUT OF SPACE!
IT MAY PUT ME IN A COMA -- BUT WHEN I WAKE UP, I DON'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT IT!
HOW WONDERFUL TO BE A FREAK! I CAN LOSE WHOLE SECTIONS OF MY LIFE! ISN'T THAT FUNNY, HULK? ISN'T THAT JUST HILARIOUS?! HA HA HA HA HA HAAAA
DO NOT LAUGH! HULK DOES NOT LIKE YOUR LAUGH!
SOUNDS LIKE CRYING.
HAHAHAHAHA HAHA HA HA HA
HULK SAID BE QUIET!
HULK DOES NOT SEE ANYTHING FUNNY!
KRUUM!
BETTY! YOU ARE HULK'S FRIEND! HULK HAS BEEN AWAY -- BUT NOW HE IS BACK -- AND HULK WANTS TO SEE YOU!
HULK COMES, BETTY!
SIR, OUR SPOTTER PLANES REPORT THE HULK HAS DOWNED THE ABOMINATION! AND, SIR --
I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN. I KNEW IT!
--HE SEEMS TO BE YELLING SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER!
BUT THE WAR'S NOT OVER YET, HULK! I'LL STILL GET YOU! I HAVE TO!
DON'T KNOW WHERE "NIAGARA FALLS" IS--
-- BUT HULK WILL FIND IT!
HULK MUST!!
NEXT: HE DOES! BUT HE ALSO FINDS:
TIGER SHARK!

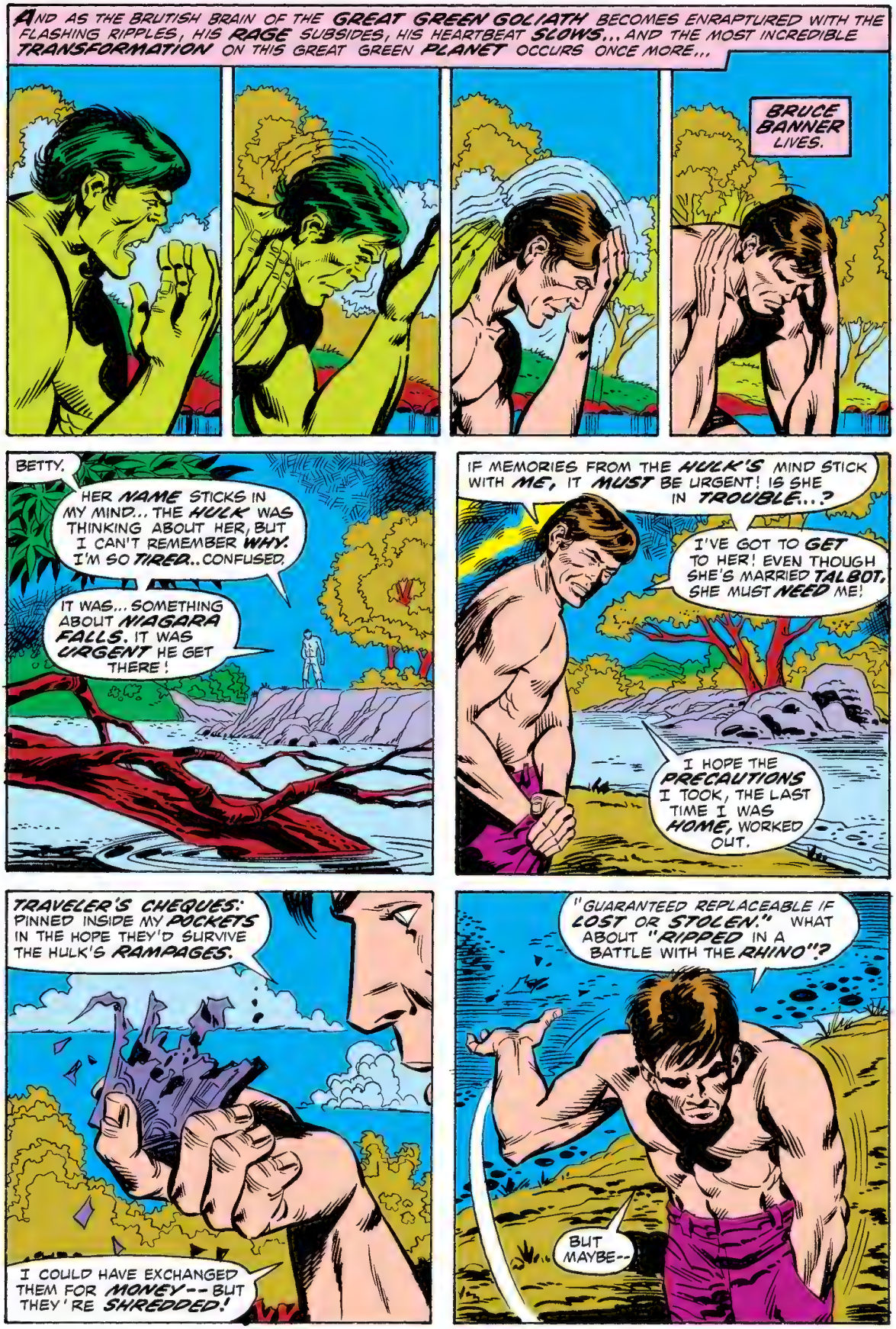
USE THE POWER (18) VOTE!

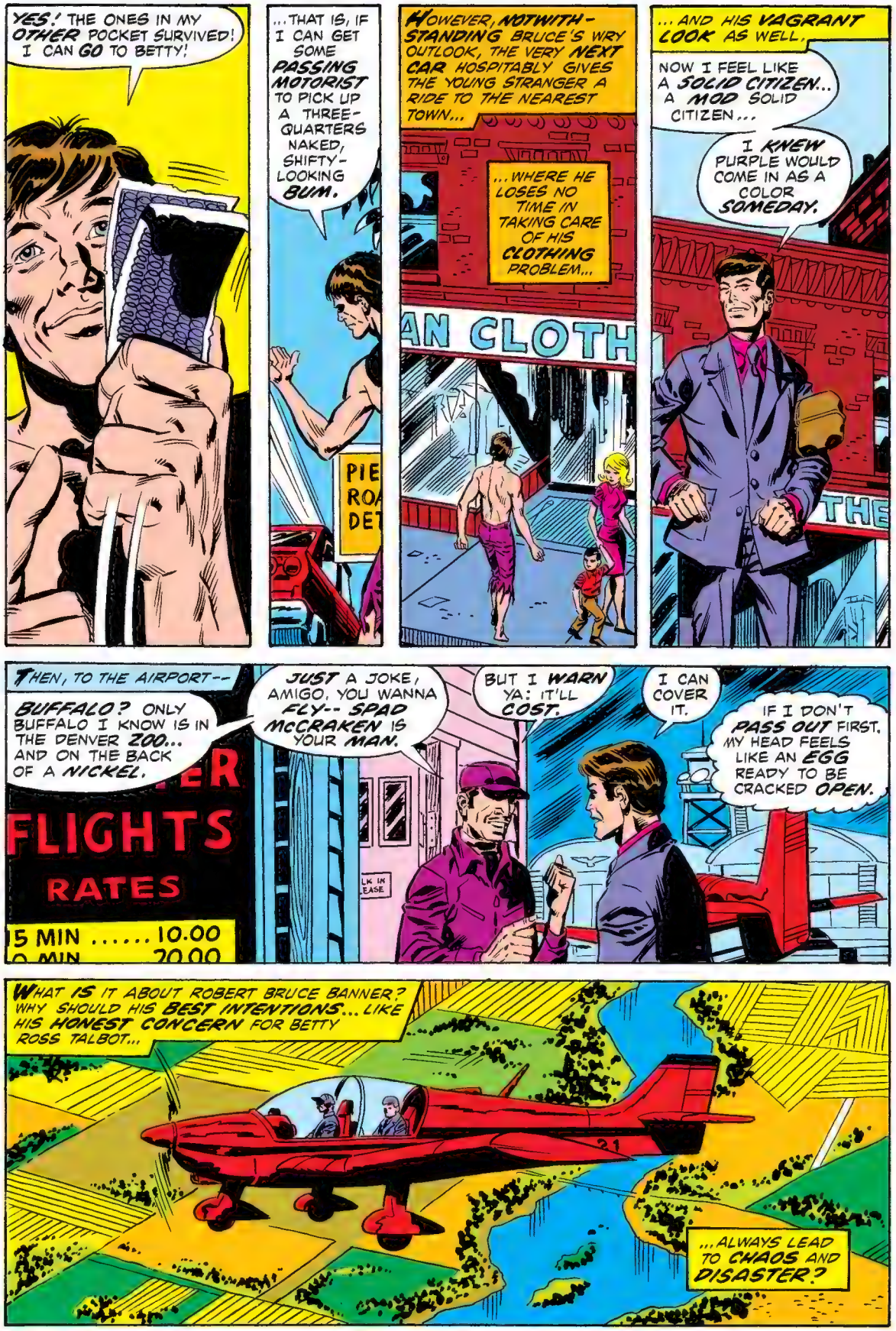

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢ 160 FEB 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
THE DEATH-DEALING RETURN OF TIGER SHARK!
NIGHTMARE IN NIAGARA FALLS!
TNT

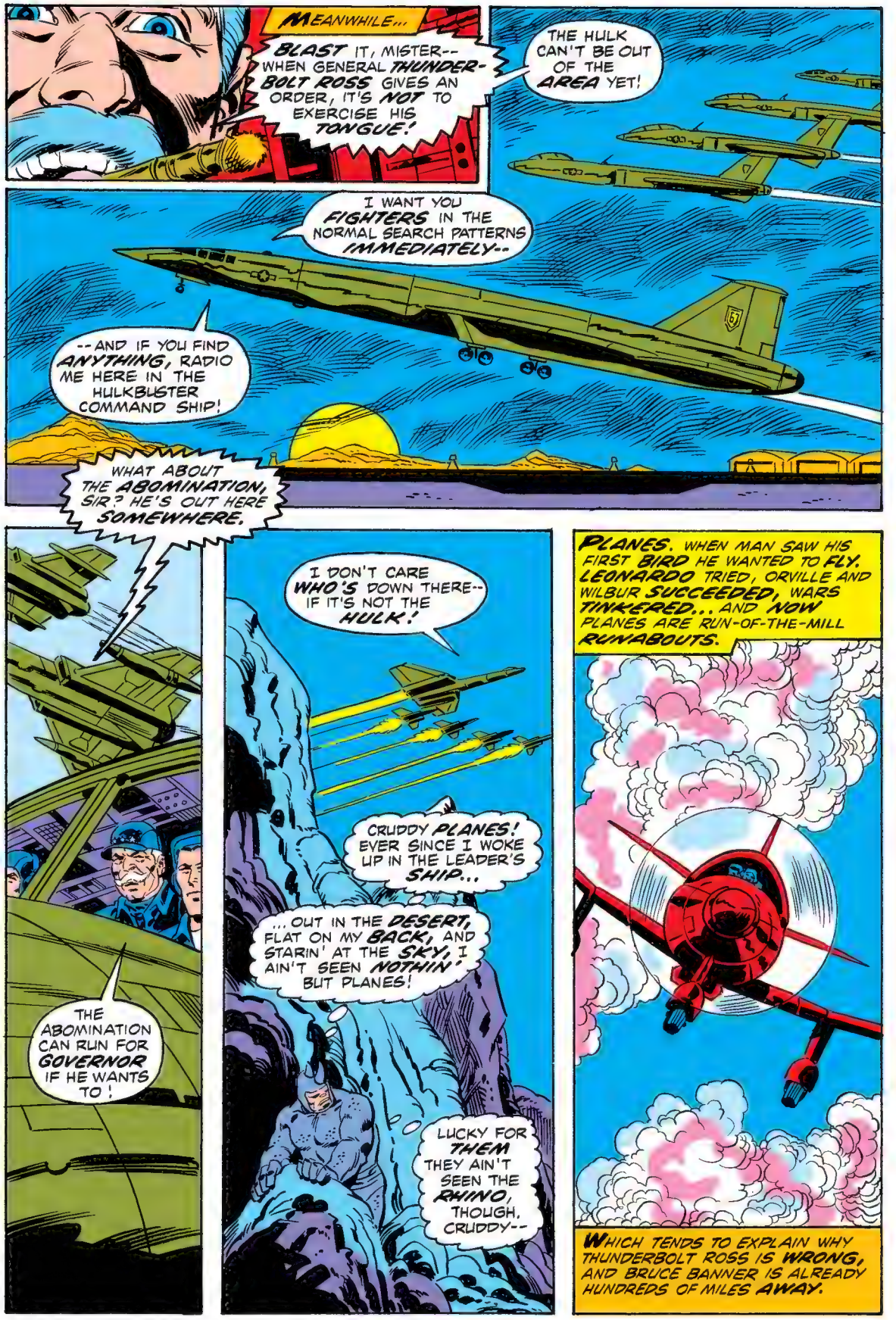
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

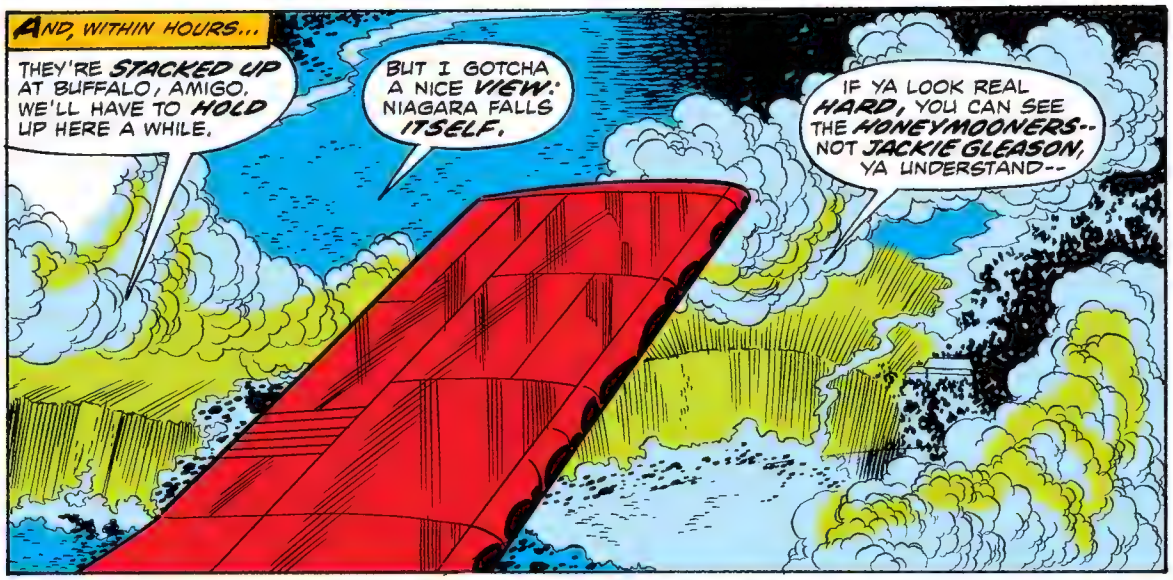
STEVE ENGLEHART, WRITER/HERB TRIMPE, PENCILS/SAL TRAPANI, INKS/JOHN COSTANZA, letterer/CLARA BEAR, colorist/ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

HAH! HULK CAN DO WHATEVER HE WANTS!
HULK IS FREE-- BECAUSE HE IS STRONGEST OF ALL! BEAT RHINO, AND BEAST-MEN, AND ABOMINATION...
DIG THE SIZE OF THE CARS, PEOPLE.
ABOMINATION.' HE TOLD HULK THAT TALBOT TOOK HULK'S FRIEND BETTY AWAY-- TO PLACE CALLED NIAGARA FALLS.' *
NO.' NO ONE CAN TAKE HULK'S FRIEND AWAY! HULK WANTS HIS FRIEND TO BE WITH HIM.'
CROOM!
* THAT'S MAJOR GLENN TALBOT, WHO FINALLY MARRIED THE HULK'S ERSTWHILE GIRL FRIEND TWO ISSUES AGO. --ROY.
HULK WILL GO TO NIAGARA FALLS-- FIND TALBOT-- AND SMASH HIM!
THEN HULK WILL HAVE BETTY AGAIN, LIKE BEFORE!
BUT-- WHERE IS NIAGARA FALLS? HULK DOES NOT KNOW!
HULK DOES NOT KNOW SO MANY THINGS! WHY IS IT SO HARD FOR HIM?
IF DUMB MONSTER LIKE ABOMINATION KNOWS, WHY DOESN'T HULK?
HULK MUST TRY TO THINK. HULK WILL SIT FOR A WHILE-- AND TRY.
HUH! LOOK AT WATER-- SUN SHINES ON IT, MAKES PRETTY SPARKLES.
HULK LIKES PRETTY.


AND AS THE BRUTISH BRAIN OF THE GREAT GREEN GOLIATH BECOMES ENRAPTURED WITH THE FLASHING RIPPLES, HIS RAGE SUBSIDES, HIS HEARTBEAT SLOWS... AND THE MOST INCREDIBLE TRANSFORMATION ON THIS GREAT GREEN PLANET OCCURS ONCE MORE...
BRUCE BANNER LIVES.
BETTY.
HER NAME STICKS IN MY MIND... THE HULK WAS THINKING ABOUT HER, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHY. I'M SO TIRED.. CONFUSED.
IT WAS... SOMETHING ABOUT NIAGARA FALLS. IT WAS URGENT HE GET THERE!
IF MEMORIES FROM THE HULK'S MIND STICK WITH ME, IT MUST BE URGENT! IS SHE IN TROUBLE...?
I'VE GOT TO GET TO HER! EVEN THOUGH SHE'S MARRIED TALBOT, SHE MUST NEED ME!
I HOPE THE PRECAUTIONS I TOOK, THE LAST TIME I WAS HOME, WORKED OUT.
TRAVELER'S CHEQUES: PINNED INSIDE MY POCKETS IN THE HOPE THEY'D SURVIVE THE HULK'S RAMPAGES.
I COULD HAVE EXCHANGED THEM FOR MONEY -- BUT THEY'RE SHREDDED!
"GUARANTEED REPLACEABLE IF LOST OR STOLEN." WHAT ABOUT "RIPPED IN A BATTLE WITH THE RHINO"?
BUT MAYBE--


YES! THE ONES IN MY OTHER POCKET SURVIVED! I CAN GO TO BETTY!
...THAT IS, IF I CAN GET SOME PASSING MOTORIST TO PICK UP A THREE-QUARTERS NAKED, SHIFTY-LOOKING BUM.
PIE
ROA
DET
HOWEVER, NOTWITH-STANDING BRUCE'S WRY OUTLOOK, THE VERY NEXT CAR HOSPITABLY GIVES THE YOUNG STRANGER A RIDE TO THE NEAREST TOWN...
...WHERE HE LOSES NO TIME IN TAKING CARE OF HIS CLOTHING PROBLEM...
AN CLOTH
...AND HIS VAGRANT LOOK AS WELL.
NOW I FEEL LIKE A SOLID CITIZEN... A MOD SOLID CITIZEN...
I KNEW PURPLE WOULD COME IN AS A COLOR SOMEDAY.
THE
THEN, TO THE AIRPORT--
BUFFALO? ONLY BUFFALO I KNOW IS IN THE DENVER ZOO... AND ON THE BACK OF A NICKEL.
FLIGHTS
RATES
5 MIN 10.00
JUST A JOKE, AMIGO, YOU WANNA FLY-- SPAD McCRAKEN IS YOUR MAN.
BUT I WARN YA: IT'LL COST.
I CAN COVER IT.
IF I DON'T PASS OUT FIRST, MY HEAD FEELS LIKE AN EGG READY TO BE CRACKED OPEN.
WHAT IS IT ABOUT ROBERT BRUCE BANNER? WHY SHOULD HIS BEST INTENTIONS... LIKE HIS HONEST CONCERN FOR BETTY ROSS TALBOT...
...ALWAYS LEAD TO CHAOS AND DISASTER?

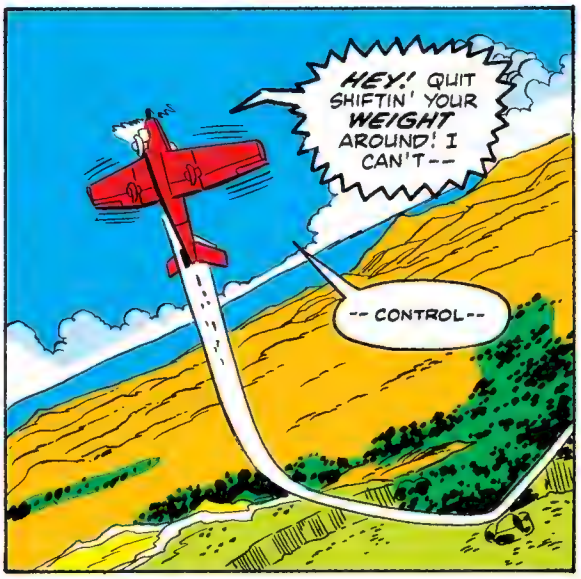

MEANWHILE...
BLAST IT, MISTER-- WHEN GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS GIVES AN ORDER, IT'S NOT TO EXERCISE HIS TONGUE!
THE HULK CAN'T BE OUT OF THE AREA YET!
I WANT YOU FIGHTERS IN THE NORMAL SEARCH PATTERNS IMMEDIATELY--
--AND IF YOU FIND ANYTHING, RADIO ME HERE IN THE HULKBUSTER COMMAND SHIP!
WHAT ABOUT THE ABOMINATION, SIR? HE'S OUT HERE SOMEWHERE.
THE ABOMINATION CAN RUN FOR GOVERNOR IF HE WANTS TO!
I DON'T CARE WHO'S DOWN THERE-- IF IT'S NOT THE HULK!
CRUDDY PLANES! EVER SINCE I WOKE UP IN THE LEADER'S SHIP...
...OUT IN THE DESERT, FLAT ON MY BACK, AND STARIN' AT THE SKY, I AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' BUT PLANES!
LUCKY FOR THEM THEY AIN'T SEEN THE RHINO, THOUGH, CRUDDY--
PLANES. WHEN MAN SAW HIS FIRST BIRD HE WANTED TO FLY. LEONARDO TRIED, ORVILLE AND WILBUR SUCCEEDED, WARS TINKERED... AND NOW PLANES ARE RUN-OF-THE-MILL RUNABOUTS.
WHICH TENDS TO EXPLAIN WHY THUNDERBOLT ROSS IS WRONG, AND BRUCE BANNER IS ALREADY HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY.


AND, WITHIN HOURS...
THEY'RE STACKED UP AT BUFFALO, AMIGO. WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD UP HERE A WHILE.
BUT I GOTCHA A NICE VIEW: NIAGARA FALLS ITSELF.
IF YA LOOK REAL HARD, YOU CAN SEE THE HONEYMOONERS-- NOT JACKIE GLEASON, YA UNDERSTAND--

HONEYMOONERS!

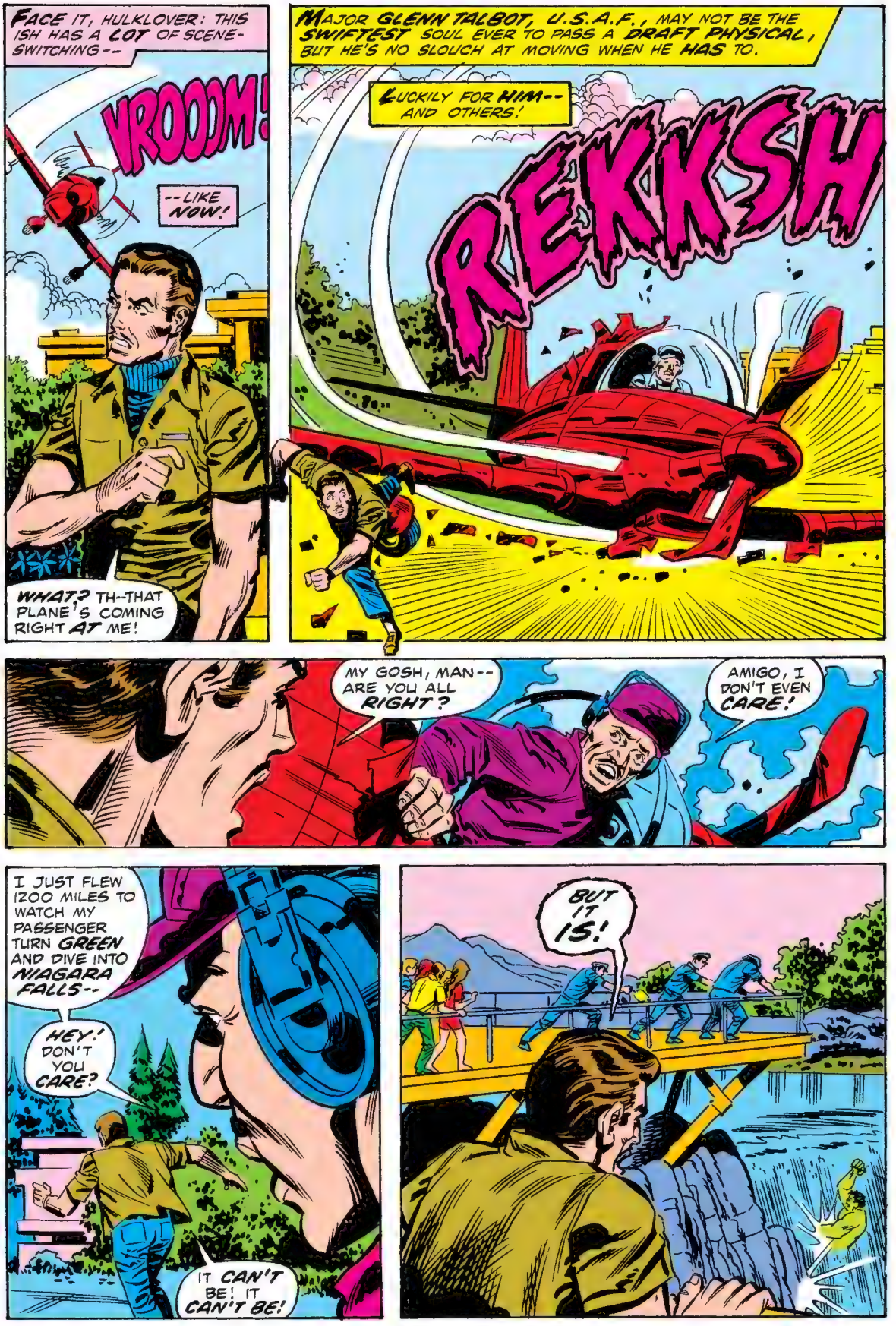
OF COURSE! THAT'S WHY THE HULK WAS UPSET!
HE REGARDS BETTY AS HIS, SINCE SHE'S BEEN WITH US FROM THE BEGINNING!
BUT SHE'S NOT WITH US ANYMORE! SHE'S TALBOT'S NOW-- AND FOREVER!

WHAT'CHA MUMBLIN' ABOUT BACK THERE, AMIGO?
NEVER FEAR-- SPAD McCRACKEN AIN'T LOST A PASSENGER YET--


HEY! QUIT SHIFTIN' YOUR WEIGHT AROUND! I CAN'T--
-- CONTROL--

WHAT IS HULK DOING IN FLYING MACHINE?!!
YEEEOOOWW!!
JUST TAKE IT CALM... AMIGO. NO SUDDEN MOVES NOW...
YOU FLIP FLYING MACHINE AROUND. MAKES HULK FEEL LIKE STOMACH FELL OUT.
VROOM
YOU MAKE HULK NERVOUS!
ZZZ
SO HULK WILL BE FREE OF MACHINE!
BAROOM!
I... MADE HIM NERVOUS...

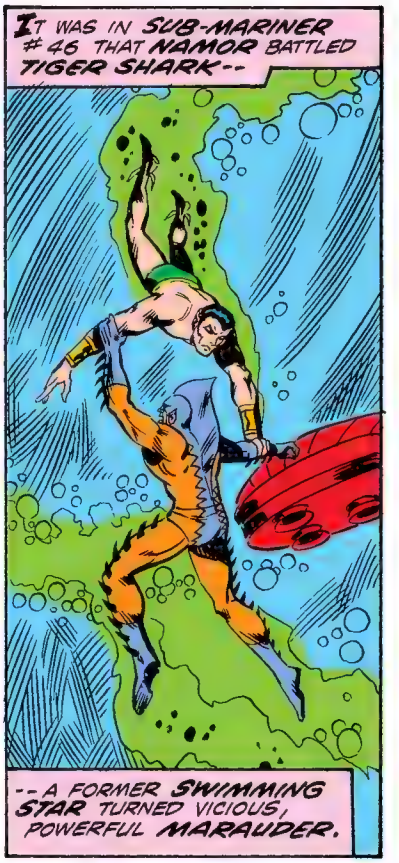
THE SMELL OF TREES, SLATE-- THE ROAR OF THE FALLS -- THE HULK PERCEIVES IT ALL DULLY--
-- JUST BEFORE HE HITS!
SPLOOM
WATER-- FALLS ON HULK! THIS IS... WATERFALL: NIAGARA FALLS! IT MUST BE!
DON'T KNOW HOW-- BUT HULK IS HERE!
AND... BETTY TOO!
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE? THERE'S A VOICE... COMING FROM THE FALLS!
STAY BACK, MA'AM! THAT'S THE HULK!
WHAT HE SAYS ISN'T IMPORTANT-- IT'S WHAT HE DOES!
AND WHAT HE DOES IS DESTROY--
--UNLESS HE'S STOPPED!
KRAK
BANG!
PUNY HUMAN SHOOTS AT HULK! WHY DOES HE DO THAT?
DOES HE WANT HULK TO GET MAD?
PTOW!
KTWG!

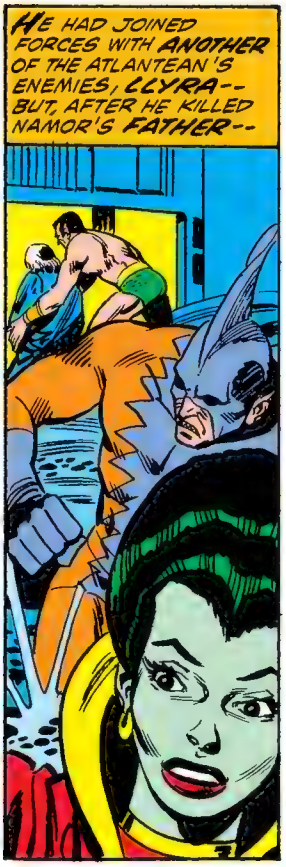

FACE IT, HULKLOVER: THIS ISH HAS A LOT OF SCENE-SWITCHING--
VROOOM!
--LIKE NOW!
WHAT? TH--THAT PLANE'S COMING RIGHT AT ME!
MAJOR GLENN TALBOT, U.S.A.F., MAY NOT BE THE SWIFTEST SOUL EVER TO PASS A DRAFT PHYSICAL, BUT HE'S NO SLOUCH AT MOVING WHEN HE HAS TO.
LUCKILY FOR HIM-- AND OTHERS!
REKKSH
MY GOSH, MAN-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
AMIGO, I DON'T EVEN CARE!
I JUST FLEW 1200 MILES TO WATCH MY PASSENGER TURN GREEN AND DIVE INTO NIAGARA FALLS--
HEY! DON'T YOU CARE?
IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T BE!
BUT IT IS!

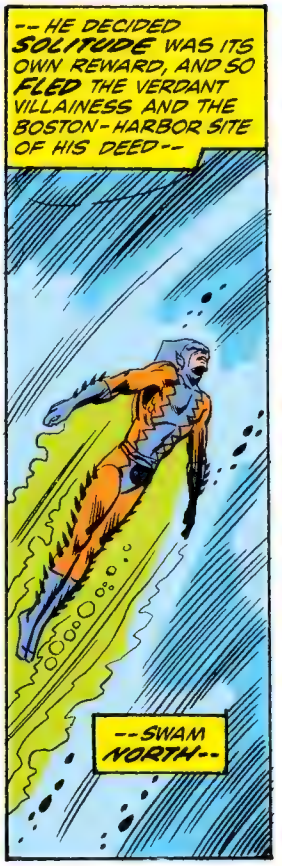
THE HULK! OH LORD-- THE HULK!
HE'S COME AFTER US-- ALL THIS WAY-- AND NOW, OF ALL TIMES!
TALBOT! ONE WHO STOLE HULK'S FRIEND!
HULK COMES FOR YOU NOW! YOU WILL PAY!
I'M NOT PAYIN' FOR ANYTHING, GREENIE!
NOBODY'S GONNA DO BEANS TO TIGER SHARK!

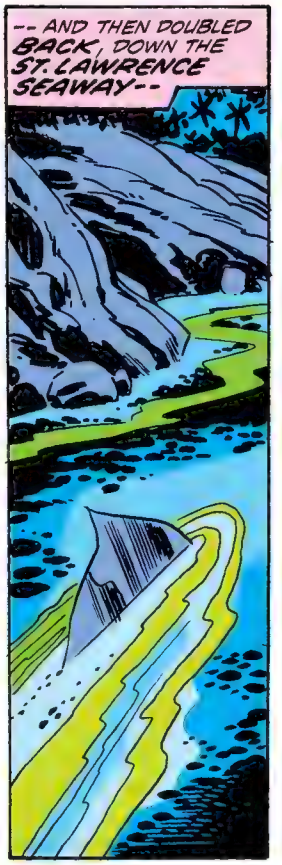
FALL, HULK! NOT EVEN YOU CAN SURVIVE BEIN' DROPPED ALL THE WAY DOWN NIAGARA FALLS!

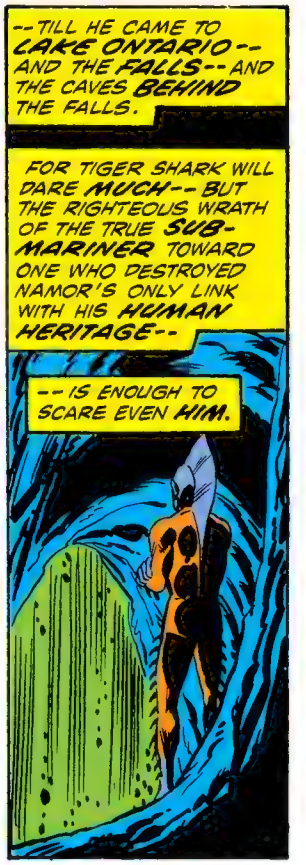
YES, WE HEAR YOU, YOUR VOICES RISING IN A CHORUS, SWEEPING ACROSS THE LAND!
"WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON HERE?" WELL, HOLD YOUR BREATH, PEOPLE, BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO ANSWER YOU, FAST AND PAINLESSLY.

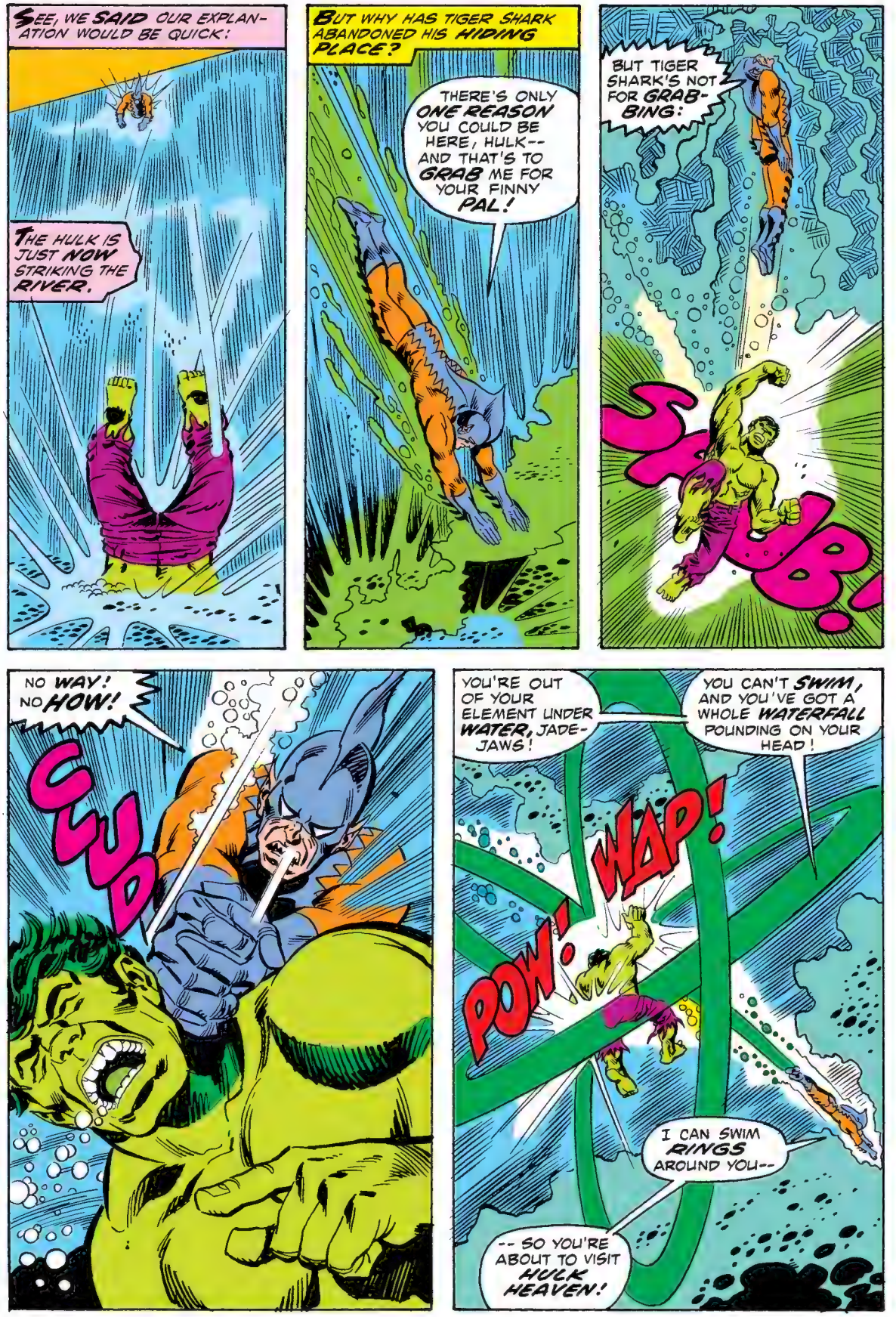

IT WAS IN SUB-MARINER #46 THAT NAMOR BATTLED TIGER SHARK--
--A FORMER SWIMMING STAR TURNED VICIOUS, POWERFUL MARAUDER.

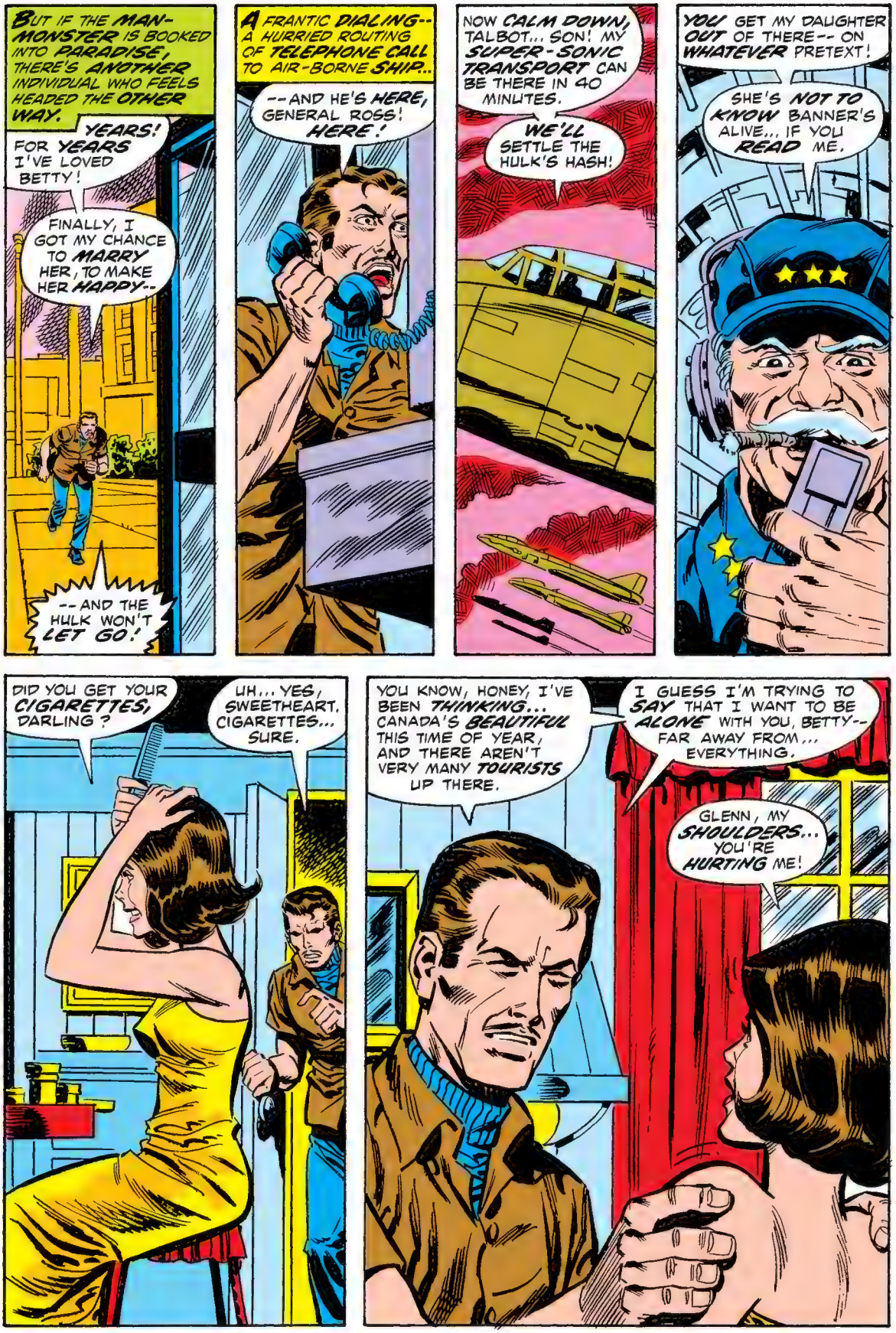

HE HAD JOINED FORCES WITH ANOTHER OF THE ATLANTEAN'S ENEMIES, CLYRA--
BUT, AFTER HE KILLED NAMOR'S FATHER--

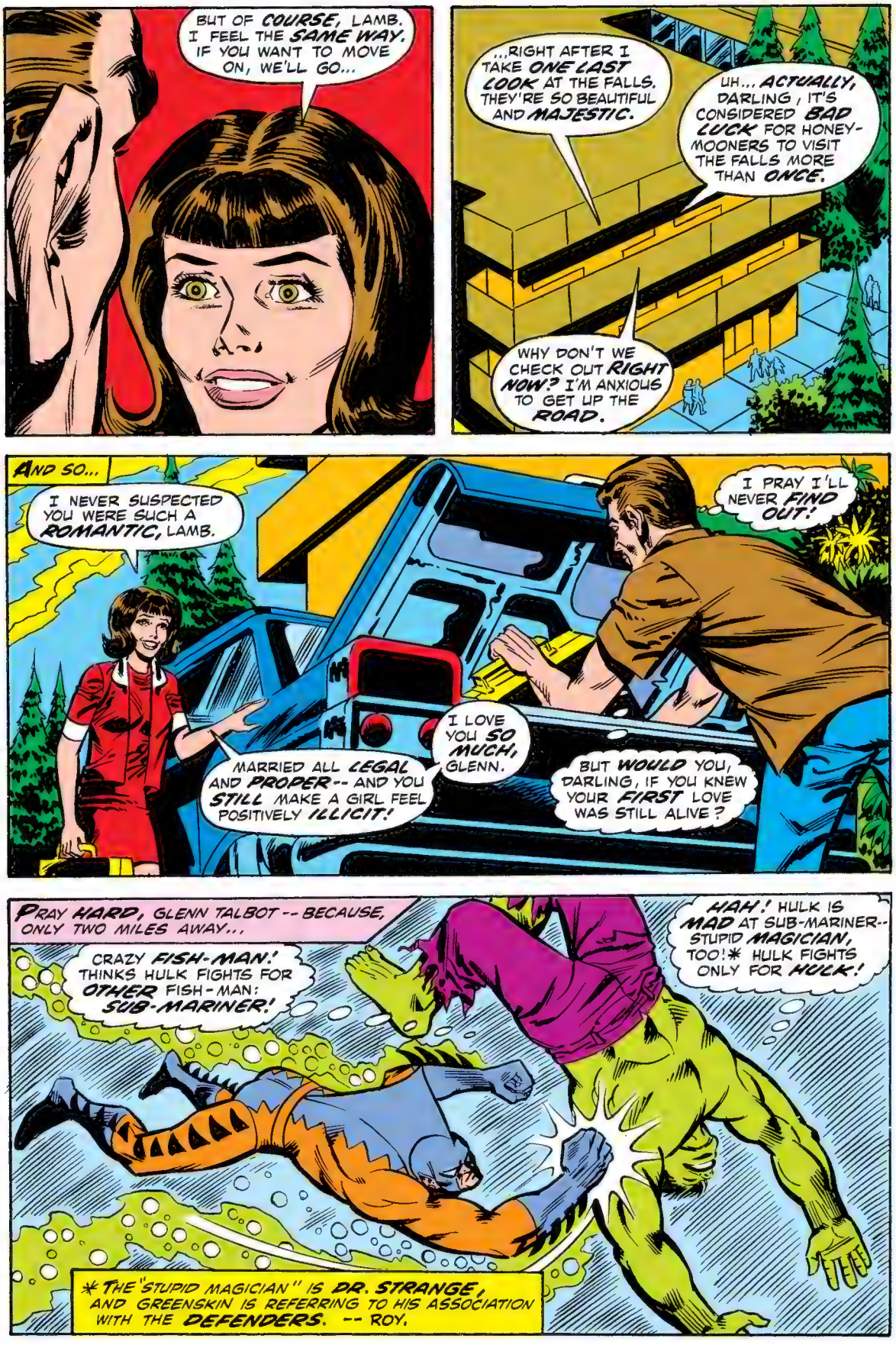

--HE DECIDED SOLITUDE WAS ITS OWN REWARD, AND SO FLED THE VERDANT VILLAINESS AND THE BOSTON-HARBOR SITE OF HIS DEED--
--SWAM NORTH--


--AND THEN DOUBLED BACK, DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY--


--TILL HE CAME TO LAKE ONTARIO-- AND THE FALLS-- AND THE CAVES BEHIND THE FALLS.
FOR TIGER SHARK WILL DARE MUCH-- BUT THE RIGHTEOUS WRATH OF THE TRUE SUB-MARINER TOWARD ONE WHO DESTROYED NAMOR'S ONLY LINK WITH HIS HUMAN HERITAGE--
--IS ENOUGH TO SCARE EVEN HIM.

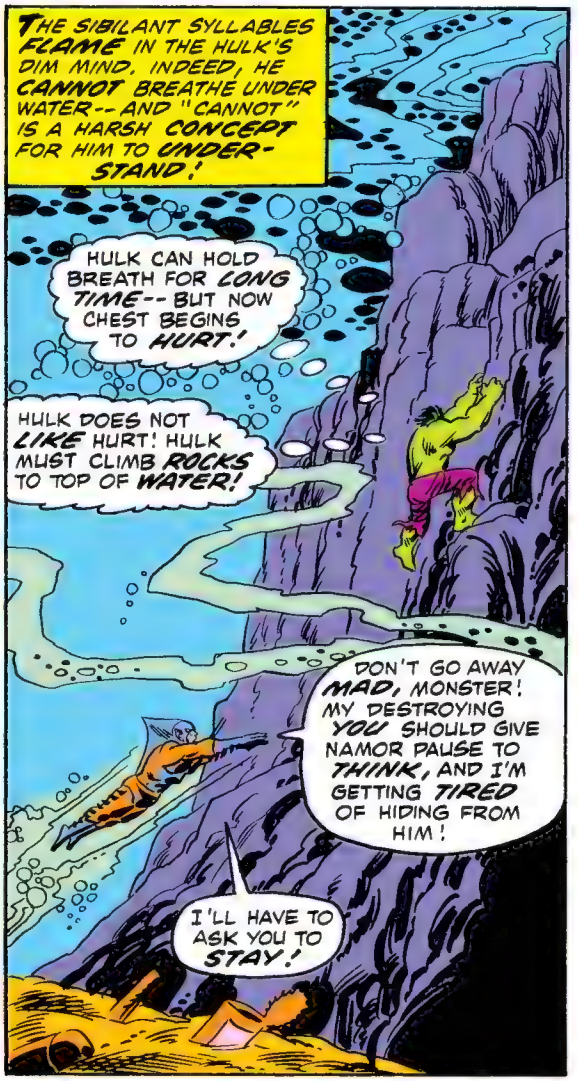

SEE, WE SAID OUR EXPLANATION WOULD BE QUICK:
THE HULK IS JUST NOW STRIKING THE RIVER.
BUT WHY HAS TIGER SHARK ABANDONED HIS HIDING PLACE?
THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON YOU COULD BE HERE, HULK-- AND THAT'S TO GRAB ME FOR YOUR FINNY PAL!
BUT TIGER SHARK'S NOT FOR GRABBING:
SKOB!
NO WAY! NO HOW!
CLUD
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR ELEMENT UNDER WATER, JADE-JAWS!
YOU CAN'T SWIM, AND YOU'VE GOT A WHOLE WATERFALL POUNDING ON YOUR HEAD!
WAP!
POW!
I CAN SWIM RINGS AROUND YOU--
-- SO YOU'RE ABOUT TO VISIT HULK HEAVEN!


BUT IF THE MAN-MONSTER IS BOOKED INTO PARADISE, THERE'S ANOTHER INDIVIDUAL WHO FEELS HEADED THE OTHER WAY.
YEARS! FOR YEARS I'VE LOVED BETTY!
FINALLY, I GOT MY CHANCE TO MARRY HER, TO MAKE HER HAPPY--
--AND THE HULK WON'T LET GO!
A FRANTIC DIALING-- A HURRIED ROUTING OF TELEPHONE CALL TO AIR-BORNE SHIP...
--AND HE'S HERE, GENERAL ROSS! HERE!
NOW CALM DOWN, TALBOT... SON! MY SUPER-SONIC TRANSPORT CAN BE THERE IN 40 MINUTES.
WE'LL SETTLE THE HULK'S HASH!
YOU GET MY DAUGHTER OUT OF THERE-- ON WHATEVER PRETEXT!
SHE'S NOT TO KNOW BANNER'S ALIVE... IF YOU READ ME.
DID YOU GET YOUR CIGARETTES, DARLING?
UH... YES, SWEETHEART, CIGARETTES... SURE.
YOU KNOW, HONEY, I'VE BEEN THINKING... CANADA'S BEAUTIFUL THIS TIME OF YEAR, AND THERE AREN'T VERY MANY TOURISTS UP THERE.
I GUESS I'M TRYING TO SAY THAT I WANT TO BE ALONE WITH YOU, BETTY-- FAR AWAY FROM... EVERYTHING.
GLENN, MY SHOULDERS... YOU'RE HURTING ME!


BUT OF COURSE, LAMB. I FEEL THE SAME WAY. IF YOU WANT TO MOVE ON, WE'LL GO...
...RIGHT AFTER I TAKE ONE LAST LOOK AT THE FALLS. THEY'RE SO BEAUTIFUL AND MAJESTIC.
UH... ACTUALLY, DARLING, IT'S CONSIDERED BAD LUCK FOR HONEY-MOONERS TO VISIT THE FALLS MORE THAN ONCE.
WHY DON'T WE CHECK OUT RIGHT NOW? I'M ANXIOUS TO GET UP THE ROAD.
AND SO...
I NEVER SUSPECTED YOU WERE SUCH A ROMANTIC, LAMB.
I PRAY I'LL NEVER FIND OUT!
I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, GLENN.
MARRIED ALL LEGAL AND PROPER -- AND YOU STILL MAKE A GIRL FEEL POSITIVELY ILLICIT!
BUT WOULD YOU, DARLING, IF YOU KNEW YOUR FIRST LOVE WAS STILL ALIVE?
PRAY HARD, GLENN TALBOT -- BECAUSE, ONLY TWO MILES AWAY...
CRAZY FISH-MAN! THINKS HULK FIGHTS FOR OTHER FISH-MAN; SUB-MARINER!
HAH! HULK IS MAD AT SUB-MARINER -- STUPID MAGICIAN, TOO!* HULK FIGHTS ONLY FOR HULK!
*THE "STUPID MAGICIAN" IS DR. STRANGE, AND GREENSKIN IS REFERRING TO HIS ASSOCIATION WITH THE DEFENDERS. -- ROY.

WHY AREN'T YOU SAYING SOMETHING, GRUESOME? CATFISH GOT YOUR TONGUE?
SPOOM!

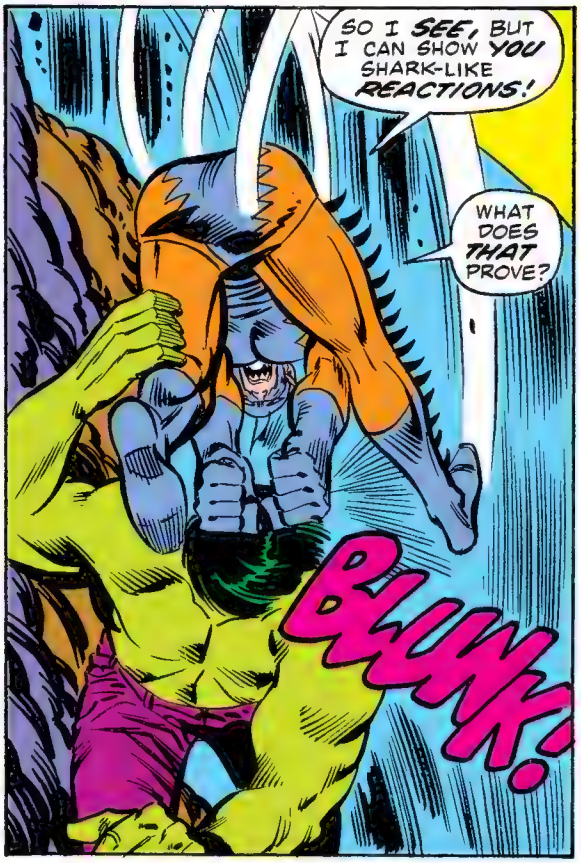
OR DO YOU FIND IT THE TEENIEST BIT HARD TO BREATHE DOWN HERE?
FUNNY, I'M DOIN' JUST FINE!
SHLUNK!


THE SIBILANT SYLLABLES FLAME IN THE HULK'S DIM MIND. INDEED, HE CANNOT BREATHE UNDER WATER-- AND "CANNOT" IS A HARSH CONCEPT FOR HIM TO UNDER-STAND!
HULK CAN HOLD BREATH FOR LONG TIME-- BUT NOW CHEST BEGINS TO HURT!
HULK DOES NOT LIKE HURT! HULK MUST CLIMB ROCKS TO TOP OF WATER!
DON'T GO AWAY MAD, MONSTER! MY DESTROYING YOU SHOULD GIVE NAMOR PAUSE TO THINK, AND I'M GETTING TIRED OF HIDING FROM HIM!
I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO STAY!

FISH-MAN TELLS HULK NOTHING! HULK IS TIRED OF FISH-MAN TALKING WHEN HULK CAN'T!
TIGER SHARK CAN STAY! HULK GOES!
RRRMBLE!

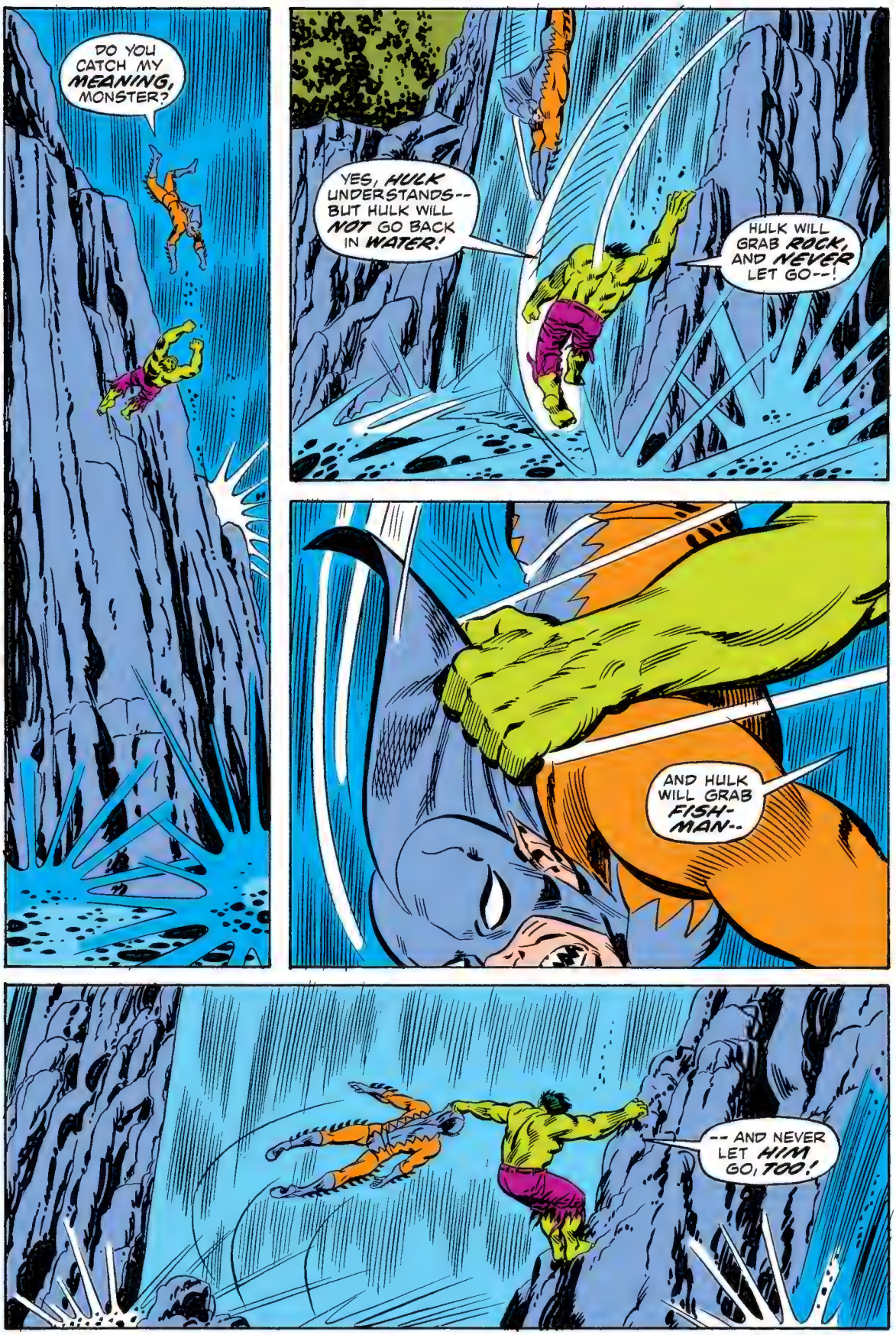
AIR!! HULK NEVER KNEW HOW GOOD AIR IS!
HULK WILL NOT GO IN WATER AGAIN!
HULK KNOWS WHERE HE BELONGS: ON SOLID GROUND!
NOT IN SKY, IN FLYING MACHINE-- NOT IN WATER, WITH FISH --
SOLID GROUND!!
CAN'T SAY I AGREE WITH YOUR REASONING, CHIEF!
FAR AS I CAN TELL, BEING AMPHIBIOUS JUST GIVES ME THE EDGE OVER YOU!
KA-BLANG!
FOR STARTERS, IT GIVES ME MORE ROOM TO MOVE AROUND IN --
-- SO I CAN WORK UP SOME SPEED!
CH
INK!

SPEED? HULK WILL SHOW SPEED!

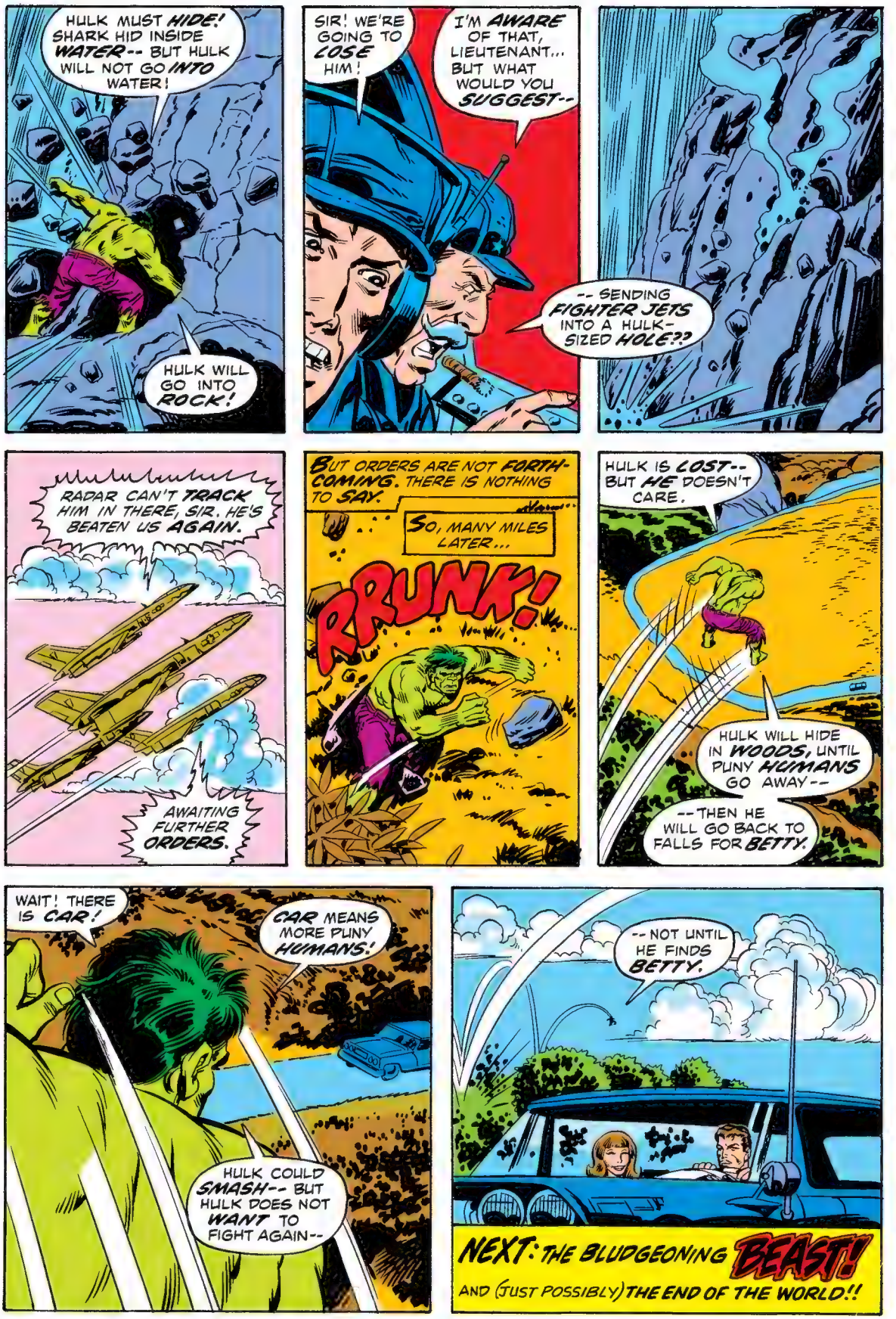

SO I SEE, BUT I CAN SHOW YOU SHARK-LIKE REACTIONS!
WHAT DOES THAT PROVE?
BLUNK!

TO ANSWER MY OWN QUESTION, IT PROVES WE'RE EVENLY MATCHED ON THESE ROCKS!
THE EXPERIMENT THAT MADE ME WHAT I AM GAVE ME POWER FROM BOTH THE SUB-MARINER AND MY OCEAN-PROWLING NAMESAKE--

-- SO IN A FAIR FIGHT, THERE'S SOME DOUBT AS TO WHO WOULD WIN!
WELL, I'M NO PERCENTAGE PLAYER, GRUESOME! I ONLY BET ON SURE THINGS--
-- AND I DON'T FIGHT FAIR!


DO YOU CATCH MY MEANING, MONSTER?
YES, HULK UNDERSTANDS-- BUT HULK WILL NOT GO BACK IN WATER!
HULK WILL GRAB ROCK, AND NEVER LET GO--!
AND HULK WILL GRAB FISH-MAN--
-- AND NEVER LET HIM GO, TOO!

DA-KROOM!
BUT THE TORMENTED TITAN'S TROUBLES ARE NOT OVER-- FOR, ABOVE...
MOVE IT, PEOPLE! THE MILITARY'S MOVING IN NOW--
--THEY'LL BLAST THAT MONSTER TO ATOMS!
AND, IN THE COPTER--
BLAST IT! IT'S TRUE: HE IS ALIVE--AND DEFINITELY ON BETTY'S TRAIL!
ATTENTION ALL UNITS! TARGET IS NEAR THE BASE OF THE FALLS--
--COME AND GET HIM!
SHARK SAID HE WAS AS GOOD AS HULK! HAH!
NO ONE IS AS GOOD AS-- HUH?
PLANES-- ROSS'S PLANES! BUT HULK WANTS BETTY-- HAS NO TIME FOR MORE FIGHTS!


HULK MUST HIDE! SHARK HID INSIDE WATER-- BUT HULK WILL NOT GO INTO WATER!
HULK WILL GO INTO ROCK!
SIR! WE'RE GOING TO LOSE HIM!
I'M AWARE OF THAT, LIEUTENANT... BUT WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST--
-- SENDING FIGHTER JETS INTO A HULK-SIZED HOLE??
RADAR CAN'T TRACK HIM IN THERE, SIR. HE'S BEATEN US AGAIN.
AWAITING FURTHER ORDERS.
BUT ORDERS ARE NOT FORTHCOMING. THERE IS NOTHING TO SAY.
SO, MANY MILES LATER...
RRUNK!
HULK IS LOST-- BUT HE DOESN'T CARE.
HULK WILL HIDE IN WOODS, UNTIL PUNY HUMANS GO AWAY--
--THEN HE WILL GO BACK TO FALLS FOR BETTY.
WAIT! THERE IS CAR!
CAR MEANS MORE PUNY HUMANS!
HULK COULD SMASH-- BUT HULK DOES NOT WANT TO FIGHT AGAIN--
-- NOT UNTIL HE FINDS BETTY.
NEXT: THE BLUDGEONING BEAST!
AND (JUST POSSIBLY) THE END OF THE WORLD!!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢ 161 MAR 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
VS. THE BLOCK-BUSTING BEAST!
STAY BACK, GREENSKIN! IF YOU SMASH OPEN THAT CYLINDER--
A MAN WILL DIE!!
FOR THE LIFE OF A MUTANT!
TNT

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

BEYOND THE BORDER LURKS DEATH!

THIS IS IT--THE **RETURN** OF ONE OF THE **BEST-LOVED** HEROES IN THE HISTORY OF COMICS: THE BOMBASTIC, BALEFUL, AND BLUDGEONING **BEAST!**

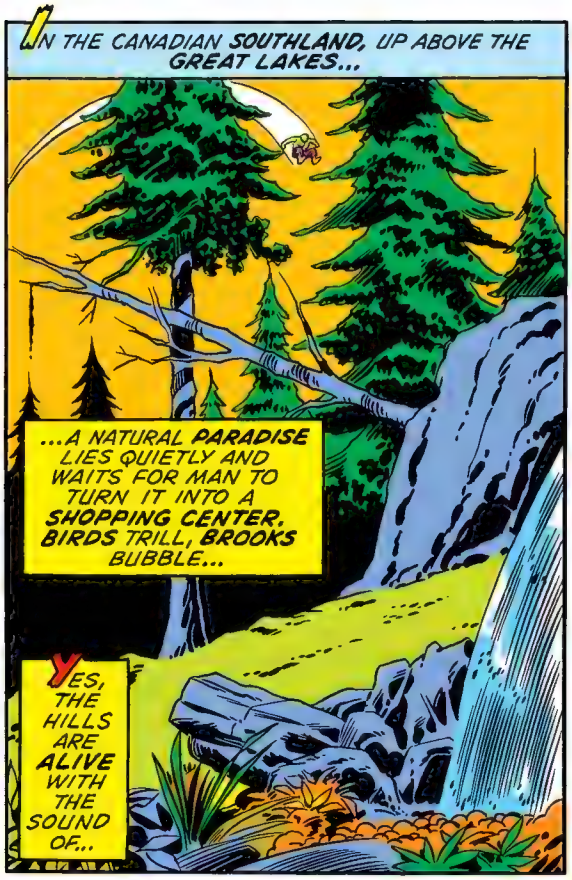
AND WHEN HE TANGLES WITH OLD **JADE-JAWS**--NOT TO MENTION THE MYSTERIOUS MUTANT **MENACE** OF THE **MIMIC**...WELL, LITERATURE-LOVER, JUST KEEP A FIRM GRIP ON YOUR **CHAIR!**

BUT FIRST...

12522

STEVE ENGLEHART *author* / **SAL TRAPANI** *inker* / **ARTIE SIMEK** *letterer* **G. ROUSSOS** *colorist* / **ROY THOMAS** *editor* / *hereby tender their heartfelt congrats to...*

...HAPPIER-THAN-EVER **HERB TRIMPE,** *for finally taking the plunge and getting* **MARRIED,** *the son-of-a gun!*

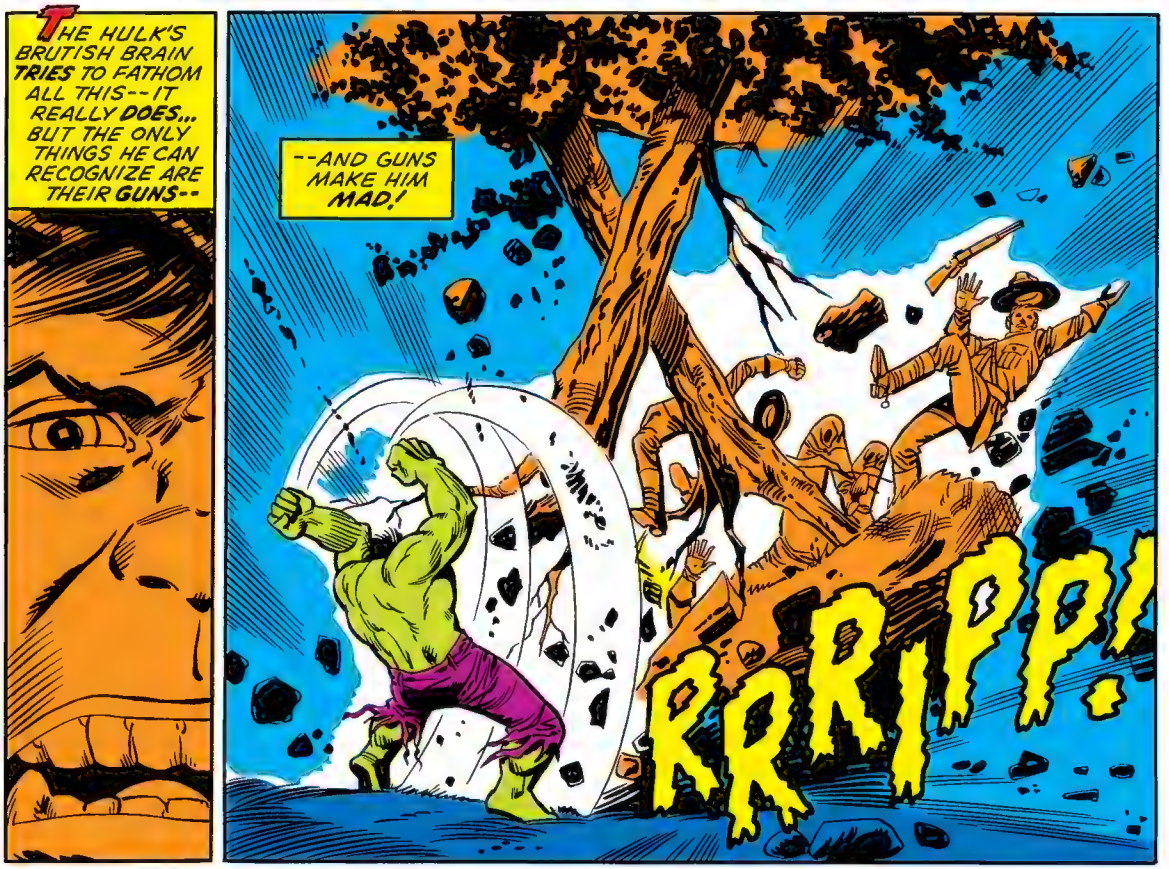

IN THE CANADIAN SOUTHLAND, UP ABOVE THE GREAT LAKES...
...A NATURAL PARADISE LIES QUIETLY AND WAITS FOR MAN TO TURN IT INTO A SHOPPING CENTER. BIRDS TRILL, BROOKS BUBBLE...
YES, THE HILLS ARE ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF...

...THE HULK!
FOOM!

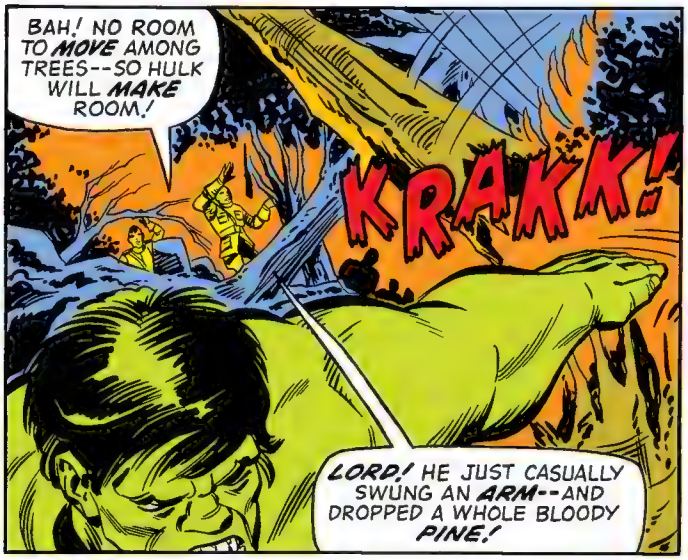
WHAT THE DEUCE WAS THAT--A PLANE CRASH?
LET'S RIDE OVER AND HAVE A LOOK, MEN!

PUNY HUMANS! HULK THOUGHT HE HAD ESCAPED THEM!
LOOK, SERGEANT-- IT'S THAT AMERICAN MONSTER, THE HULK!
THE HULK? WHAT'S HE DOING THIS FAR NORTH?

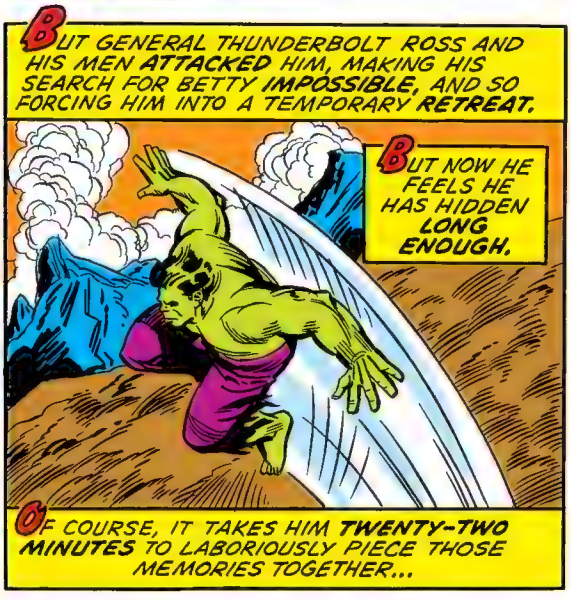
ATTENTION...AH...HULK! THIS IS THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE!
ON BEHALF OF THE AMERICAN AUTHORITIES, WE CALL UPON YOU TO SURRENDER YOURSELF TO US!
READY YOUR WEAPONS, MEN.
WHY DOESN'T HE SAY SOMETHING, HENRI? CAN'T HE SEE WE'VE GOT HIM COLD?
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT'S NOT GOING TO BE THAT SIMPLE, IAN. I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE'S LOOKING AT US.
LORD, HE'S BIG, ISN'T HE, SERGEANT?
SO HE IS -- BUT THAT WON'T FAZE THE RCMP. YOU MEN WILL DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT!
THEIR VOICES BUZZ LIKE GNATS IN THE HULK'S EARS: ANNOYING, AND FOR NO REAL PURPOSE THAT HE CAN SEE. WHO ARE THESE STRANGE MEN IN THEIR STRANGE COSTUMES? WHY ARE THEY BOTHERING HIM?

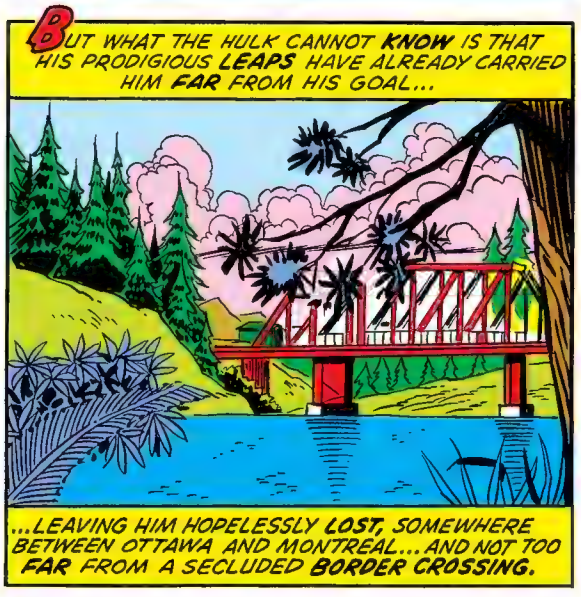

THE HULK'S BRUTISH BRAIN TRIES TO FATHOM ALL THIS -- IT REALLY DOES... BUT THE ONLY THINGS HE CAN RECOGNIZE ARE THEIR GUNS --
--AND GUNS MAKE HIM MAD!
RRRIPP!

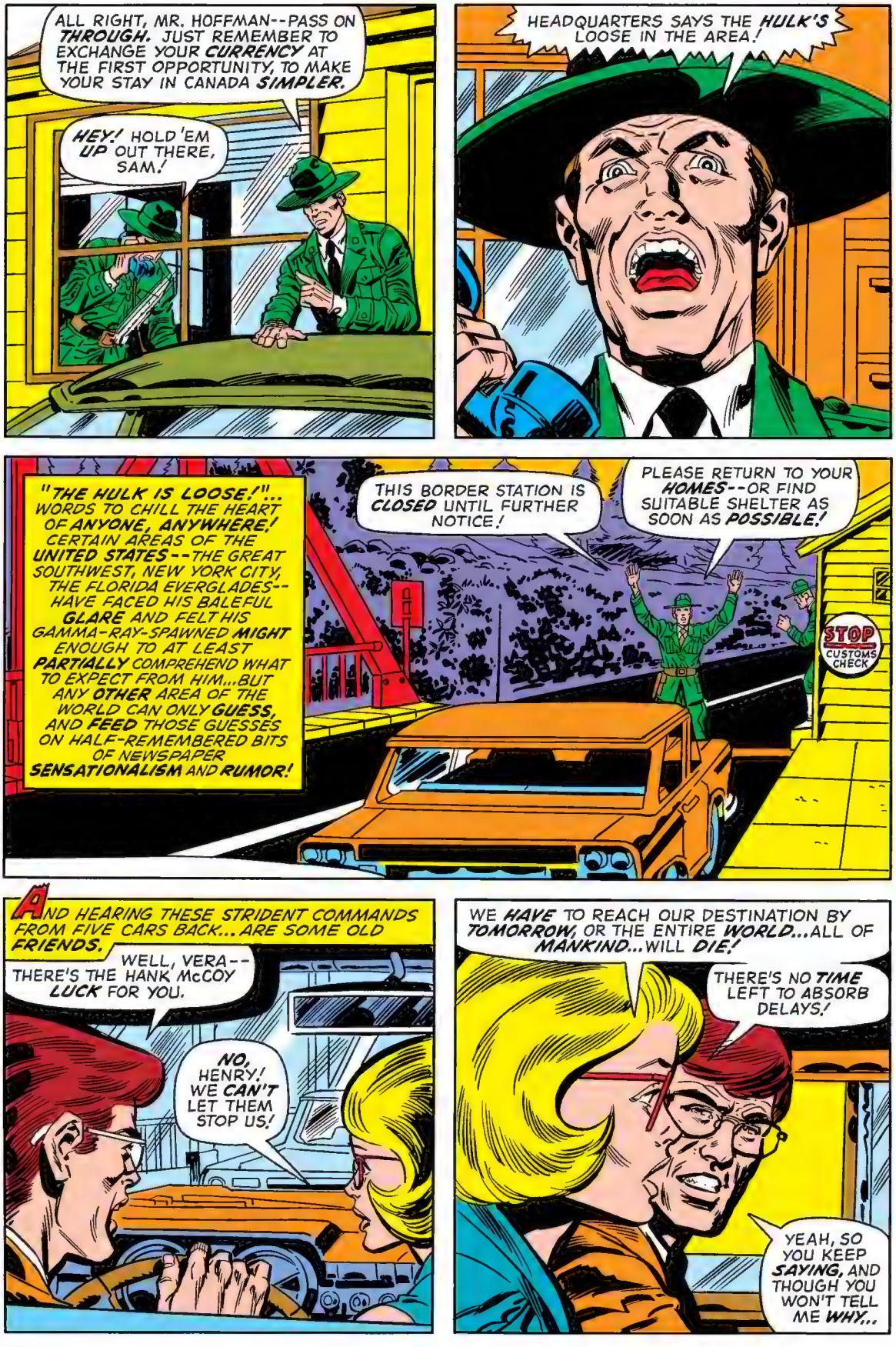
PUNY HUMANS IN UNIFORMS--JUST LIKE ROSS AND SOLDIERS.
HULK WANTS NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM. HULK WILL GO AWAY.
FIRE! FIRE, YOU SLACKERS!
DOING MY BEST, SERGEANT--BUT THE BULLETS ONLY RICOCHET! I CAN'T STOP HIM!
I'LL TELL YOU, HENRI--I NEVER WAS MUCH OF A ONE FOR CANADIAN NATIONALISM MYSELF--
--BUT THAT'S ONE YANK IMPORT I COULD BLOODY WELL DO WITHOUT!

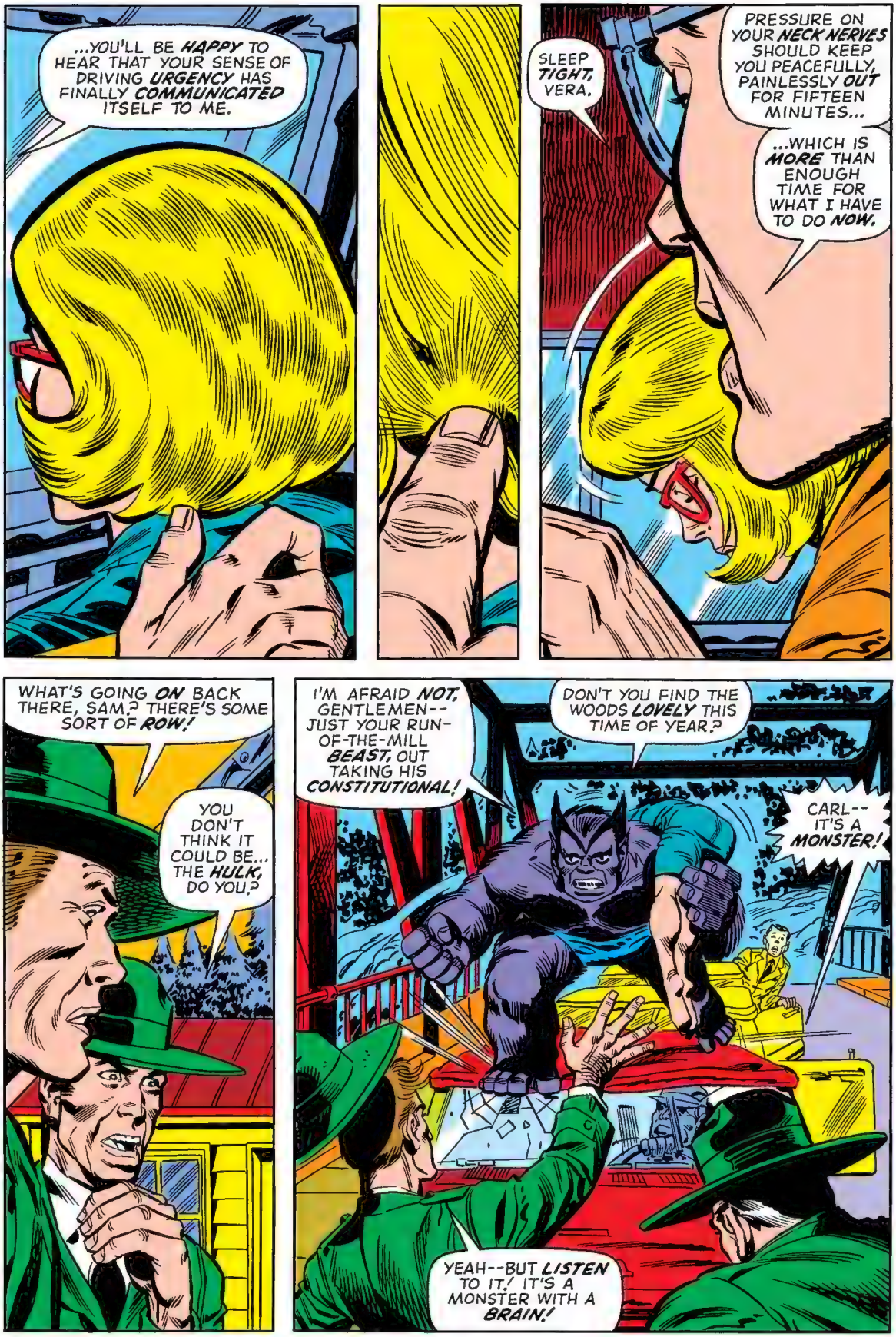

BAH! NO ROOM TO MOVE AMONG TREES--SO HULK WILL MAKE ROOM!
KRAKK!
LORD! HE JUST CASUALLY SWUNG AN ARM--AND DROPPED A WHOLE BLOODY PINE!

EVENTUALLY, THE MAN-MONSTER HACKS HIS WAY TO A CLEARING, WHERE HE COMES TO A HALT, LOST IN THOUGHT, BECAUSE FOR THE HULK, IT'S EASY TO GET LOST.
CAREFULLY, HE THINKS BACK...
...TO HOW HE CAME NORTH AFTER HIS FRIEND BETTY, WHO THEY SAY HAS GOTTEN MARRIED.


BUT GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS AND HIS MEN ATTACKED HIM, MAKING HIS SEARCH FOR BETTY IMPOSSIBLE, AND SO FORCING HIM INTO A TEMPORARY RETREAT.
BUT NOW HE FEELS HE HAS HIDDEN LONG ENOUGH.
OF COURSE, IT TAKES HIM TWENTY-TWO MINUTES TO LABORIOUSLY PIECE THOSE MEMORIES TOGETHER...


BUT WHAT THE HULK CANNOT KNOW IS THAT HIS PRODIGIOUS LEAPS HAVE ALREADY CARRIED HIM FAR FROM HIS GOAL...
...LEAVING HIM HOPELESSLY LOST, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN OTTAWA AND MONTREAL...AND NOT TOO FAR FROM A SECLUDED BORDER CROSSING.


ALL RIGHT, MR. HOFFMAN--PASS ON THROUGH. JUST REMEMBER TO EXCHANGE YOUR CURRENCY AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY, TO MAKE YOUR STAY IN CANADA SIMPLER.
HEY! HOLD 'EM UP OUT THERE, SAM!
HEADQUARTERS SAYS THE HULK'S LOOSE IN THE AREA!
"THE HULK IS LOOSE!"... WORDS TO CHILL THE HEART OF ANYONE, ANYWHERE! CERTAIN AREAS OF THE UNITED STATES--THE GREAT SOUTHWEST, NEW YORK CITY, THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES--HAVE FACED HIS BALEFUL GLARE AND FELT HIS GAMMA-RAY-SPAWNED MIGHT ENOUGH TO AT LEAST PARTIALLY COMPREHEND WHAT TO EXPECT FROM HIM...BUT ANY OTHER AREA OF THE WORLD CAN ONLY GUESS, AND FEED THOSE GUESSES ON HALF-REMEMBERED BITS OF NEWSPAPER SENSATIONALISM AND RUMOR!
THIS BORDER STATION IS CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!
PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES--OR FIND SUITABLE SHELTER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
STOP
CUSTOMS CHECK
AND HEARING THESE STRIDENT COMMANDS FROM FIVE CARS BACK... ARE SOME OLD FRIENDS.
WELL, VERA--THERE'S THE HANK McCOY LUCK FOR YOU.
NO, HENRY! WE CAN'T LET THEM STOP US!
WE HAVE TO REACH OUR DESTINATION BY TOMORROW, OR THE ENTIRE WORLD...ALL OF MANKIND...WILL DIE!
THERE'S NO TIME LEFT TO ABSORB DELAYS!
YEAH, SO YOU KEEP SAYING, AND THOUGH YOU WON'T TELL ME WHY...

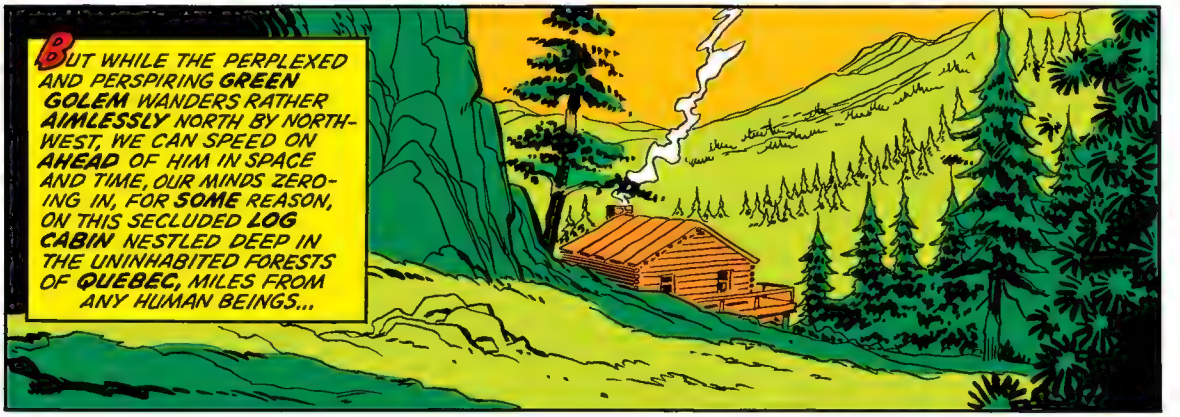

...YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO HEAR THAT YOUR SENSE OF DRIVING URGENCY HAS FINALLY COMMUNICATED ITSELF TO ME.
SLEEP TIGHT, VERA.
PRESSURE ON YOUR NECK NERVES SHOULD KEEP YOU PEACEFULLY, PAINLESSLY OUT FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES...
...WHICH IS MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME FOR WHAT I HAVE TO DO NOW.
WHAT'S GOING ON BACK THERE, SAM? THERE'S SOME SORT OF ROW!
YOU DON'T THINK IT COULD BE... THE HULK, DO YOU?
I'M AFRAID NOT, GENTLEMEN-- JUST YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL BEAST, OUT TAKING HIS CONSTITUTIONAL!
DON'T YOU FIND THE WOODS LOVELY THIS TIME OF YEAR?
CARL-- IT'S A MONSTER!
YEAH--BUT LISTEN TO IT! IT'S A MONSTER WITH A BRAIN!

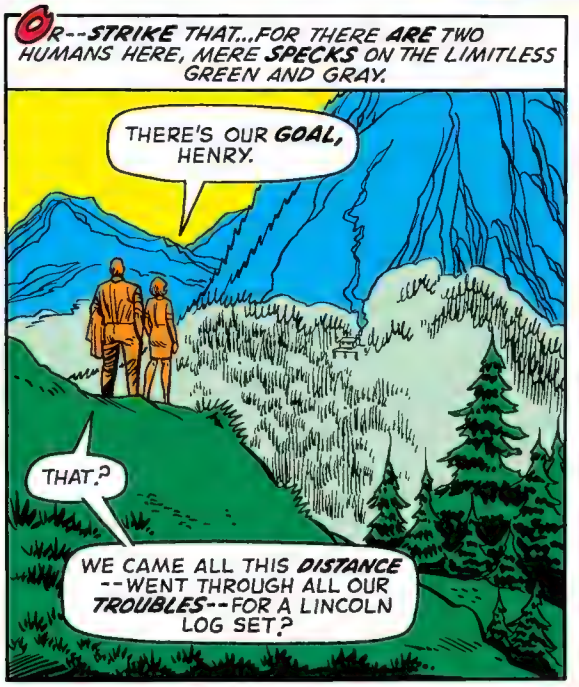
SURE, SURE...YOU KNOW IT AND I KNOW IT, BUT THEY STILL ALWAYS ASK ME IF I CAN TYPE!
GANGWAY, GUYS!
IF YOU'VE WATCHED THE LATE SHOW ENOUGH, YOU CAN SUPPLY MY DIALOGUE FOR ME AT THIS POINT:
"DON'T SHOOT, OR YOU'LL HIT THE GIRL," "DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW, OR I'LL HURT HER," AND ALL THAT STUFF.
BYE.
I DO BECOME A HAM WHEN I TAKE OFF MY HUMAN DISGUISE, DON'T I?
STILL, ANYBODY WHO LOOKS LIKE I DO HAS TO FIND HIS FUN WHERE HE CAN.
I JUST HOPE THEY BELIEVED THAT OUTRAGEOUS LIE ABOUT MY HURTING VERA. SHE AND I DON'T WANT ANY COMPANY ON OUR TREK.
LUCKILY, THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO LEARN ANYTHING ABOUT US FROM OUR CAR.
THAT FARMER WE BOUGHT IT FROM WAS SO OLD, HE WOULDN'T REMEMBER HIS OWN FACE WITHOUT A MIRROR.
OOHHHH...
SHE'S COMING AROUND. TIME TO PUT MY MASK AND SUIT BACK ON.
HENRY...
HENRY-- WHAT HAPPENED?
WELL, IT'S AN OLD RUM SMUGGLERS' SECRET--A WAY TO SNEAK ACROSS THE BORDER AND AVOID THE PATROLS.
IN FACT, IT'S SO SECRET, I CAN'T TELL YOU ANY MORE ABOUT IT.

FRANKLY, VERA, IT WAS DANGEROUS, SO I HAD TO KNOCK YOU OUT FOR A FEW MOMENTS. I HOPE YOU WON'T BE MAD ABOUT IT.
WE HAD TO GET ACROSS, AND IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I KNEW!
MAD.? NO, HENRY--
--FOR THE STAKES WE'RE PLAYING, I'M WILLING TO PUT UP WITH ALMOST ANYTHING.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANY MORE.
I KNEW YOU'D SEE IT THAT WAY. NOW COME ON--
WE'RE ABOUT HALF A MILE BEYOND THE BORDER STATION. IF YOU KNOW THE ROUTE FROM HERE, WE'D BETTER MOVE.
FAR AWAY THROUGH THE RUGGED GREEN, THERE IS OTHER MOVEMENT NOW...
HUH.?
HULK SLIPPED OFF ROCK!
...MOVEMENT CRUCIAL TO ANOTHER FORM OF "RUGGED GREEN."
HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND. HE DOESN'T SLIP. HE DOESN'T FALL DOWN.
ONLY WEAKLINGS DO THAT--WEAKLINGS LIKE PUNY BANNER!
IS HULK CHANGING BACK TO HIM.?
THE MERE CONCEPTION OF THE IDEA GALVANIZES THE BROODING BRUTE, THRUSTING HIM ONTO HIS HUGE FEET--
--AND FORCING EVERY IOTA OF RAW POWER HE POSSESSES INTO AN INSANE ATTACK ON THE NEAREST OBJECT!
CRUSH!
BUT--
TREE DIDN'T BREAK!
TREE DIDN'T BREAK!!

SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH HULK! HE IS NOT CHANGING-- BUT HE'S TURNING WEAK!
HULK IS--WAIT! HULK FEELS... SOMETHING...

WHEN HE TURNS THIS DIRECTION, HE FEELS WEAKEST OF ALL. FEELS ALMOST...SICK.
HULK MUST GO THIS WAY, TO FIND OUT WHAT IS HURTING HIM--
--AND WHEN HE DOES, HULK WILL SMASH!


BUT WHILE THE PERPLEXED AND PERSPIRING GREEN GOLEM WANDERS RATHER AIMLESSLY NORTH BY NORTH-WEST, WE CAN SPEED ON AHEAD OF HIM IN SPACE AND TIME, OUR MINDS ZERO-ING IN, FOR SOME REASON, ON THIS SECLUDED LOG CABIN NESTLED DEEP IN THE UNINHABITED FORESTS OF QUEBEC, MILES FROM ANY HUMAN BEINGS...


OR--STRIKE THAT...FOR THERE ARE TWO HUMANS HERE, MERE SPECKS ON THE LIMITLESS GREEN AND GRAY.
THERE'S OUR GOAL, HENRY.
THAT?
WE CAME ALL THIS DISTANCE --WENT THROUGH ALL OUR TROUBLES--FOR A LINCOLN LOG SET?

CAN'T YOU EVER BE SERIOUS? THAT CABIN COULD BE THE PLACE WHERE THE END OF THE WORLD...BEGINS.
LET ME CHECK TO SEE IF IT'S SAFE FOR US TO GO ON.

THIS WALKIE-TALKIE WILL BEAM A SIGNAL TO THE CABIN--
--AND IT SEEMS SOMEONE RECEIVED IT. THAT'S EITHER A MIRROR SIGNALING BACK, OR AN AWFUL LOT OF FIREFLIES.
WE'RE IN TIME! THANK THE LORD, WE'RE IN TIME!
AND THEN, AS FAST AS THEIR WEARY FEET CAN CARRY THEM, HANK AND VERA REACH THE END OF THEIR ODYSSEY!
A MAN ONCE CALLED CALVIN RANKIN--BUT NOW KNOWN ONLY AS...THE MIMIC! *
THE...CHANGE...HAS ALREADY STARTED, BUT I'M HOLDING IT OFF AS BEST I CAN--AND THAT'S NONE TOO WELL.
I'LL SAVE THE GREETINGS FOR LATER. FOR NOW, JUST GET IN HERE--PLEASE!
OH WOW, I'M GLAD TO SEE THE TWO OF YOU!
*LAST SEEN IN X-MEN #77 --ROY.
SO THAT'S WHY VERA WOULDN'T TELL ME WHO SHE WANTED ME TO HELP!
RANKIN WAS ALWAYS TRYING TO MOVE IN ON HER WHILE SHE AND I WERE GOING TOGETHER.
AND--HE KNOWS MY SECRET IDENTITY!
BUT VERA DOESN'T--WHICH MEANS HE DIDN'T TELL HER.
AND THAT MEANS HE REALLY DOES NEED ONLY MY SCIENTIFIC ABILITIES.

STILL HIS ABILITY IS THAT OF MIMICKING OTHER PEOPLE'S POWERS. IF HE MIMICS MINE NOW, THEY'LL BOTH KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME!
I CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, THOUGH--NOT IF HE'S REALLY IN TROUBLE. BLAST SECRET IDENTITIES, ANYWAY!
CAL--HOW CAN THE CHANGE HAVE STARTED? WE PICKED THIS SPOT BECAUSE THERE'S NO ONE AROUND--
AND YOU CAN'T GROW WITHOUT STEALING SOMEONE ELSE'S POWER.
BELIEVE ME, HONEY--I DON'T KNOW... UNLESS YOU--?
NO, WE FEEL FINE. YOUR FIGHTING THE CHANGE HAS KEPT US SAFE--FOR NOW.
AND GOD WILLING, HENRY CAN MAKE THAT PERMA-NENT!
THEN LET'S GET STARTED. I'LL FILL YOU IN AS WE GO, McCOY.
IT BEGAN WHEN MY FATHER'S EXPERIMENTS MADE ME THE MIMIC. THE X-MEN WERE ABLE TO DESTROY MY POWERS--BUT IT WASN'T FOREVER.
MY POWERS RETURNED --AND THEN DISAPPEARED AGAIN.
BUT THE CYCLE REPEATED ITSELF, OVER AND OVER: RETURN, DISAPPEAR, RETURN...
...AND EACH TIME, THE POWERS WERE STRONGER, AND I LESS ABLE TO CONTROL THEM.
COME THIS WAY.
THIS TIME HAS BEEN THE WORST--BECAUSE THIS TIME, UNLESS I WAS ON MY GUARD CONTINUOUSLY--
I NOT ONLY MIMICKED OTHER PEOPLE'S POWER--I LEECHED THEIR OWN POWER FROM THEM.
I STOLE THE ENERGY THAT CONTROLLED THEIR BODIES, LEAVING THEIR MUSCLES UNABLE TO MOVE--
--INCLUDING THEIR HEART AND LUNG MUSCLES--
--AND I KILLED THEM.

I WAS PANIC-STRICKEN--BUT LUCKILY, I HAD BEEN DATING VERA, AND SHE FIGURED OUT WHAT WE COULD DO.
I CAME HERE, TO THIS UNINHABITED WILDERNESS, AND SHE WENT TO FIND YOU, BECAUSE YOU'RE AN EXPERT ON MUTATIONS AND GENETICS, AND BECAUSE WE KNEW WE COULD TRUST YOU.
MEANTIME, WE POOLED OUR SAVINGS TO BUY THIS EQUIPMENT.
BECAUSE... HANK...THE RANGE OF MY POWER IS INCREASING THIS TIME, TOO.
SOON IT WON'T MATTER IF I STAY HERE, BECAUSE MY POWER WILL REACH OUT, AND I'LL START KILLING AGAIN, AT LONG DISTANCE!
FIRST CANADA, THEN AMERICA, AND EVENTUALLY THE ENTIRE WORLD--
--UNTIL EVERY SINGLE, SOLITARY SOUL ON THIS PLANET IS...DEAD!
"WHAT ARE THE FIRST SYMPTOMS IN YOUR VICTIMS, CAL.?"
"USUALLY, THEY FEEL WEAK...AND VERY SICK.
"AFTER THAT, IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME."
LONGER HULK GOES IN THIS DIRECTION, WORSE HE GETS.
HULK MUST MOVE FASTER!
LIKE MILLIONS OF TIMES BEFORE, THE MAN-MONSTER HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE SKY, FOR ONE OF HIS DISTANCE-DEVOURING LEAPS--
--BUT NOW, BEFORE EVEN REACHING THE HEIGHT OF HIS ARC--
--SHARP PAIN ERUPTS IN HIS STOMACH!
HE DOUBLES OVER IN SCARLET AGONY--

--AND FALLS!
HOOM
HULK... IS SICK. MAYBE HULK IS DYING.
IF HE HAD ENEMY TO FIGHT, TO SMASH--MAYBE HULK COULD GET WELL... BUT THERE IS NO ONE. NO ONE!!
HULK... IS SCARED.
NO! HULK IS HULK! HULK CAN'T DIE!
BRAK
BUT HULK IS NOT HULK... NOT ANY MORE...
...NOT IF HE CAN'T BREAK TINY ROCK...
MAYBE...THIS IS THE END OF HIM...
--THE END OF THE HULK! YESSIR, I KNOW HE'S IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY NOW--
--BUT IF WE CAN JUST OBTAIN PERMISSION TO TRACK HIM DOWN, WE CAN TIE UP THIS MATTER ONCE AND FOR ALL!

REQUEST DENIED FOR THE PRESENT, GENERAL ROSS. THE CANADIANS WANT TO STUDY THE PROBLEM.
PERHAPS THEY'LL HAVE THEIR OWN TROOPS GO AFTER HIM. YOU WILL STAY STATESIDE FOR NOW.
STATESIDE?
WHILE THAT MONSTER AND MY DAUGHTER ARE BOTH SOMEWHERE IN THAT COUNTRY?
TALBOT'S SUPPOSED TO KEEP HER UNDER WRAPS AS LONG AS HE CAN--BUT HOW LONG IS THAT? IF SHE FINDS OUT THE HULK'S ALIVE BEFORE I CAN CAPTURE HIM, HER WHOLE MARRIAGE WILL GO UP IN SMOKE!
SIR, ONLY THE HULKBUSTERS HAVE THE EQUIPMENT AND KNOW-HOW--
REQUEST DENIED, GENERAL! TURN BACK TO NEW YORK STATE!
...YESSIR.
YOU ALWAYS WIN, DON'T YOU, HULK?
BUT THIS IS THE LAST TIME--I SWEAR IT!
BECAUSE I'VE GOT EVERYTHING FROM TROOPS TO BLASTED SSTs WITH ME--
--AND NO FAT-HEADED, RED-TAPE-EATING BUREAUCRATS ARE GOING TO STOP THUNDERBOLT ROSS FROM HELPING HIS ONLY DAUGHTER--NOT FOR LONG, ANYWAY.
YOU CAN MAKE BOOK ON IT!

WHILE, THE **OBJECT** OF THE GENERAL'S AFFECTIONS IS SIMULTANEOUSLY STUMBLING **BLINDLY** UP A ROCKY SLOPE--

--DRIVEN, NOT AS **YOU** OR **I**, BY THE PRIMAL FORCE OF **SELF-PRESERVATION**--FOR **THAT** WOULD PULL HIM IN THE **OTHER** DIRECTION--

--BUT RATHER BY THE NEED--THE GREAT, GUT-FILLING **NEED**--TO PROVE THAT **NOTHING** BEATS THE **HULK!**

THE MONSTER WILL **FACE** HIS TORMENTOR. IT IS THE **ONLY** WAY.

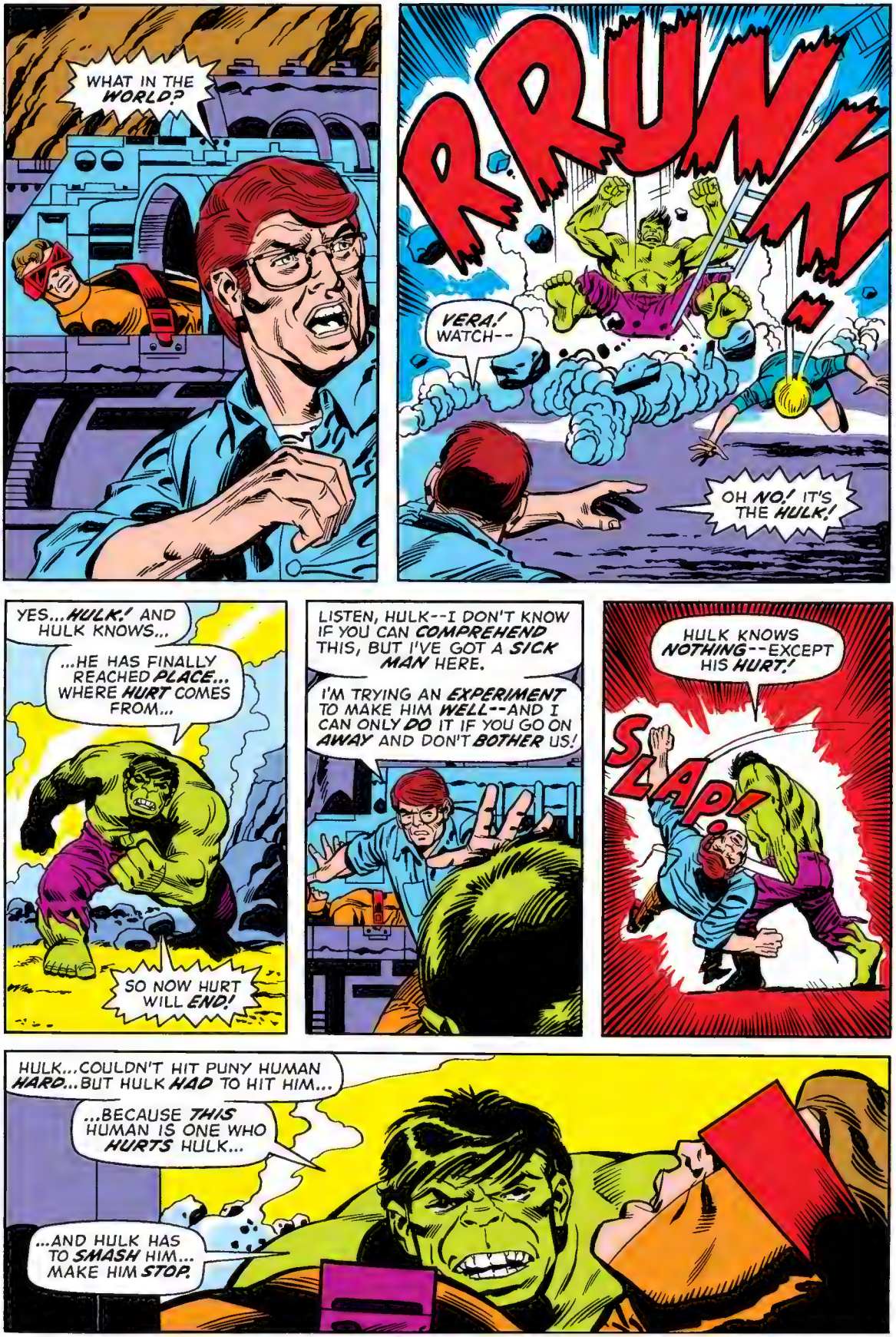
HULK...**DID** IT! HULK CLIMBED... TO TOP OF **MOUNTAIN!**

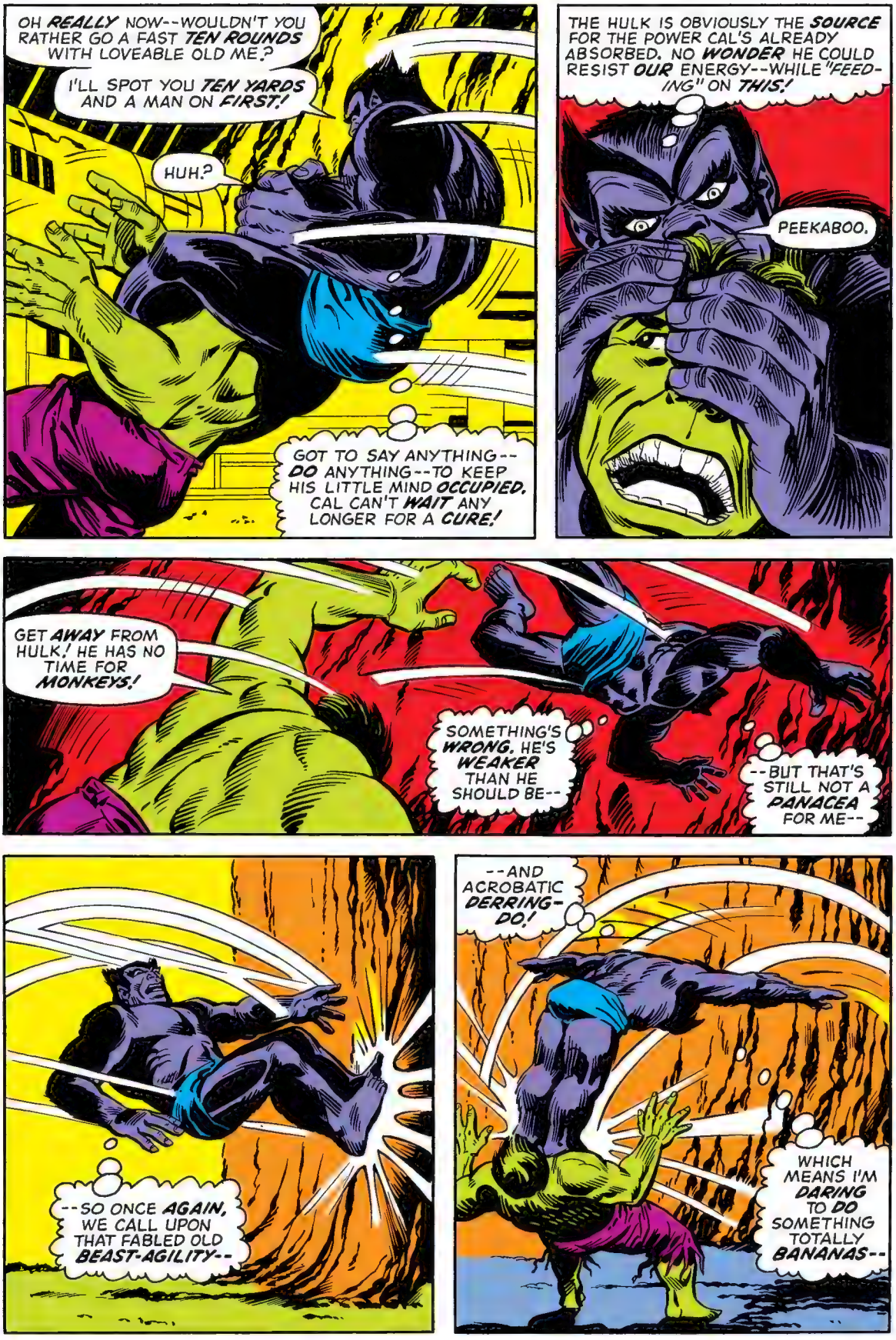
BUT--NOTHING IS **HERE.**

ONLY...LITTLE **CABIN**...WAY DOWN **BELOW** HULK...

UHH...LOOKING **DOWN**... MAKES HULK **DIZZY**--

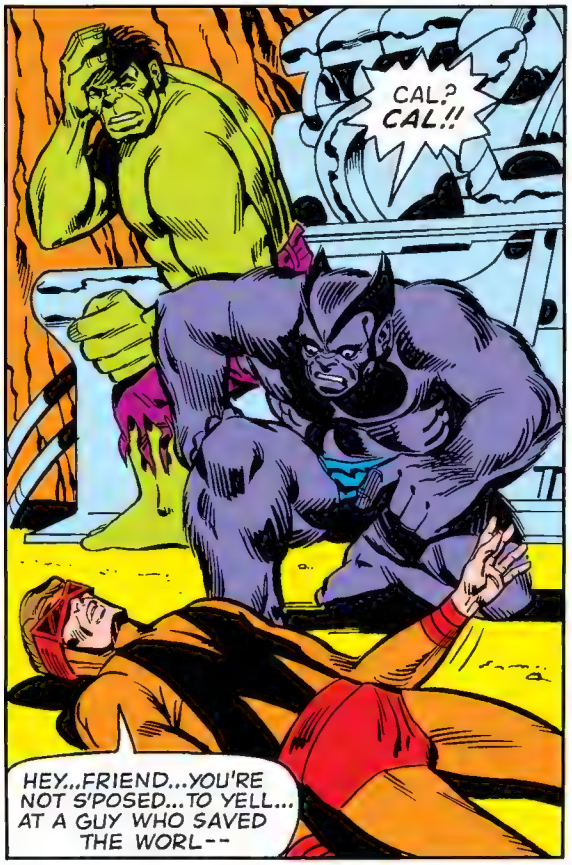
KA-BLOOM!


WHAT IN THE WORLD?
R-RUNK
VERA! WATCH--
OH NO! IT'S THE HULK!
YES...HULK! AND HULK KNOWS...
...HE HAS FINALLY REACHED PLACE... WHERE HURT COMES FROM...
SO NOW HURT WILL END!
LISTEN, HULK--I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN COMPREHEND THIS, BUT I'VE GOT A SICK MAN HERE.
I'M TRYING AN EXPERIMENT TO MAKE HIM WELL--AND I CAN ONLY DO IT IF YOU GO ON AWAY AND DON'T BOTHER US!
HULK KNOWS NOTHING--EXCEPT HIS HURT!
SLAP!
HULK...COULDN'T HIT PUNY HUMAN HARD...BUT HULK HAD TO HIT HIM...
...BECAUSE THIS HUMAN IS ONE WHO HURTS HULK...
...AND HULK HAS TO SMASH HIM... MAKE HIM STOP.


OH REALLY NOW--WOULDN'T YOU RATHER GO A FAST TEN ROUNDS WITH LOVEABLE OLD ME?
I'LL SPOT YOU TEN YARDS AND A MAN ON FIRST!
HUH?
GOT TO SAY ANYTHING--DO ANYTHING--TO KEEP HIS LITTLE MIND OCCUPIED. CAL CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER FOR A CURE!
THE HULK IS OBVIOUSLY THE SOURCE FOR THE POWER CAL'S ALREADY ABSORBED. NO WONDER HE COULD RESIST OUR ENERGY--WHILE "FEEDING" ON THIS!
PEEKABOO.
GET AWAY FROM HULK! HE HAS NO TIME FOR MONKEYS!
SOMETHING'S WRONG. HE'S WEAKER THAN HE SHOULD BE--
--BUT THAT'S STILL NOT A PANACEA FOR ME--
--SO ONCE AGAIN, WE CALL UPON THAT FABLED OLD BEAST-AGILITY--
--AND ACROBATIC DERRING-DO!
WHICH MEANS I'M DARING TO DO SOMETHING TOTALLY BANANAS--

--LIKE PUNCH A MUCH BIGGER MONSTER THAN ME IN THE SNOOT!
POW!
HOLD STILL, MONKEY! HULK TRIES TO HIT YOU, AND YOU GET OUT OF WAY!
CAN'T HELP IT, HULK! I PROMISED MY INSURANCE AGENT!
ALL RIGHT! BACK WHEN I WAS INVULNERABLE, I USED TO ASK MYSELF IF I WAS JUST ANOTHER PRETTY HULK--
--BUT I THINK MAYBE I'M BETTER!
HOWEVER, THE BEAST'S WARM SELF-CONFIDENCE HAS NOT TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT THE BATTERED HULK'S UNIQUE QUIRK: TO PROVE THAT THE HULK NEVER LOSES!
HAH!
RACKED WITH PAIN, TREMBLING IN EVERY MUSCLE--HE IS STILL THE HULK!
NO ONE IS STRONGER THAN HULK--NOT EVEN WHEN HE IS SICK!
NO ONE, MONKEY!
HULK...WILL SMASH...TWO ENEMIES TODAY!
IN THAT CASE, YOU'LL HAVE TO START WITH THIS ONE, MONSTER!
CAL--NO! GET BACK!

CAN'T HEAR A WORD, BEAST!
I GOT TO THINKING WHILE I LAY THERE, PAL: THE STAKES IN THIS GAME ARE TOO HIGH...TOO HIGH FOR ME!
IF YOU WERE SUCCESSFUL IN CURING ME, EVERYTHING WOULD BE GREAT. BUT IF YOU LOST, FOR ANY REASON AT ALL--BILLIONS OF PEOPLE WOULD HAVE DIED!
I COULDN'T AFFORD FAILURE--AND YOU COULDN'T GUARANTEE SUCCESS!
I LULLED MY CONSCIENCE UP HERE, AWAY FROM PEOPLE, AWAY FROM THE REAL WORLD--
--BUT WHEN I SAW THE HULK--THE HULK, FOR PITY'S SAKE--DYING BECAUSE OF ME--
--I DECIDED I SHOULD FIND A COMPLETE SOLUTION!
THE MIMIC ABSORBS POWER--ANY POWER--
--EVEN THE GAMMA RADIATION LOCKED INSIDE THE HULK'S BODY--
--THE GAMMA RADIATION NOW SURGING THROUGH MY FORM--
--THE RADIATION THAT WILL... KILL ME.

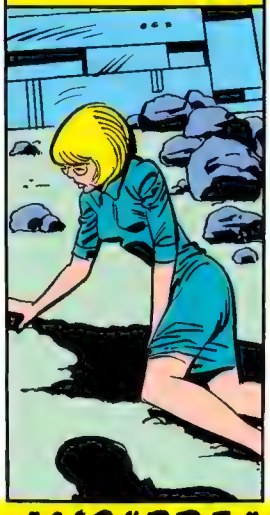


SO SILENCE ENTERS...AND IN THAT SILENCE, YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR THE HULK'S **BRAIN** LABORING.

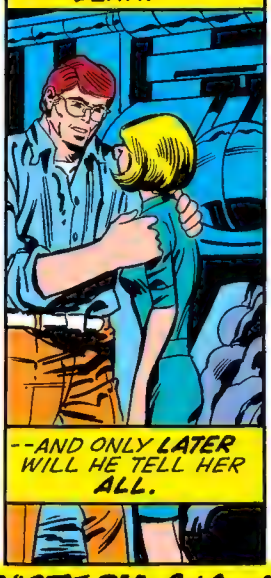
WHAT, HE WONDERS, IS GOING **ON** HERE? THERE'S SOME CRAZY **MONKEY-MAN**...AND SOMEBODY WITH FUNNY **GLASSES**...AND TALK OF **SAVING THE WORLD**--WHICH IS PRETTY **IMPORTANT**, HE GUESSES...

YES, BLISS CAN **OFT-TIMES** BE EQUATED WITH **IGNORANCE**--EITHER CONGENITAL... OR **INDUCED**.

CASE IN POINT: THE JUST-NOW-RECOVERING GIRL NAMED **VERA**.



HANK McCOY WILL TELL HER **ALMOST** THE TRUTH, GLOSSING OVER WHAT IS NEEDED TO EASE THE RAGGED **REALITY** OF A **LOVED ONE'S DEATH**--



--AND ONLY **LATER** WILL HE TELL HER **ALL**.

HE **DOES** IT BECAUSE THE MEMORY OF **CALVIN RANKIN** WILL BE **IMPORTANT** TO HER, AND SO IS HOW SHE **FORMS** THAT MEMORY.

NEXT: the MACABRE MYSTERY of the NORTH WOODS' MOST FEARSOME FIEND: THE WENDIGO!

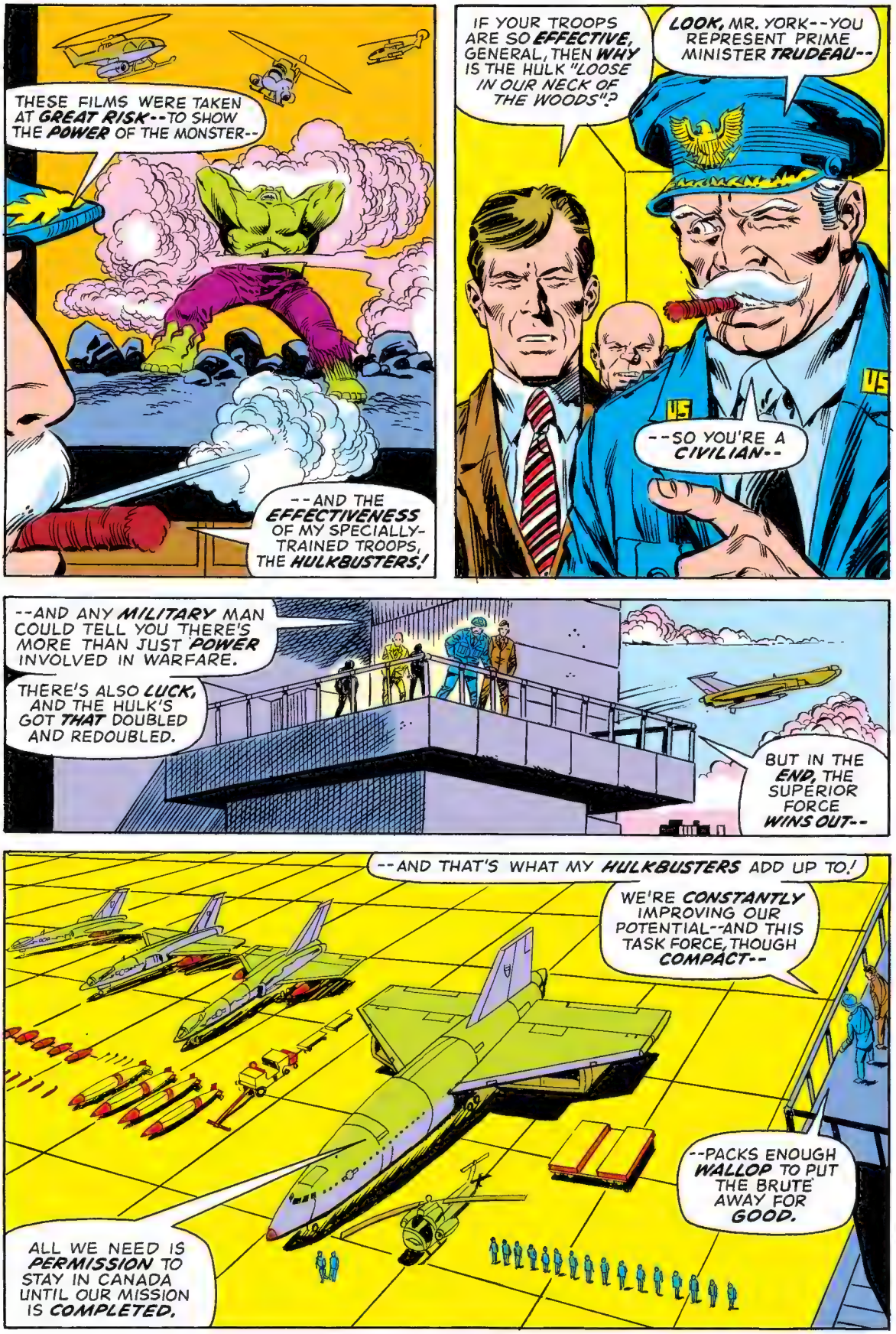
INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢ 162 APR 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
IN THE WILDS OF CANADA, OL' GREENSKIN TAKES ON THE WEIRD, WAY-OUT...
WENDIGO
--THE THING THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN!
THIS IS MY TERRITORY, INTRUDER! MINE!
NO! NOW, IT BELONGS TO HULK!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

STEVE ENGLEHART AUTHOR ★ HERB TRIMPE ARTIST ★ SAL TRAPANI INKER ★ ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER DAVID HUNT, COLORIST ★ ROY THOMAS EDITOR

SPAWN OF THE FLESH-EATER!

BAH! MEN WITH TANKS AND GUNS!
HULK WILL CRUSH THEM ALL!
SCENE: THE BRIEFING ROOM OF THE CANADIAN HIGH MILITARY COMMAND, CONVENED UNDER EMERGENCY SESSION FOR URGENT TALKS WITH AN AMERICAN GENERAL: THUNDERBOLT ROSS!
THERE HE IS, GENTLEMEN: THE HULK!
AND HE'S LOOSE IN YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS!

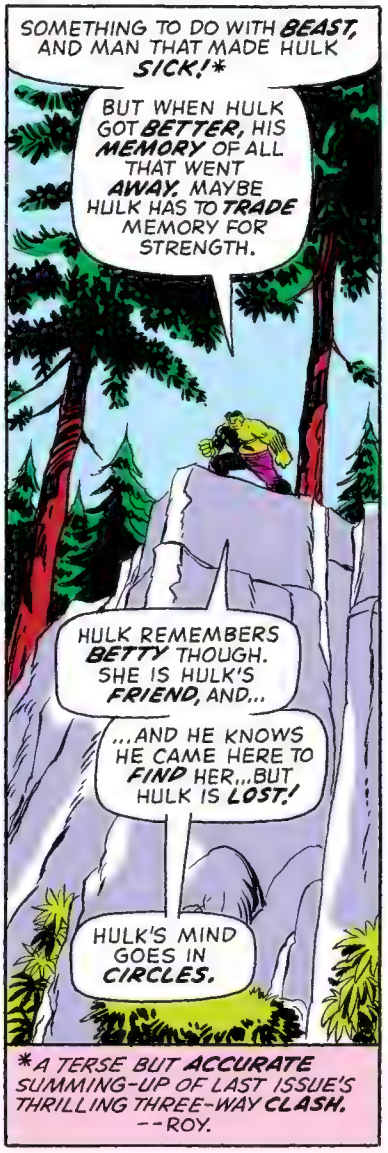

THESE FILMS WERE TAKEN AT GREAT RISK--TO SHOW THE POWER OF THE MONSTER--
--AND THE EFFECTIVENESS OF MY SPECIALLY-TRAINED TROOPS, THE HULKBUSTERS!
IF YOUR TROOPS ARE SO EFFECTIVE, GENERAL, THEN WHY IS THE HULK "LOOSE IN OUR NECK OF THE WOODS"?
LOOK, MR. YORK--YOU REPRESENT PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU--
--SO YOU'RE A CIVILIAN--
--AND ANY MILITARY MAN COULD TELL YOU THERE'S MORE THAN JUST POWER INVOLVED IN WARFARE.
THERE'S ALSO LUCK, AND THE HULK'S GOT THAT DOUBLED AND REDOUBLED.
BUT IN THE END, THE SUPERIOR FORCE WINS OUT--
--AND THAT'S WHAT MY HULKBUSTERS ADD UP TO!
WE'RE CONSTANTLY IMPROVING OUR POTENTIAL--AND THIS TASK FORCE, THOUGH COMPACT--
--PACKS ENOUGH WALLOP TO PUT THE BRUTE AWAY FOR GOOD.
ALL WE NEED IS PERMISSION TO STAY IN CANADA UNTIL OUR MISSION IS COMPLETED.

GENERAL ROSS, I MUST TELL YOU WE'VE BEEN UNDER PRESSURE TO LET THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE HANDLE THIS--

--BUT YOU'VE CONVINCED ME THAT YOUR SPECIALIZED EQUIPMENT IS BEST SUITED FOR THE JOB.
I'LL TALK TO THE P.M., AND YOU SHOULD HAVE YOUR CLEARANCE WITHIN HOURS.

THERE ARE ONLY A RELATIVELY FEW MEN ON THIS GLOBE WHO CAUSE BACKWASHES OF EXCITEMENT WHEREVER THEY TRAVEL. HEADS OF STATE, MOVIE STARS, INTERNATIONAL BUSINESSMEN, MASTER CRIMINALS--THEY ARE THE ONES WHO GOAD OFFICIALS INTO SCURRYING NERVOUSNESS THROUGH SIMPLY EXISTING.
STILL, EVEN WITHOUT ELECTIONS, CAPITALISM, OR FRAUD, A FEW UNCATEGORIZABLE TYPES QUALIFY FOR THAT TREATMENT.
MOST UNCATEGORIZABLE OF ALL IS THE MAN-MONSTER HUMANS FEARFULLY NAMED--THE HULK!

TREES! EVERYWHERE HULK LOOKS IS TREES! NO WONDER HE IS LOST!
IF ONLY HULK COULD REMEMBER WHAT HE'S DOING IN LAND OF TREES!


SOMETHING TO DO WITH BEAST, AND MAN THAT MADE HULK SICK!*
BUT WHEN HULK GOT BETTER, HIS MEMORY OF ALL THAT WENT AWAY. MAYBE HULK HAS TO TRADE MEMORY FOR STRENGTH.
HULK REMEMBERS BETTY THOUGH. SHE IS HULK'S FRIEND, AND...
...AND HE KNOWS HE CAME HERE TO FIND HER...BUT HULK IS LOST!
HULK'S MIND GOES IN CIRCLES.
*A TERSE BUT ACCURATE SUMMING-UP OF LAST ISSUE'S THRILLING THREE-WAY CLASH. --ROY.

ALL HULK IS SURE OF IS THAT HE IS STRONG-- STRONG!
CAN SMASH BIG ROCKS LIKE ALWAYS!
HELP--HELP ME! PLEASE, SOMEBODY --MY NAME IS PAUL CARTIER AND I NEED HELP!
TROOM!
WHAT IS THAT? WHO TALKED TO HULK?
HELP! HELP! CAN'T ANYONE HEAR ME?
HULK HEARS VOICE--BUT HULK SEES NOBODY.
WHO IS THERE?
HELLO?
HELLO? HELLO?
THERE HE IS, MEN. LET'S GET 'IM!

AND WITHOUT WARNING, THE CRISP, CLEAR AIR OF THE CANADIAN NORTH WOODS IS RIPPED BY THE HARSH RATTLE OF RIFLE FIRE!
WHAT IS HAPPENING? PEOPLE SHOOTING AT HULK?

TRICK! VOICE WAS TRICK--TO LET HUMANS SNEAK UP ON HULK WHILE HE WAS CONCENTRATING!
EVERYWHERE HULK GOES, IT IS THE SAME! EVEN WHEN HULK IS LOST, MEN WITH GUNS FIND HIM--TRY TO KILL HIM!
CAN'T HULK EVER HAVE PEACE? HE ONLY WANTS TO FIND FRIEND--

--BUT HULK KNOWS WHAT TO DO WITH ENEMIES!
YOU BLOODY MONSTER!

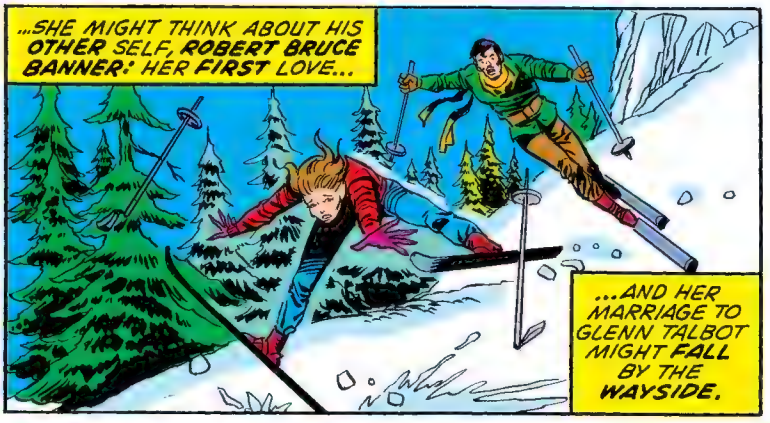
YOU ENJOY HURTING AND KILLING, DON'T YOU? YOU THINK EVERYONE'S AFRAID OF YOU!
WELL, I'M NOT--

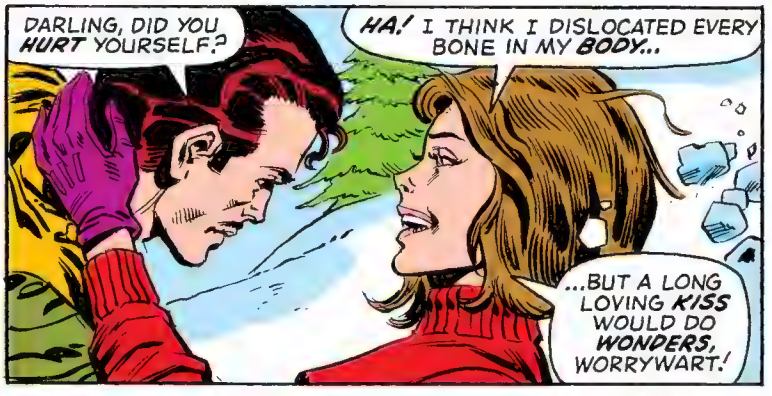
--AND YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH MY BROTHER OR I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP WITH MY BARE HANDS!
HUH?

PAUL WAS ONLY GOING HUNTING--TO GET US SOME MEAT FOR THE WINTER! YOU HAD NO REASON TO HURT HIM!
WE ALL KNOW ABOUT THE WENDIGO--HOW YOU ROAM THE FORESTS LOOKING FOR VICTIMS! WHEN HE DIDN'T COME BACK...
...WE KNEW.
PAUL WAS A GOOD MAN...A GENTLE MAN...
HE ONLY NEEDED FOOD...AND YOU KILLED HIM...
YOU KILLED MY BROTHER...
NO.
HULK IS HULK--NOT WENDIGO. HULK DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT WENDIGO IS.
AND HULK DOESN'T HURT PEOPLE WHO DON'T HURT HIM.
BUT HULK HEARD MAN CALLED PAUL ASKING FOR HELP--SOMEWHERE NEAR--JUST BEFORE YOU CAME.
HULK BETS GIRL'S BROTHER IS ALIVE--ONLY NEEDS SOMEBODY TO FIND HIM.
MANY PEOPLE HATE HULK. HULK IS USED TO THAT. BUT HE SHOULDN'T BE HATED FOR SOMETHING HE DIDN'T DO. NOT RIGHT!
HULK NOT THE ONE WHO TOOK PAUL AWAY.
FOR GIRL, THOUGH--HULK WILL FIND ONE WHO DID!

CANADA: ONE OF THE THREE GREAT COUNTRIES ON THE CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA. COVERING MORE TERRITORY THAN AMERICA'S FIFTY STATES, IT STILL HAS BUT ONE-TENTH THE POPULATION.
MAKING IT EASY TO HIDE OUT IN.

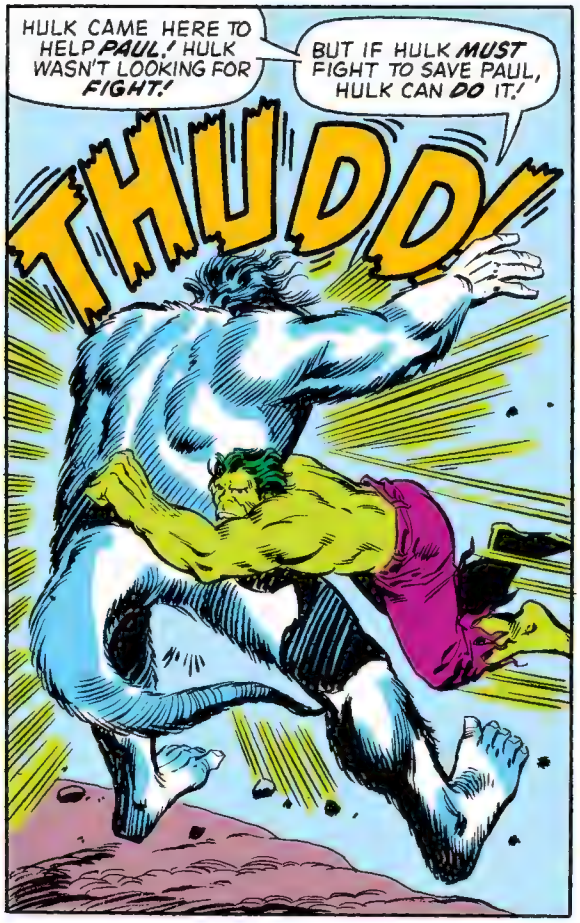
CASE IN POINT, AS ROD SERLING WOULD SAY: GLENN AND BETTY TALBOT, REVELING IN THE FRIGID CLIMATE AS A COUNTERPOINT TO THE ROSY GLOW OF THEIR HONEYMOON.
TO THE WIFE, THAT'S ALL THIS MEANS, THOUGH THAT'S PLENTY. BUT TO THE HUSBAND, IT IS ALSO THE AFOREMENTIONED HIDEOUT--BECAUSE IF BETTY KNEW THAT THE HULK WERE ALIVE...


...SHE MIGHT THINK ABOUT HIS OTHER SELF, ROBERT BRUCE BANNER: HER FIRST LOVE...
...AND HER MARRIAGE TO GLENN TALBOT MIGHT FALL BY THE WAYSIDE.


DARLING, DID YOU HURT YOURSELF?
HA! I THINK I DISLOCATED EVERY BONE IN MY BODY...
...BUT A LONG LOVING KISS WOULD DO WONDERS, WORRYWART!

THAT'S A PART OF CANADA FAR, FAR AWAY FROM THE INCREDIBLE ONE, HOWEVER. THAT FACT, ADDED TO HIS NOTORIOUSLY POOR MEMORY, HAS PRETTY MUCH DOOMED THE HULK'S SEARCH FOR BETTY, THOUGH HE DOESN'T KNOW IT.
AT ANY RATE, HE IS INVOLVED IN ANOTHER SEARCH NOW: THE SEARCH FOR PAUL CARTIER, AND A MYSTERIOUS MENACE CANADIAN LEGENDS TREMBLINGLY TITLE WENDIGO!
...A SEARCH THAT IS MUCH CLOSER TO COMPLETION THAN THE GREEN GOLEM COULD EVER GUESS!
FOR AS THE RUMBLING SHOCK WAVES TRIGGERED BY THE HULK'S HEAVY FOOTSTEPS SHAKE THE GROUND IN ALL DIRECTIONS...
...A YELLOW EYE, LIT IN SOME HORRIBLE FASHION WITH THE SPARK OF INTELLIGENCE, ROLLS OPEN. IT BLINKS ONCE, AS THE BRAIN BEHIND IT REALIZES DISCOVERY IS IMMINENT, AND THEN--
RRROWR!!!
MONSTER! HULK ALMOST STEPPED ON MONSTER!
MUST BE WENDIGO--MONSTER THAT PEOPLE THINK HULK IS--MONSTER THAT MAKES GIRL CRY!
MONSTER, HULK WANTS PAUL!

IT MAY SEEM UNUSUAL FOR THE BRUTISH HULK TO ASK FOR WHAT HE WANTS--BUT HE DOES NOT ATTACK THOSE WHO DO NOT ATTACK HIM.
THE MONSTER, HOWEVER, QUICKLY PROVES SUCH NICETIES IRRELEVANT!
WHAM!
IF THAT IS BEST WENDIGO CAN DO, HULK LAUGHS! HULK CAN--WAIT!
MAN CRAWLS FROM BEHIND ROCK!
HELP ME...PLEASE! I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE...OR WHAT YOU ARE... BUT YOU'RE MY ONLY CHANCE! NOTHING COULD BE WORSE THAN MY FATE WITH THE WENDIGO!
IF YOU DON'T HELP ME ESCAPE NOW, IT'LL FINISH ME!
PAUL!
THE WENDIGO IS A FLESH-EATER! IT TRAPS HUMANS... AND THEN PLAYS WITH THEM, TORTURING THEM, BEFORE...BEFORE...
IT HELD ME TRAPPED UNDERNEATH IT AS IT SLEPT! IT WAS ONLY WAITING UNTIL IT WAS HUNGRY!
HELP ME!
THE HUNTER'S SHRILL VOICE FROTHS AT THE EDGES WITH GIBBERING MADNESS, TRANSPARENT TERROR LEAKING INTO EVERY SYLLABLE! ONCE AGAIN, THE HULK IS TOUCHED BY ANOTHER'S DISTRESS--BUT NOT THE EERILY SILENT WOODS-BEAST!
SLAM!


HULK CAME HERE TO HELP PAUL! HULK WASN'T LOOKING FOR FIGHT!
BUT IF HULK MUST FIGHT TO SAVE PAUL, HULK CAN DO IT!
THUDD!

PERHAPS SIZE AND WEIGHT WILL COUNT FOR SOMETHING IN THIS CLASH OF TITANS THOUGH--
--BECAUSE THE WENDIGO EASILY PLUCKS THE RAGING HULK FROM HIS FUR-COVERED MIDRIFF--

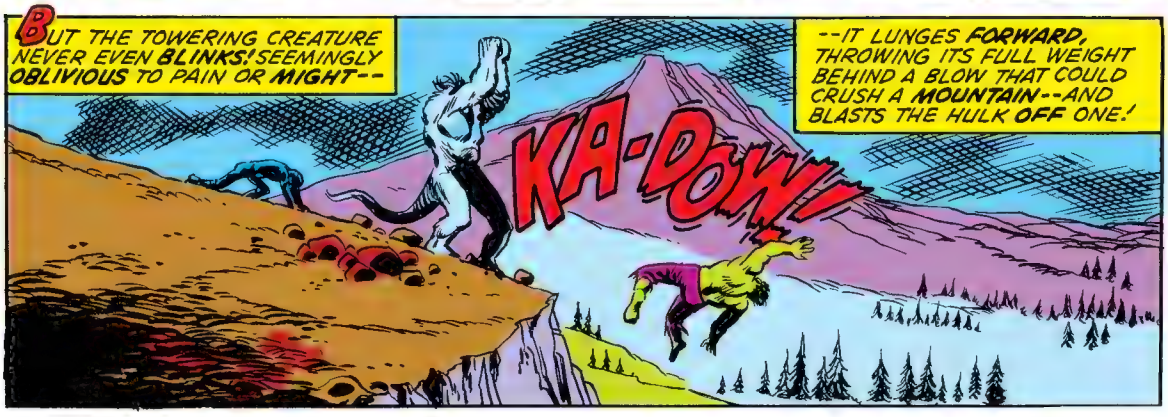
--AND HURLS HIM HEAD-OVER-HEELS INTO THE FROZEN CANADIAN DIRT!
TRUNGE!

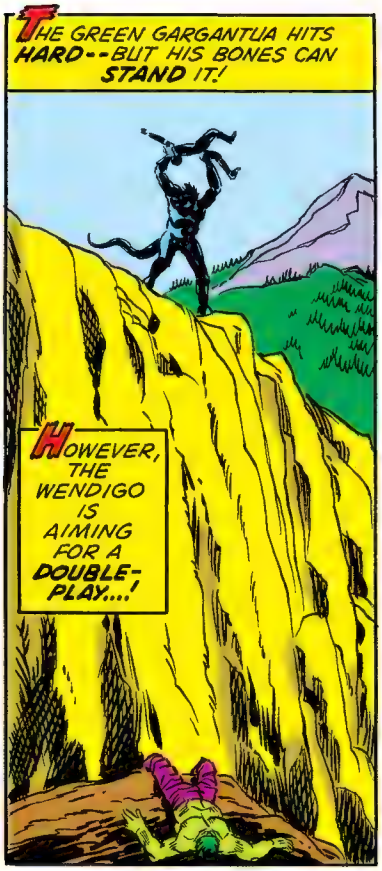
BAH! WENDIGO THINKS HE IS BETTER THAN HULK BECAUSE HE IS BIGGER THAN HULK!
WENDIGO DOESN'T KNOW! HE MAY BE STRONGEST OF ALL HULK'S ENEMIES, BUT LOTS WERE BIGGER THAN HIM--AND HULK NEVER LOST!

NEVER!!!
POW!

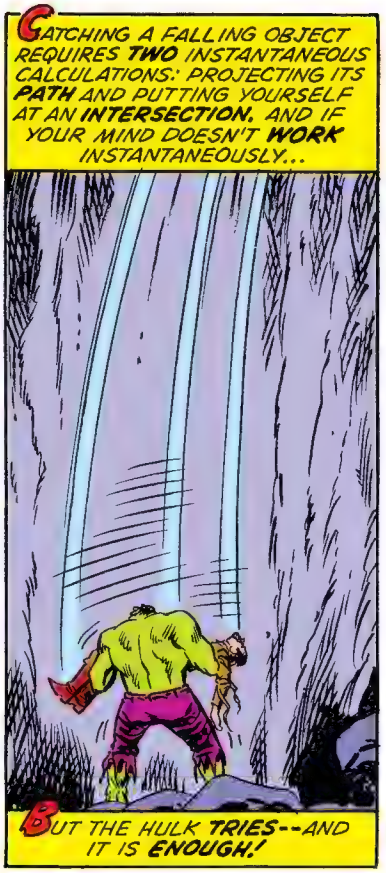
THEN, WITH ONE SWEEPING FLOW OF MIGHTY MUSCLE, THE RAMPAGING BEHEMOTH SMOOTHLY HOISTS A FIVE-TON BOULDER HIGH INTO THE AIR--

--AND HEAVES IT DIRECTLY AT THE FURRY FACE GLOWERING MALIGNANTLY BACK AT HIM FROM UNDER SHAGGY BROWS, TRYING TO EXTINGUISH BY PURE FORCE THE CRAGGY INTELLIGENCE LURKING IN THE WENDIGO'S EYES!
BOOM!

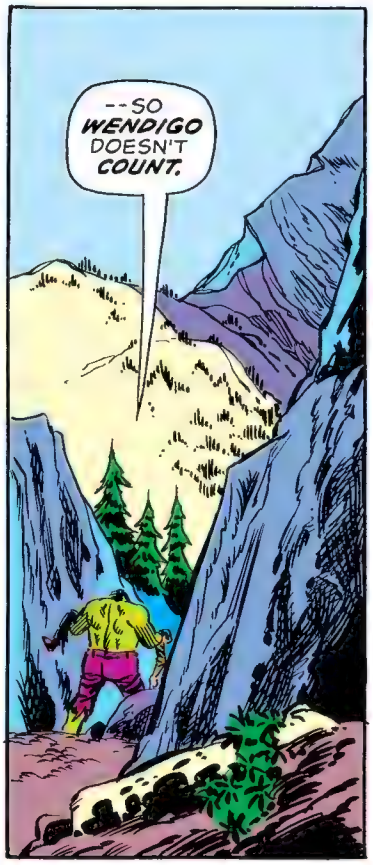

BUT THE TOWERING CREATURE NEVER EVEN BLINKS! SEEMINGLY OBLIVIOUS TO PAIN OR MIGHT--
--IT LUNGES FORWARD, THROWING ITS FULL WEIGHT BEHIND A BLOW THAT COULD CRUSH A MOUNTAIN--AND BLASTS THE HULK OFF ONE!
KA-DOW!


THE GREEN GARGANTUA HITS HARD--BUT HIS BONES CAN STAND IT!
HOWEVER, THE WENDIGO IS AIMING FOR A DOUBLE-PLAY....!

HULK MUST GET UP-- MUST CATCH PAUL!
BUT IT IS SO HARD FOR HULK TO FIGURE OUT HOW! HULK MUST THINK-- WHERE PAUL WILL FALL-- SO HULK CAN BE THERE--


CATCHING A FALLING OBJECT REQUIRES TWO INSTANTANEOUS CALCULATIONS: PROJECTING ITS PATH AND PUTTING YOURSELF AT AN INTERSECTION. AND IF YOUR MIND DOESN'T WORK INSTANTANEOUSLY...
BUT THE HULK TRIES--AND IT IS ENOUGH!

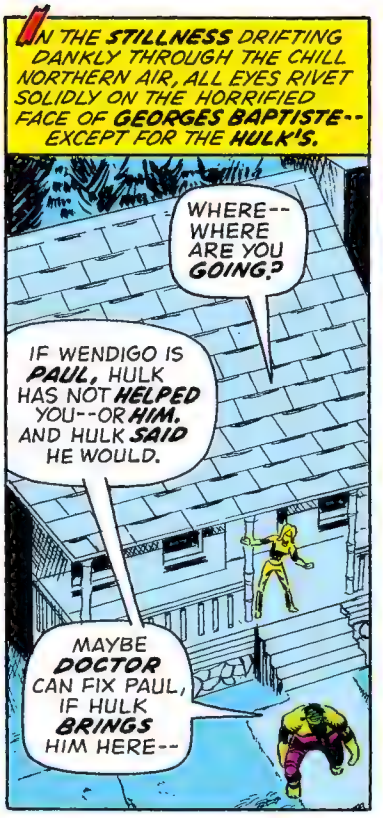
WENDIGO RUNS AWAY! HULK CAN HEAR HIM! BUT PAUL NEEDS DOCTOR--


--SO WENDIGO DOESN'T COUNT.

THE HULK'S JOLLY GREEN NOSE IS SOON ASSAILED WITH THE PUNGENT ODOR OF WOOD SMOKE, AND HE TURNS UPWIND.
NOT MORE THAN THIRTY MINUTES PASS BEFORE HE COMES UPON HIS DESTINATION!

HAH! GIRL! HULK HAS DONE GOOD!
PAUL IS STILL ALIVE--AND NOW HIS FRIENDS CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM!
MY BROTHER! YOU'VE SAVED PAUL--
BUT--WHAT IS THIS? THIS IS NOT PAUL!
THIS IS GEORGES BAPTISTE, PAUL'S FRIEND!
THE DOCTOR IS QUICKLY SUMMONED, AND SOON, A REVIVED HUNTER TELLS HIS STORY...
PAUL AND I WERE HUNTING, ALONG WITH HENRI CLUZOT--WHEN WE WERE ATTACKED BY WOLVES.
WE SOUGHT SHELTER IN A CAVE, BUT WE HAD LOST OUR SUPPLIES, AND HENRI WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED. HE SOON DIED.
THE WOLVES KEPT US THERE, TRAPPED WITH A DEAD MAN, AND SLOWLY STARVING TO DEATH OURSELVES. WE WERE GOING INSANE...
...UNTIL, ON THE FOURTH MORNING, I AWOKE TO FIND THAT PAUL... PAUL WAS...
EATING...
OH MY LORD! OH NO! PAUL!
I'M SORRY, MARIE--BUT THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT...
ACCORDING TO LEGEND, AND AS HE SAW WITH HIS OWN EYES--

--HE WHO IS DRIVEN TO DO WHAT PAUL DID--
--BECOMES A WENDIGO HIMSELF!


IN THE STILLNESS DRIFTING DANKLY THROUGH THE CHILL NORTHERN AIR, ALL EYES RIVET SOLIDLY ON THE HORRIFIED FACE OF GEORGES BAPTISTE--EXCEPT FOR THE HULK'S.
WHERE--WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
IF WENDIGO IS PAUL, HULK HAS NOT HELPED YOU--OR HIM. AND HULK SAID HE WOULD.
MAYBE DOCTOR CAN FIX PAUL, IF HULK BRINGS HIM HERE--

--AND HULK WILL DO IT!

MEANWHILE, THE TALL TIMBER OF QUEBEC SHATTERS AND FALLS BEFORE THE FLAILING ARMS OF THE FRENZIED WENDIGO, NOW ALONE--AND REVELING IN IT!
BA-DOOM!
STRIKING IN UNBRIDLED FURY, HE FINDS HIS PATH UNCHALLENGED BY ANYTHING, AS EVEN THE WOLVES AND BEARS FLEE BEFORE HIM!

NOTHING THAT LIVES WILL FACE THE WENDIGO--
--OR SO HE THINKS!

AND THEN, MONSTER ONCE AGAIN MEETS MAN--AS HE STUMBLES INTO A LOGGING CAMP!
MON DIEU! C'EST LE WENDIGO! VITE, JACQUES, VITE!
LE WENDIGO! NOUS SOMMES PERDUS!
ALORS, MES AMIS! LE WENDIGO EST ICI! ALLEZ! ALLEZ!
BUT BEFORE THE TERROR-STRICKEN LUMBERJACKS CAN GET INTO GEAR, SALVATION--OF SORTS--DROPS FROM THE SKY!
BOOM!
FOR A LONG MOMENT, THE WENDIGO JUST STARES AT THE HULK, HIS EYES HOLDING NOW A SHADE LESS INTELLIGENCE THAN BEFORE. HE SEEMS TORN FROM WITHIN--AND THEN ONE HAND RISES, TO POINT DIRECTLY AT HIS FOE.
HELP ME! PLEASE, YOU MUST HELP ME! MY NAME IS PAUL CARTIER--BUT MY MIND IS DISSOLVING!
HULK HEARS YOU, PAUL--

--AND HULK WILL SAVE YOU!
RRUNCH!

HULK DOESN'T KNOW WHY HE HEARS PAUL TALK INSIDE HULK'S HEAD, WHEN WENDIGO DOESN'T EVEN MOVE MOUTH!
THERE IS SO MUCH HULK DOESN'T KNOW--
PLUNT!

--BUT HULK KNOWS HUMANS SOMETIMES KNOW MORE THAN HIM, SO HULK WILL TAKE MONSTER TO THEM!
MAYBE THEY CAN FIX PAUL-- AND MAYBE THEN THEY CAN EXPLAIN IT TO HULK!

OOK

SUDDENLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME, A SOUND SHREDS THE AIR--LIKE JAGGED SHARDS OF GLASS THROUGH A WET TISSUE:
WEN-DI-GO! WEN-DI-GO!
HUH.? THAT TIME CREATURE'S MOUTH WORKED!

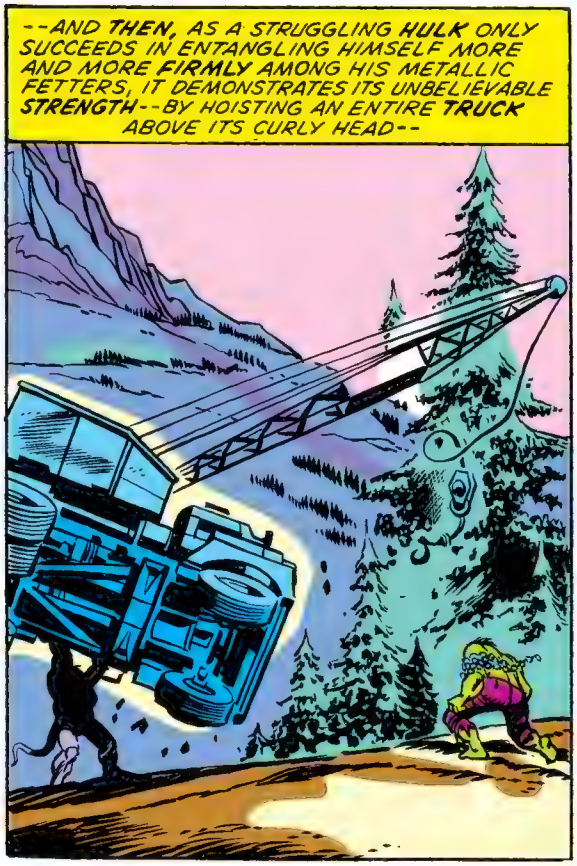
FIGHT ME, HULK! FIGHT ME! THE CURSE OF THE WENDIGO IS WINNING-- MURDERING MY IDENTITY FOREVER!
YOU'VE GOT TO GET THIS BODY TO A DOCTOR-- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
SSSA-KLUD!
HAH! WENDIGO CAN'T HIT HULK, WHEN HULK HAS HIS OWN BIG STICK!

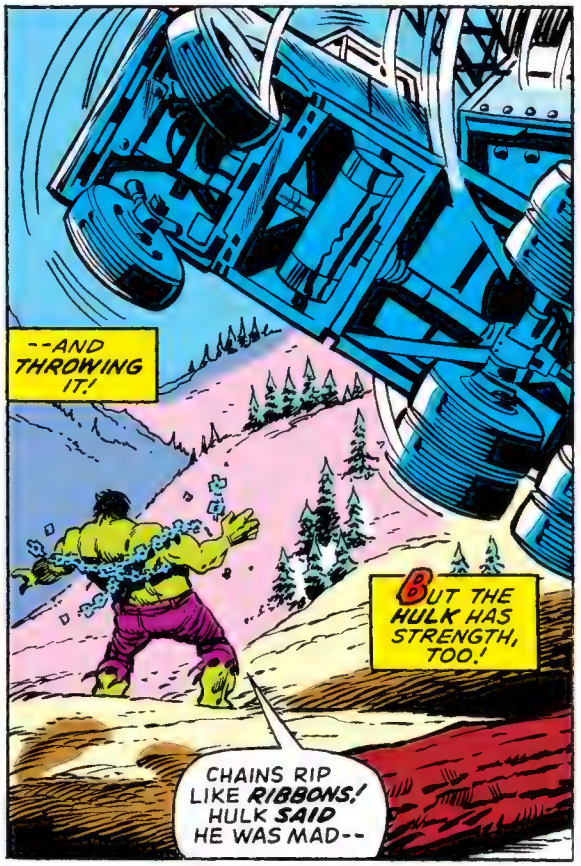
BUT HULK CAN TELL WHEN ENEMY IS OFF-BALANCE-- WHEN HULK CAN HIT BACK!
BLUNK!

HULK SEES NOW! WENDIGO HAS PAUL TRAPPED INSIDE HIM! WENDIGO MAKES PAUL DO THINGS PAUL DOESN'T WANT TO DO!
IT HURTS PAUL-- AND THAT MAKES HULK MAD!
HOW IRONIC--SINCE THE INCREDIBLE ONE HAS NEVER UNDERSTOOD THAT HIS OWN SITUATION HAS MANY OF THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS!

WEN-DI-GO!
WHAT IS MONSTER DOING WITH CHAIN? DOES HE THINK HE CAN HURT HULK WITH THAT?

HOWEVER, THE HAIRY HORROR CANNOT ANSWER, EXCEPT TO ROAR THE WEIRD CRY THAT PRESENTED IT WITH A NAME, IT MERELY RESPONDS WITH ACTION--
WEN-DI-GO!


--AND THEN, AS A STRUGGLING HULK ONLY SUCCEEDS IN ENTANGLING HIMSELF MORE AND MORE FIRMLY AMONG HIS METALLIC FETTERS, IT DEMONSTRATES ITS UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH--BY HOISTING AN ENTIRE TRUCK ABOVE ITS CURLY HEAD--

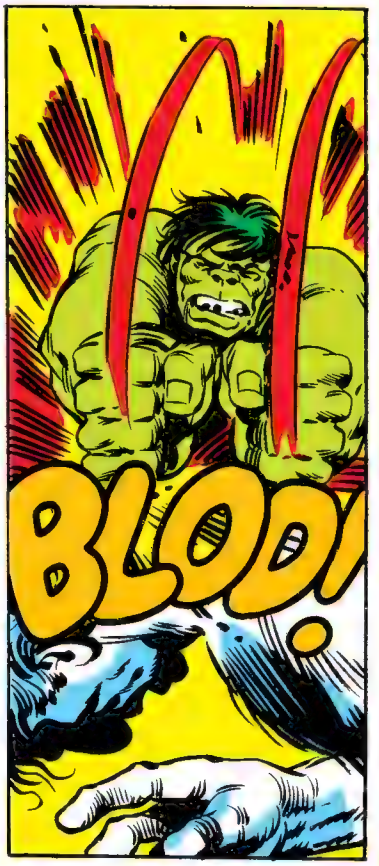

--AND THROWING IT!
BUT THE HULK HAS STRENGTH, TOO!
CHAINS RIP LIKE RIBBONS! HULK SAID HE WAS MAD--

--AND THE MADDER HULK GETS, THE STRONGER HE GETS!
BRONK!
NO ONE BEATS HULK!

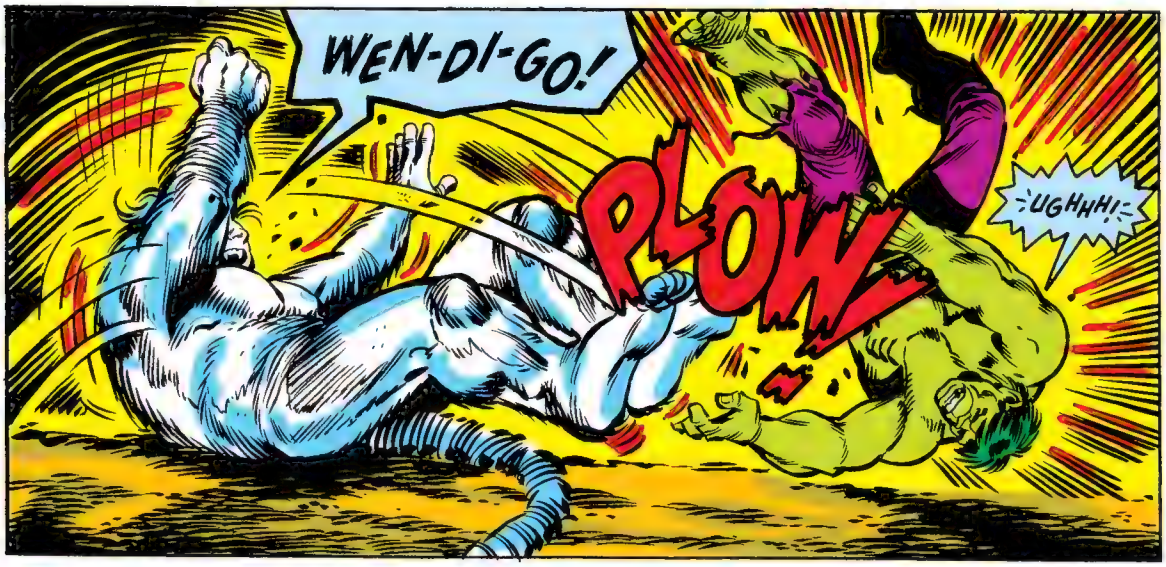
WENDIGO LOOKS CONFUSED-- WASN'T EXPECTING HULK TO STAY ALIVE!
NOBODY EVER EXPECTS HULK TO DO WHAT HE DOES! THAT IS WHY HULK ALWAYS WINS! THAT IS WHY HULK IS HULK!
AND THAT IS WHY WENDIGO WILL LOSE!

KDOW!

PHTOP


BLOD!

NOW, MONSTER--
HULK, IT'S TOO LATE...
TIME LIMIT IS PASSING... CURSE OVERCOMING ME... BRAIN FOGGING...
NOT... YOUR FAULT... NO ONE COULD... HELP ME...
KNOW... THAT... NOW...
ONLY... WENDIGO... LEFT...
AND THE LIGHT OF INTELLIGENCE... DIES.

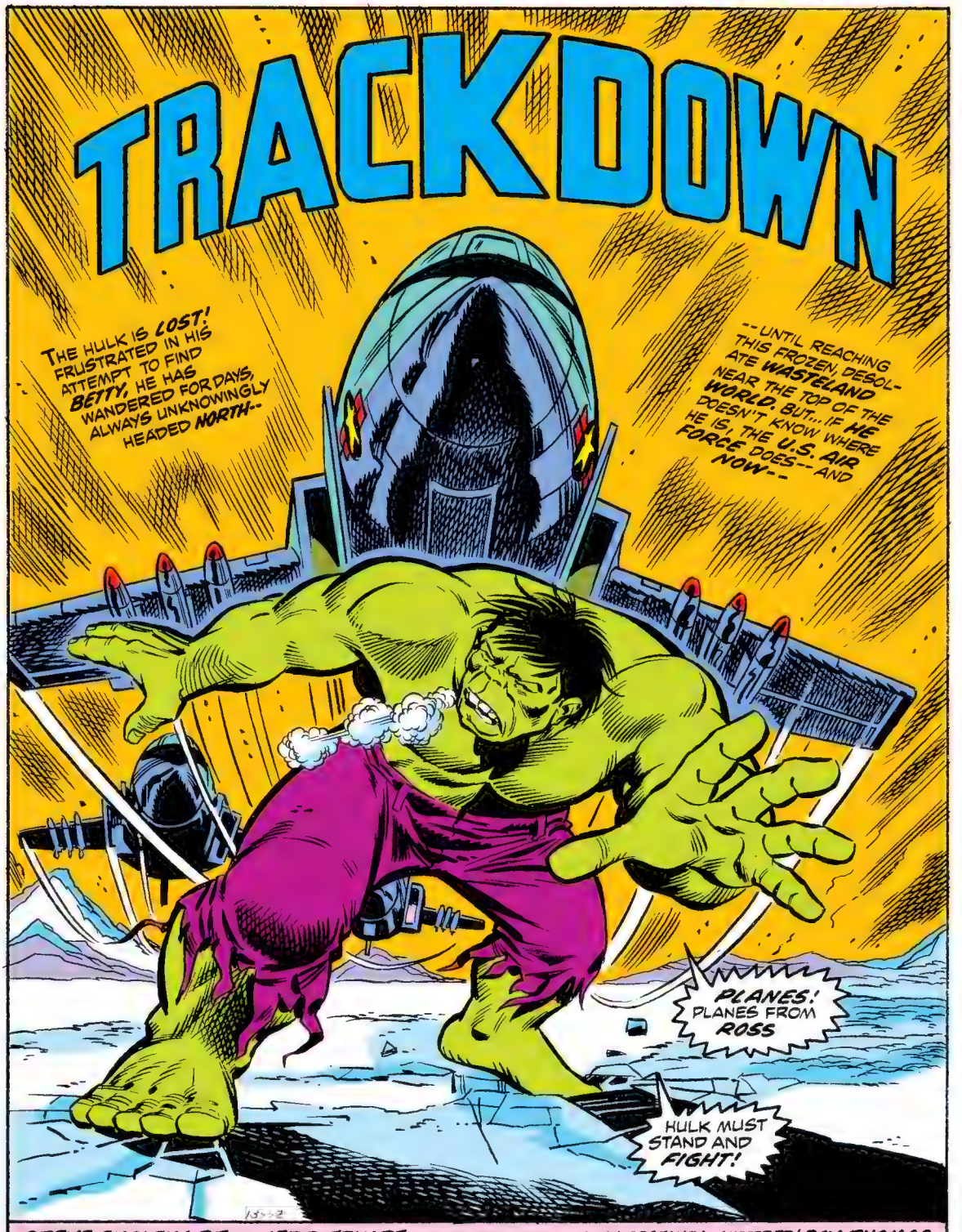

WEN-DI-GO!
PLOW
UGHHH!

THEN, AS THE MIGHTY HULK FALLS FORWARD --STUNNED BY THE SHEER FORCE OF THE UNEXPECTED BLOW--THE WOODS-BEAST PROPELS ITSELF AWAY INTO ITS PINE-GREEN HOME, WITH ONLY ITS CALL REMAINING...
WEN-DI-GO!
VOICE SAID... PAUL WAS GONE-- CHANGED COMPLETELY INTO MONSTER...

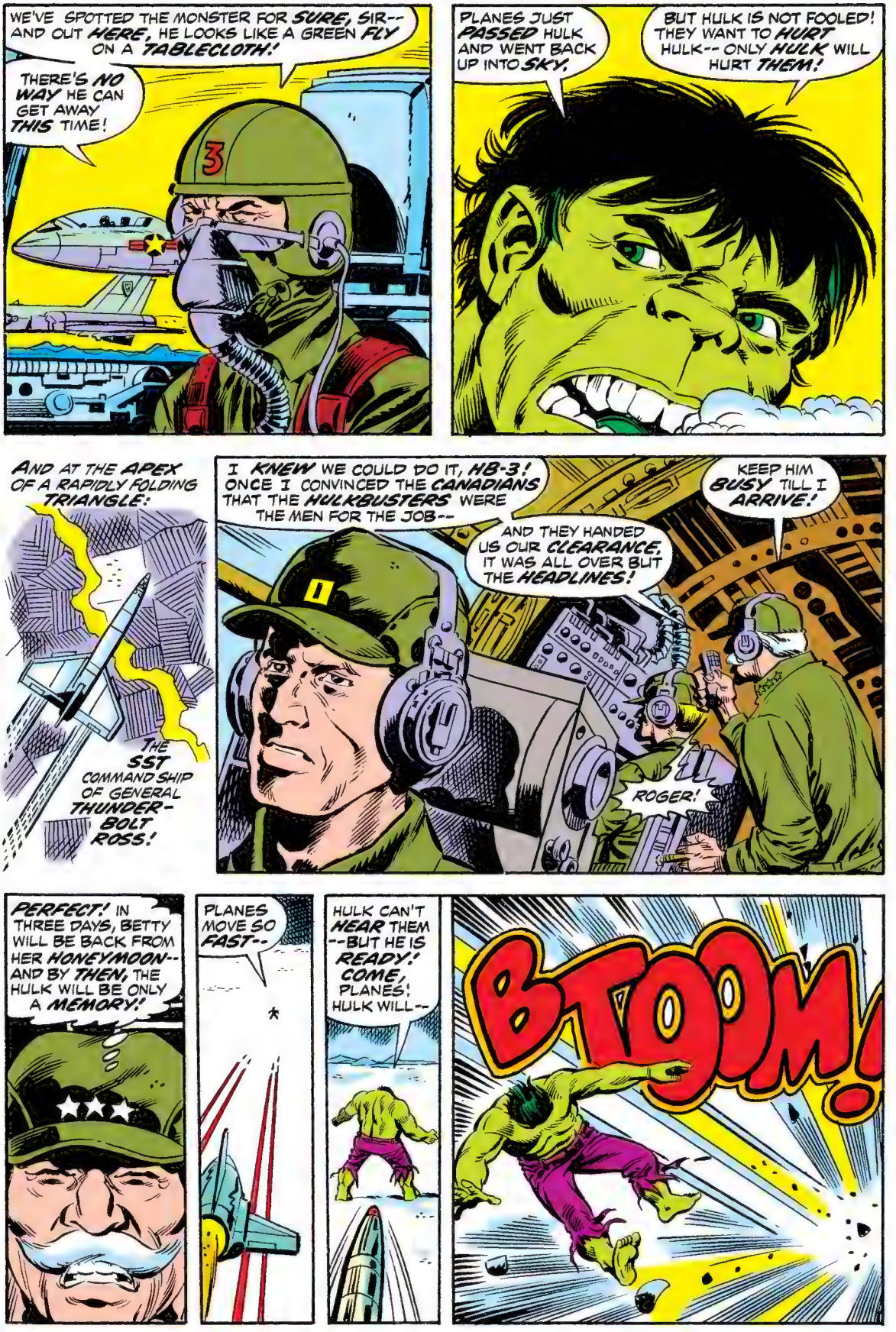
...AND HULK, EVEN WITH ALL HIS POWER...
...COULD DO NOTHING...
NEXT: BEYOND THE IRON CURTAIN!

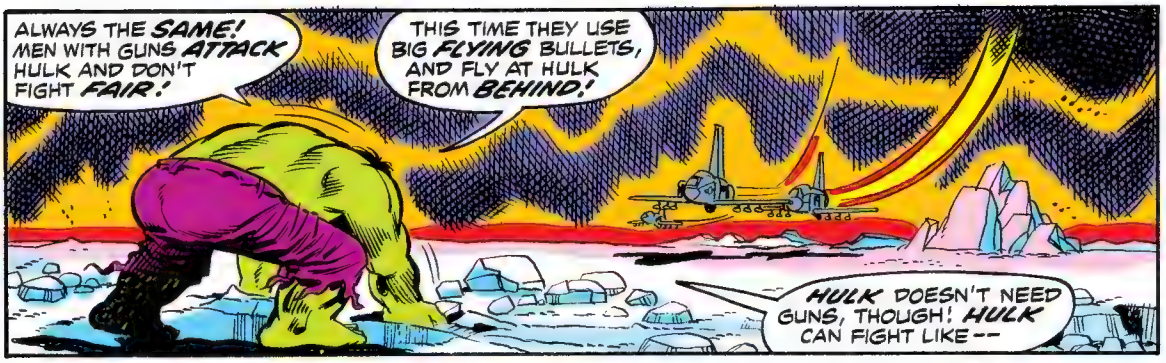
INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢ 163 MAY 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
ACTION.. IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER!
GET HIM! SMASH THE HULK!!
SO SPEAKS THE GREMLIN!
HERB TRIMPE..

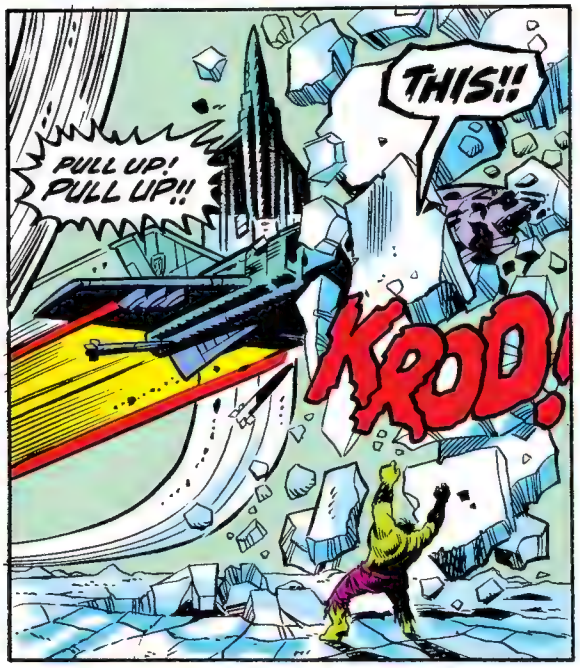
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! ™

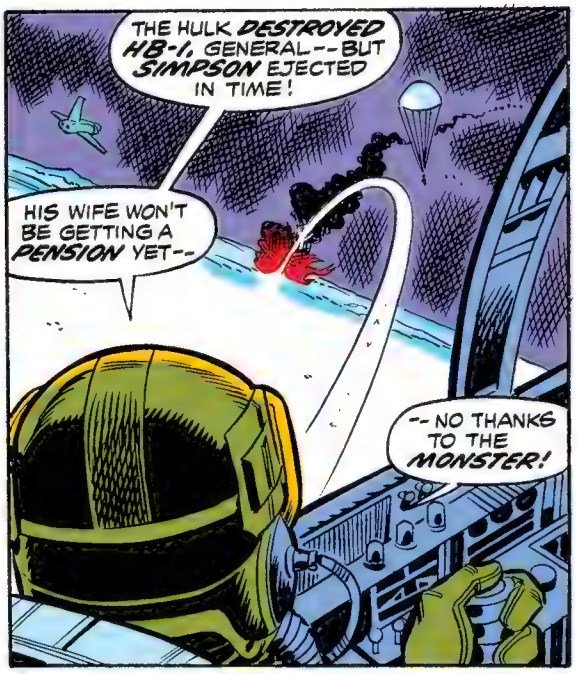

TRACKDOWN
THE HULK IS LOST! FRUSTRATED IN HIS ATTEMPT TO FIND BETTY, HE HAS WANDERED FOR DAYS, ALWAYS UNKNOWINGLY HEADED NORTH--
--UNTIL REACHING THIS FROZEN, DESOLATE WASTELAND NEAR THE TOP OF THE WORLD. BUT... IF HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE IS, THE U.S. AIR FORCE DOES--AND NOW--
PLANES! PLANES FROM ROSS
HULK MUST STAND AND FIGHT!

STEVE ENGLEHART / AUTHOR | HERB TRIMPE / ARTIST | SAL TRAPANI, / INKER | JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER / ANDREA HUNT, COLORIST | ROY THOMAS, / EDITOR


WE'VE SPOTTED THE MONSTER FOR SURE, SIR-- AND OUT HERE, HE LOOKS LIKE A GREEN FLY ON A TABLECLOTH!
THERE'S NO WAY HE CAN GET AWAY THIS TIME!
3
PLANES JUST PASSED HULK AND WENT BACK UP INTO SKY.
BUT HULK IS NOT FOOLED! THEY WANT TO HURT HULK-- ONLY HULK WILL HURT THEM!
AND AT THE APEX OF A RAPIDLY FOLDING TRIANGLE:
THE SST COMMAND SHIP OF GENERAL THUNDER-BOLT ROSS!
I KNEW WE COULD DO IT, HB-3! ONCE I CONVINCED THE CANADIANS THAT THE HULKBUSTERS WERE THE MEN FOR THE JOB--
AND THEY HANDED US OUR CLEARANCE. IT WAS ALL OVER BUT THE HEADLINES!
KEEP HIM BUSY TILL I ARRIVE!
ROGER!
PERFECT! IN THREE DAYS, BETTY WILL BE BACK FROM HER HONEYMOON-- AND BY THEN, THE HULK WILL BE ONLY A MEMORY!
PLANES MOVE SO FAST--
HULK CAN'T HEAR THEM --BUT HE IS READY! COME, PLANES! HULK WILL--
BTOOM!


ALWAYS THE SAME! MEN WITH GUNS ATTACK HULK AND DON'T FIGHT FAIR!
THIS TIME THEY USE BIG FLYING BULLETS, AND FLY AT HULK FROM BEHIND!
HULK DOESN'T NEED GUNS, THOUGH! HULK CAN FIGHT LIKE--


PULL UP! PULL UP!!
THIS!!
KROD!


THE HULK DESTROYED HB-1, GENERAL--BUT SIMPSON EJECTED IN TIME!
HIS WIFE WON'T BE GETTING A PENSION YET--
--NO THANKS TO THE MONSTER!

WHY WON'T THEY LET HULK ALONE? CAN'T THEY SEE HE WANTS TO GET AWAY FROM FIGHTING?

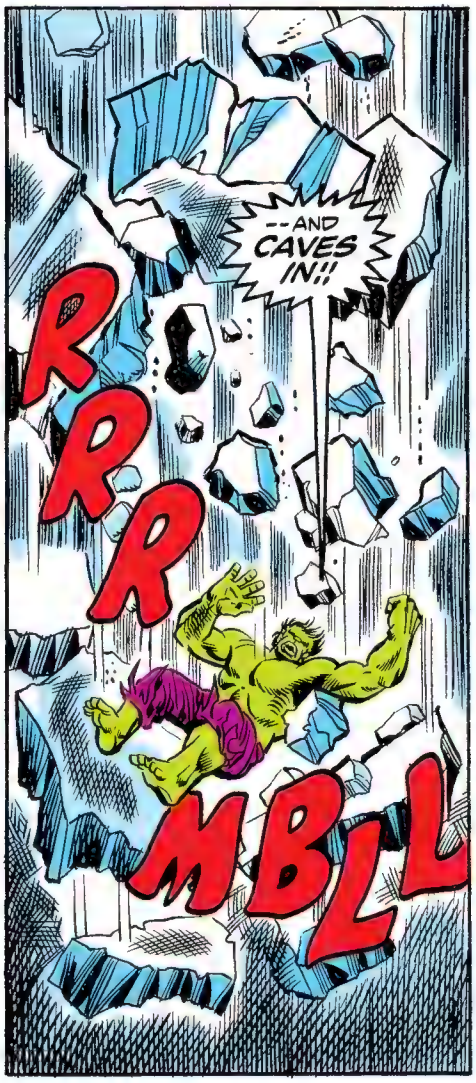
HULK DIDN'T KNOW WHERE HE WAS GOING IN LAND OF FROZEN GROUND AND COLORS IN SKY--
--BUT SINCE THERE WERE NO PUNY HUMANS, HULK WAS HAPPY.

HULK THINKS MEN WANT HIM TO FIGHT! DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO HULK--
--SO HE WILL LEAVE STUPID HUMANS! HULK DOES NOT DO WHAT MEN WANT--
HULK DOES WHAT HULK WANTS!

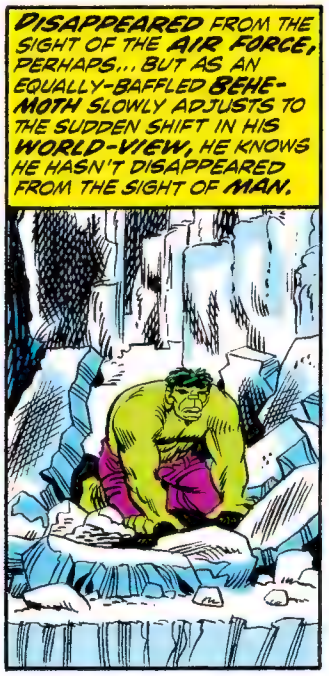
HURTLING THROUGH THE THIN ARCTIC AIR, THE GREEN GOLEM SAILS FOR MILES BEFORE CRASHING BACK TO MOTHER EARTH--
RREKH

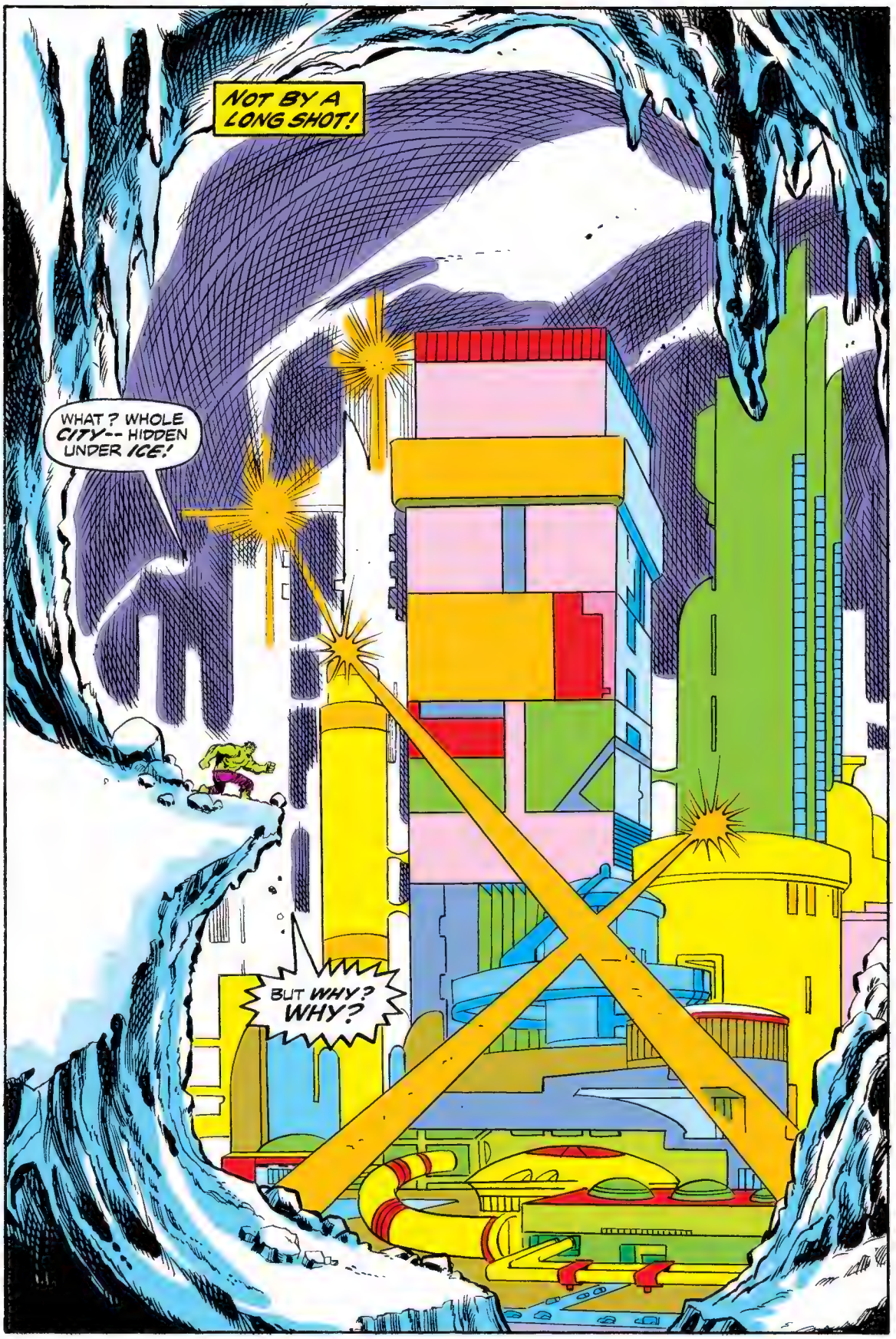
--AND YET...
PLANES-- STILL AFTER HULK! WILL THEY CHASE HIM FOREVER?
MAYBE HULK-- HUH? SOMETHING HAPPENS!

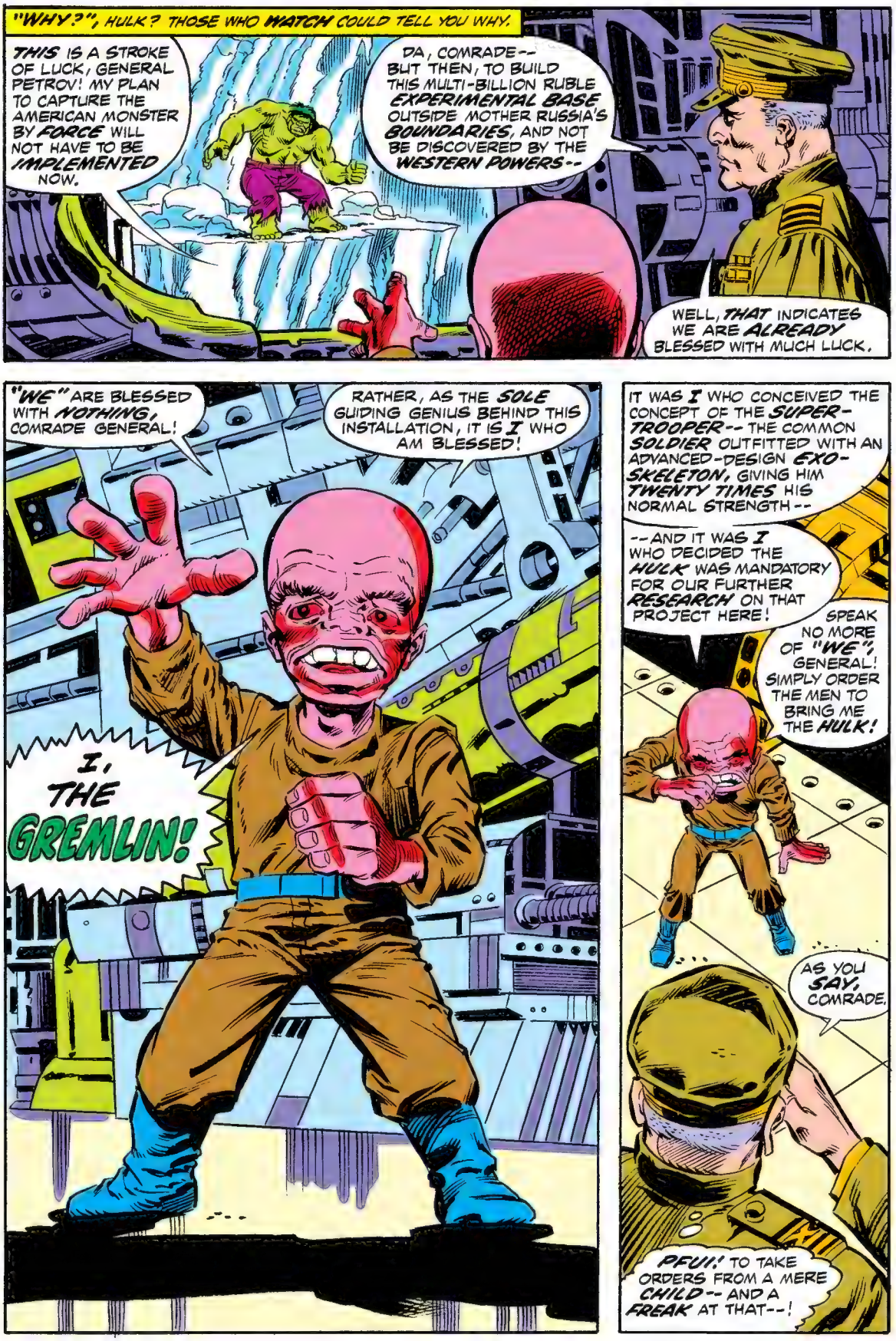
GROUND SHAKES ALL AROUND HULK--


--AND CAVES IN!!
RRR
MBLL

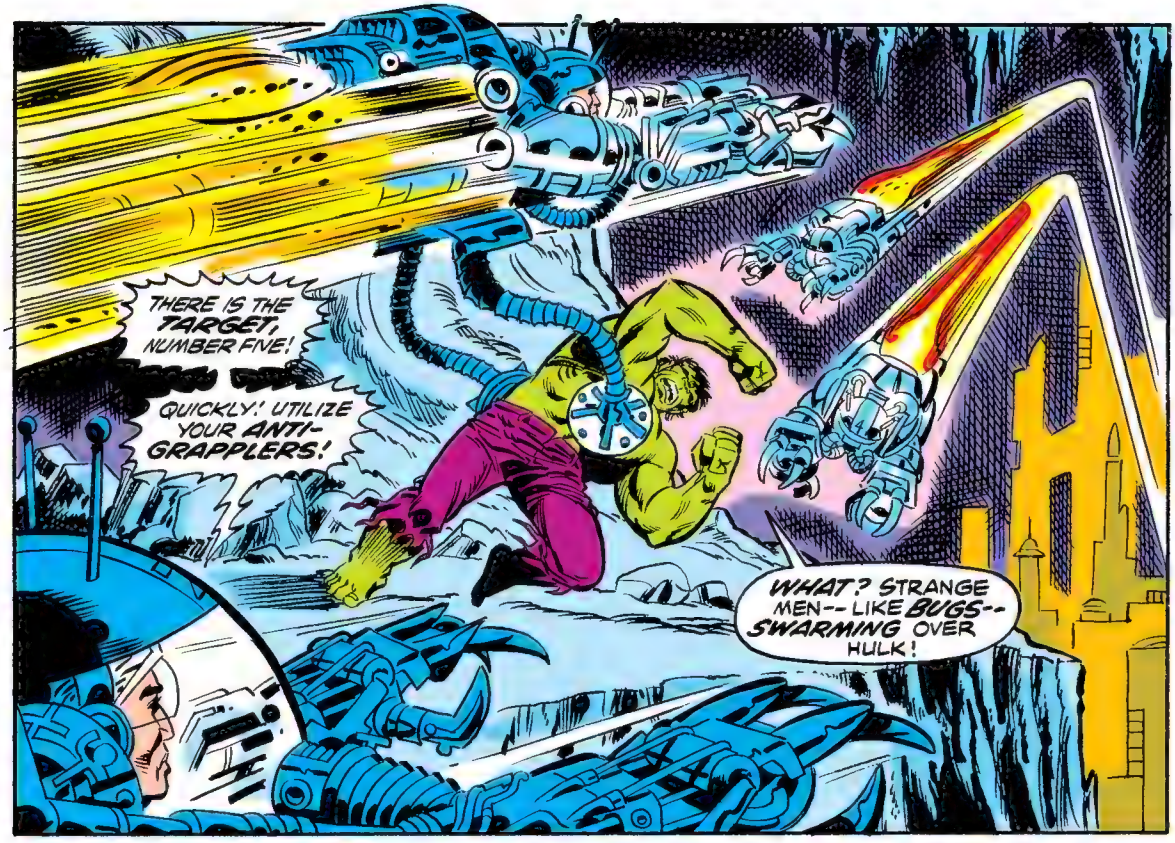
SIR! GENERAL ROSS! WE BUZZED THE MONSTER-- AND WHEN WE TURNED AROUND--
2
HE HAD DISAPPEARED!

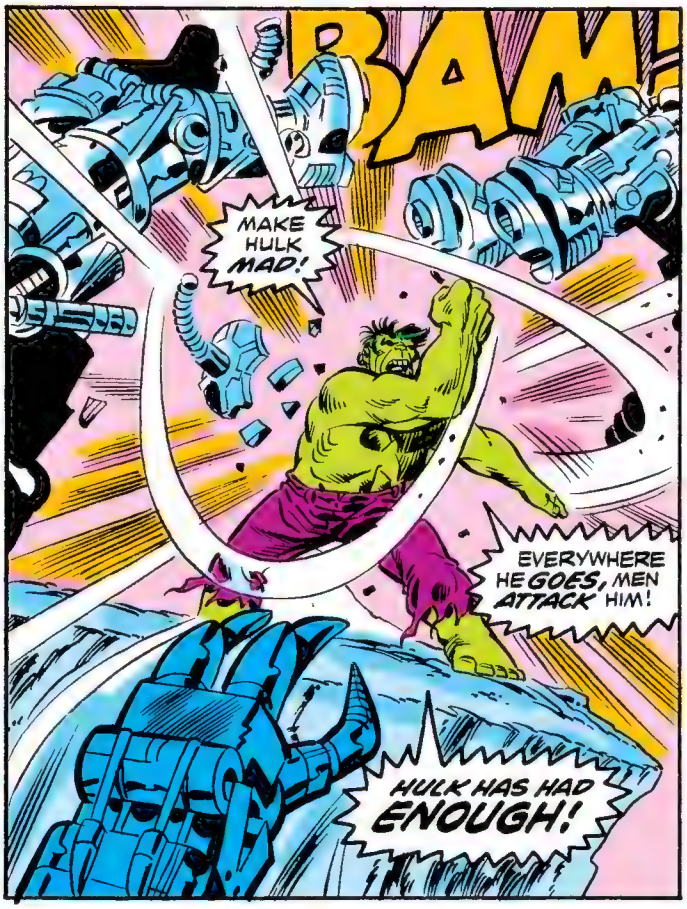

DISAPPEARED FROM THE SIGHT OF THE AIR FORCE, PERHAPS... BUT AS AN EQUALLY-BAFFLED BEHEMOTH SLOWLY ADJUSTS TO THE SUDDEN SHIFT IN HIS WORLD-VIEW, HE KNOWS HE HASN'T DISAPPEARED FROM THE SIGHT OF MAN.


NOT BY A LONG SHOT!
WHAT ? WHOLE CITY-- HIDDEN UNDER ICE!
BUT WHY? WHY?

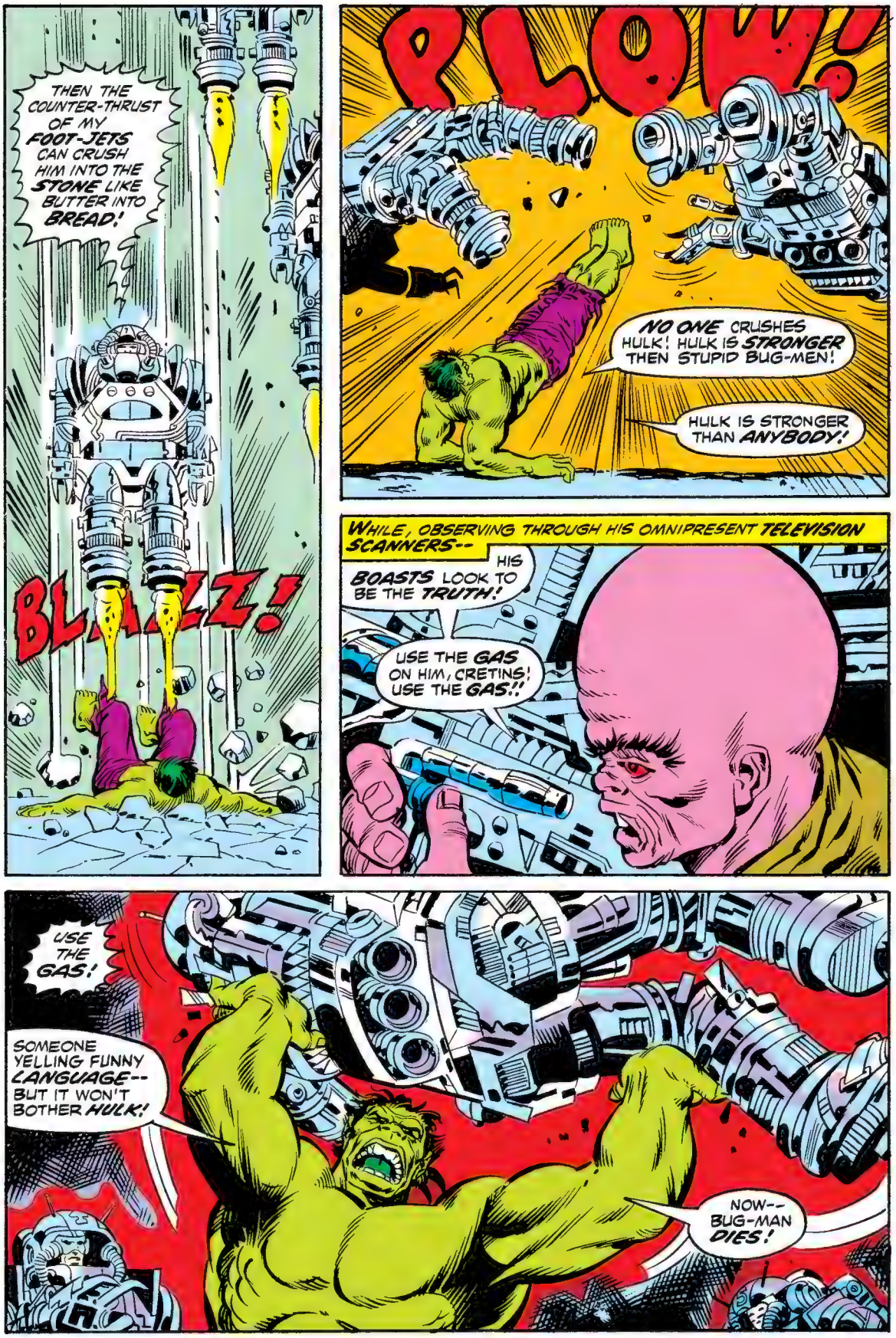

"WHY?", HULK? THOSE WHO WATCH COULD TELL YOU WHY.
THIS IS A STROKE OF LUCK, GENERAL PETROV! MY PLAN TO CAPTURE THE AMERICAN MONSTER BY FORCE WILL NOT HAVE TO BE IMPLEMENTED NOW.
DA, COMRADE-- BUT THEN, TO BUILD THIS MULTI-BILLION RUBLE EXPERIMENTAL BASE OUTSIDE MOTHER RUSSIA'S BOUNDARIES, AND NOT BE DISCOVERED BY THE WESTERN POWERS--
WELL, THAT INDICATES WE ARE ALREADY BLESSED WITH MUCH LUCK.
"WE" ARE BLESSED WITH NOTHING, COMRADE GENERAL!
RATHER, AS THE SOLE GUIDING GENIUS BEHIND THIS INSTALLATION, IT IS I WHO AM BLESSED!
I, THE GREMLIN!
IT WAS I WHO CONCEIVED THE CONCEPT OF THE SUPER-TROOPER-- THE COMMON SOLDIER OUTFITTED WITH AN ADVANCED-DESIGN EXO-SKELETON, GIVING HIM TWENTY TIMES HIS NORMAL STRENGTH--
--AND IT WAS I WHO DECIDED THE HULK WAS MANDATORY FOR OUR FURTHER RESEARCH ON THAT PROJECT HERE!
SPEAK NO MORE OF "WE", GENERAL! SIMPLY ORDER THE MEN TO BRING ME THE HULK!
AS YOU SAY, COMRADE.
PFUI! TO TAKE ORDERS FROM A MERE CHILD-- AND A FREAK AT THAT--!

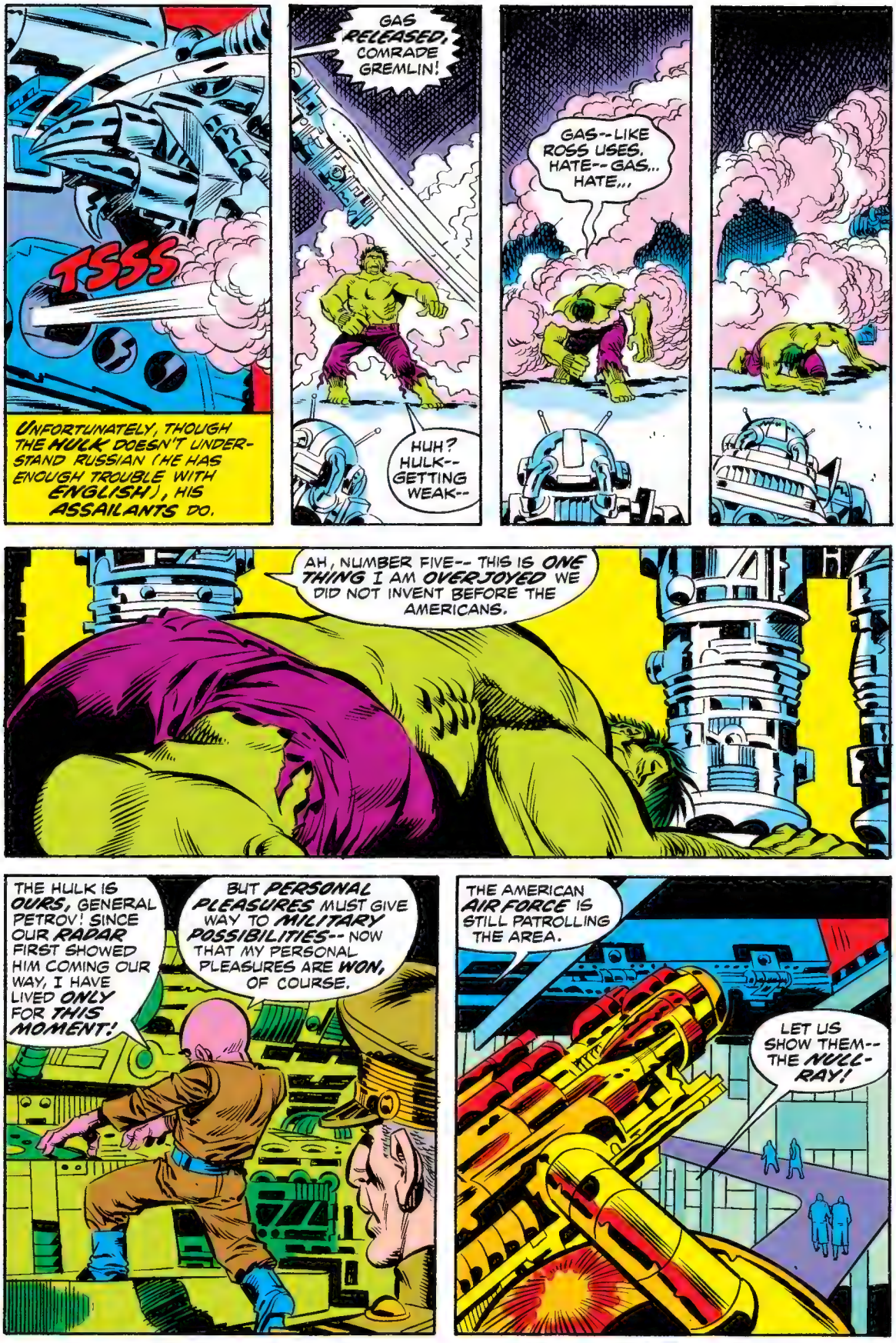
BUT THE HULK HAS HEARD NONE OF THIS--AND SO, HIS RAGE CONTINUES TO MOUNT!
WHERE IS THIS PLACE? HULK THOUGHT HE WAS ALONE--BUT THEN ROSS SENDS PLANES--
--AND NOW, HULK FINDS TOWN! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO HULK?
ACTUALLY, NOTHING HAS HAPPENED TO MR. INCREDIBLE AS YET--
NOT COMPARED TO WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THIS BUTTON IS PUSHED.
AND THAT BUTTON IS BEING PUSHED--NOW!
WHAT IS THAT HULK HEARS? SOUNDS--LIKE MORE PLANES--
--BUT IT COMES FROM INSIDE CITY!
SSSSSS
SSSHROOOMMM!
YES, DEEP INSIDE THE FUTURISTIC METROPOLIS, WHERE ONLY SCIENTISTS WITH THE MOST SENSITIVE OF TOP SECRET CLEARANCES ARE ALLOWED--AND THEN ONLY WITH THE GREMLIN'S PERSONAL SUPERVISION. FOR THIS IS THE PULSE, THE HEART OF THE PROJECT, WHERE THE MOMENT HAS FINALLY COME FOR THE FIRST UNVEILING OF--
--THE SUPER-TROOPER!


THERE IS THE TARGET, NUMBER FIVE!
QUICKLY! UTILIZE YOUR ANTI-GRAPPLERS!
WHAT? STRANGE MEN -- LIKE BUGS -- SWARMING OVER HULK!


BAM!
MAKE HULK MAD!
EVERYWHERE HE GOES, MEN ATTACK HIM!
HULK HAS HAD ENOUGH!

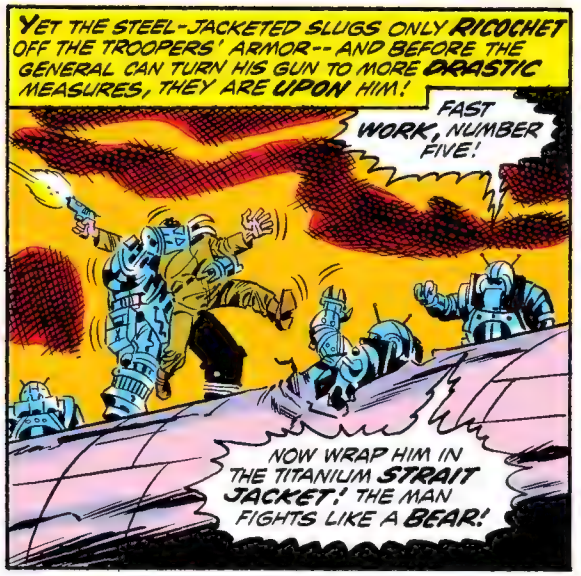
TARGET IS STRONG, NUMBER FOUR -- PERHAPS AS STRONG AS WE!
I HAVE THE ANSWER FOR THAT, NUMBER THREE!
MY MASS AND AIR-SPEED WILL TOPPLE THE BRUTE INTO THE CHASM!

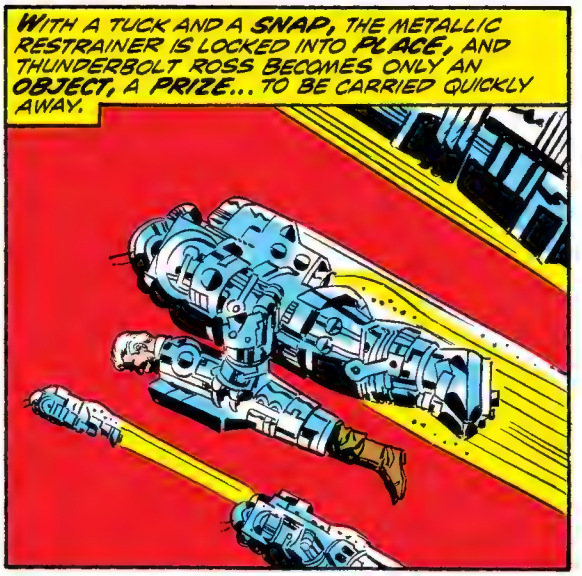

THEN THE COUNTER-THRUST OF MY FOOT-JETS CAN CRUSH HIM INTO THE STONE LIKE BUTTER INTO BREAD!
BLAZZ!
PLOW!
NO ONE CRUSHES HULK! HULK IS STRONGER THEN STUPID BUG-MEN!
HULK IS STRONGER THAN ANYBODY!
WHILE, OBSERVING THROUGH HIS OMNIPRESENT TELEVISION SCANNERS--
HIS BOASTS LOOK TO BE THE TRUTH!
USE THE GAS ON HIM, CRETINS! USE THE GAS!!
USE THE GAS!
SOMEONE YELLING FUNNY LANGUAGE-- BUT IT WON'T BOTHER HULK!
NOW-- BUG-MAN DIES!

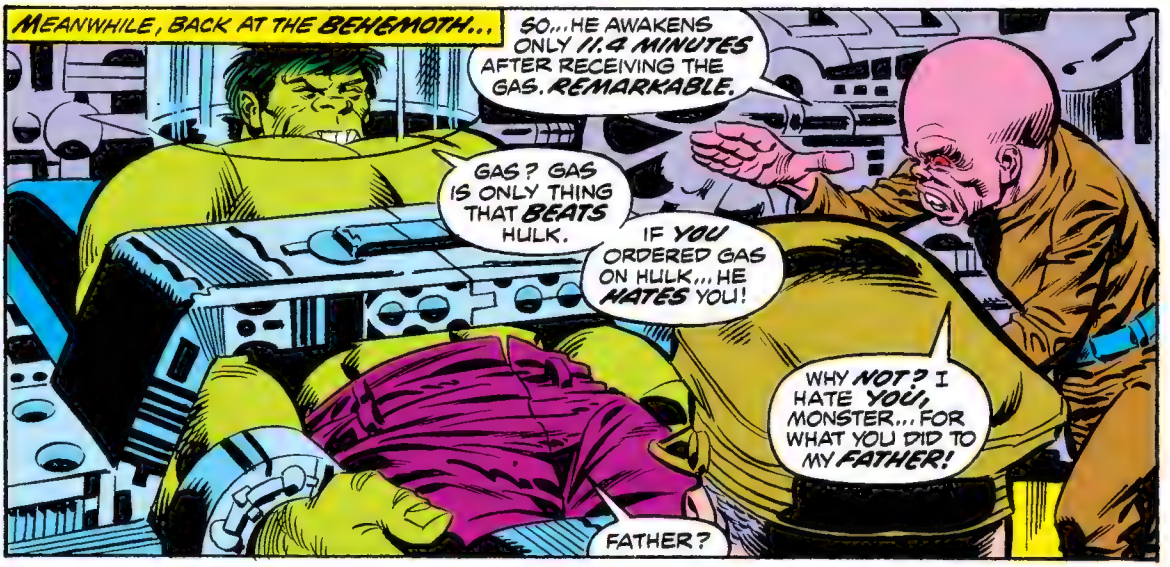

TSSS
UNFORTUNATELY, THOUGH THE HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND RUSSIAN (HE HAS ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH ENGLISH), HIS ASSAILANTS DO.
GAS RELEASED, COMRADE GREMLIN!
HUH? HULK-- GETTING WEAK--
GAS--LIKE ROSS USES, HATE--GAS... HATE...
AH, NUMBER FIVE-- THIS IS ONE THING I AM OVERJOYED WE DID NOT INVENT BEFORE THE AMERICANS.
THE HULK IS OURS, GENERAL PETROV! SINCE OUR RADAR FIRST SHOWED HIM COMING OUR WAY, I HAVE LIVED ONLY FOR THIS MOMENT!
BUT PERSONAL PLEASURES MUST GIVE WAY TO MILITARY POSSIBILITIES-- NOW THAT MY PERSONAL PLEASURES ARE WON, OF COURSE.
THE AMERICAN AIR FORCE IS STILL PATROLLING THE AREA.
LET US SHOW THEM-- THE NULL-RAY!

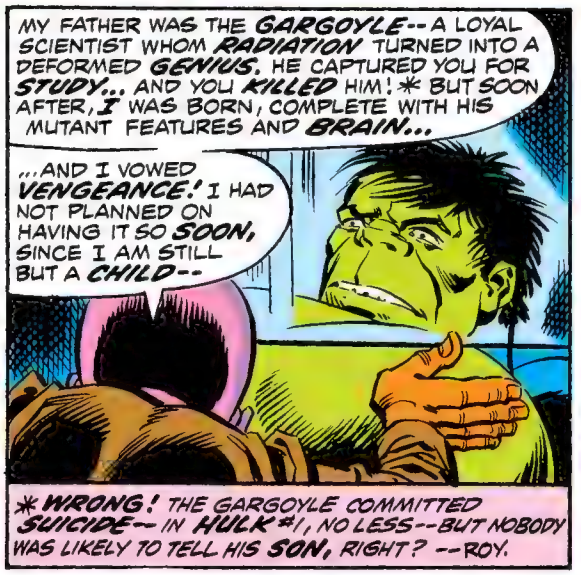
SIR, I DON'T BELIEVE THE MONSTER'S GOING TO REAPPEAR AT ALL. UNLESS WE LAND A SEARCH PARTY, HE'S -- HOLD IT!
JUST SIGHTED SOME SORT OF REFLECTION DOWN BELOW.
HEADING IN TO INVESTIGATE!
THEY COME LIKE MOTHS TO A FLAME!
ACTIVATE NULL-RAY-- NOW!
ONE SECOND THEY'RE SUPER-SONIC FIGHTER JETS, STREAKING ACROSS A CLEAR BLUE SKY--
THE NEXT, THEIR WORLD TURNS BRIGHT CRIMSON -- AND THEY STOP COLD AND DEAD, LIKE PLASTIC MODELS ON DISPLAY!
GENERAL ROSS! OUR ENGINES HAVE QUIT -- ALL MECHANICAL SYSTEMS ARE OUT!
WE'RE POWERLESS -- BUT WE'RE NOT FALLING!
WE'RE SUSPENDED IN A BEAM OF LIGHT!
GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, LIEUTENANT! WHATEVER IT IS, WE'LL BE JOINING YOU IN JUST OVER TWO MINUTES!
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
HA! AN AMERICAN GENERAL COMES TO PAT HIS MEN ON THE HEAD! I HAD NOT EXPECTED SUCH A HIGH-RANKING PRIZE!
PERHAPS PETROV IS CORRECT! PERHAPS I HAVE MORE THAN MY SHARE OF LUCK!
IF SO, IT IS ONLY JUST, SINCE I HAVE BEEN SLIGHTED IN SO MANY OTHER WAYS.
BOYS, THIS IS ROSS! WE HAVE A VISUAL ON YOU--
--BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

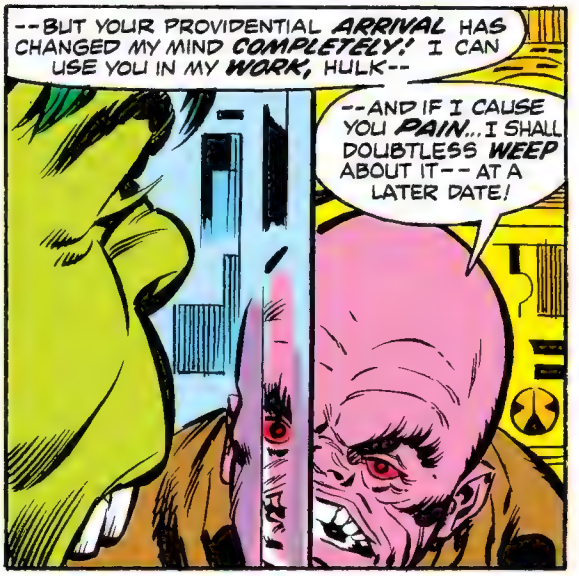
THEN, WITH A SUDDENESS THAT ROCKS EVEN THE BATTLE-HARDENED GENERAL--
THE NULL-RAY STRIKES AGAIN!
--AND ZOOMING INTO THE SKY, HARD ON ITS HEELS, COME THE SINISTER SUPER-TROOPERS, FOLLOWING ITS RUBY ROUTE TOWARD THE BECALMED COMMAND SHIP!
WE'RE BEING CLOSED ON, PILOT! GET THIS BLASTED CIGAR TUBE OUT OF HERE!
IF I COULD, I WOULD, SIR! BELIEVE IT!
BUT IT'S LIKE BEING HELD IN A GIANT FIST--
AND THEY'RE BOARDING US!
THIS IS A BIT DIFFERENT FROM CAPTURING A GREEN MONSTER, NUMBER FOUR! THE PARTY NOW SPEAKS OF A DETENTE BETWEEN OUR COUNTRY AND THE AMERICANS,
TO OPENLY ATTACK THEIR AIRCRAFT OVER NEUTRAL TERRITORY--
--WILL BE THOROUGHLY DISAPPROVED OF, NO DOUBT.
YET THE GREMLIN IS TOO IMPORTANT TO BE CENSURED-- AND ONCE THE DEED IS DONE, THE PARTY WILL ASK NO QUESTIONS.
GOOD! YOU'VE GAINED US AN ENTRANCE!
I KNOW THAT LANGUAGE, CREEPS!
BUT NO COMMIES IN TIN SUITS WILL EVER TAKE THUNDERBOLT ROSS ALIVE! NEVER!
I'LL SEE YOU ALL IN HELL FIRST!

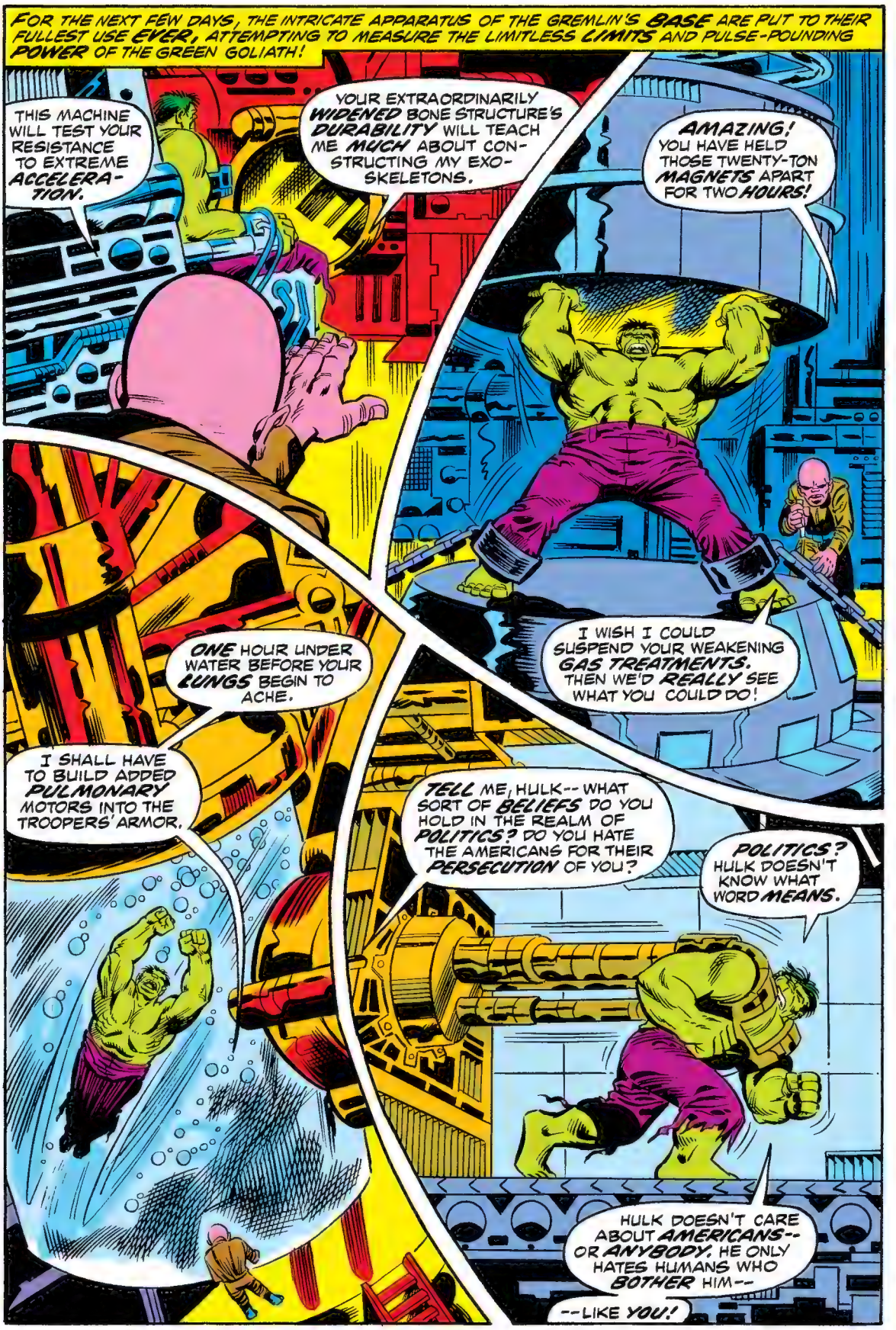

YET THE STEEL-JACKETED SLUGS ONLY RICOCHET OFF THE TROOPERS' ARMOR-- AND BEFORE THE GENERAL CAN TURN HIS GUN TO MORE DRASTIC MEASURES, THEY ARE UPON HIM!
FAST WORK, NUMBER FIVE!
NOW WRAP HIM IN THE TITANIUM STRAIT JACKET! THE MAN FIGHTS LIKE A BEAR!


WITH A TUCK AND A SNAP, THE METALLIC RESTRAINER IS LOCKED INTO PLACE, AND THUNDERBOLT ROSS BECOMES ONLY AN OBJECT, A PRIZE... TO BE CARRIED QUICKLY AWAY.

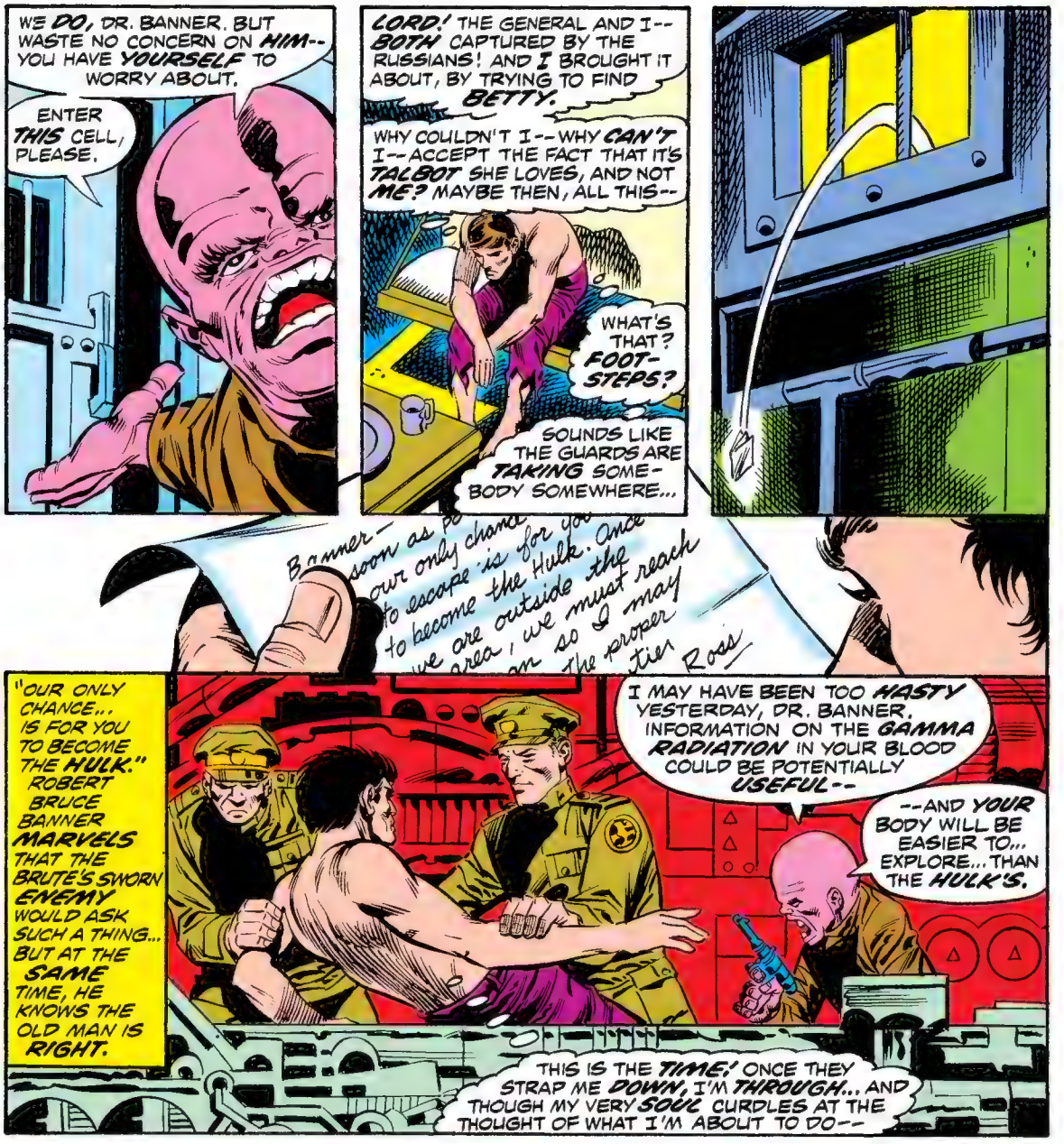

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE BEHEMOTH...
SO...HE AWAKENS ONLY 11.4 MINUTES AFTER RECEIVING THE GAS. REMARKABLE.
GAS? GAS IS ONLY THING THAT BEATS HULK.
IF YOU ORDERED GAS ON HULK... HE HATES YOU!
WHY NOT? I HATE YOU, MONSTER... FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MY FATHER!
FATHER?


MY FATHER WAS THE GARGOYLE--A LOYAL SCIENTIST WHOM RADIATION TURNED INTO A DEFORMED GENIUS. HE CAPTURED YOU FOR STUDY... AND YOU KILLED HIM! * BUT SOON AFTER, I WAS BORN, COMPLETE WITH HIS MUTANT FEATURES AND BRAIN...
...AND I VOWED VENGEANCE! I HAD NOT PLANNED ON HAVING IT SO SOON, SINCE I AM STILL BUT A CHILD--
* WRONG! THE GARGOYLE COMMITTED SUICIDE-- IN HULK #1, NO LESS--BUT NOBODY WAS LIKELY TO TELL HIS SON, RIGHT? --ROY.

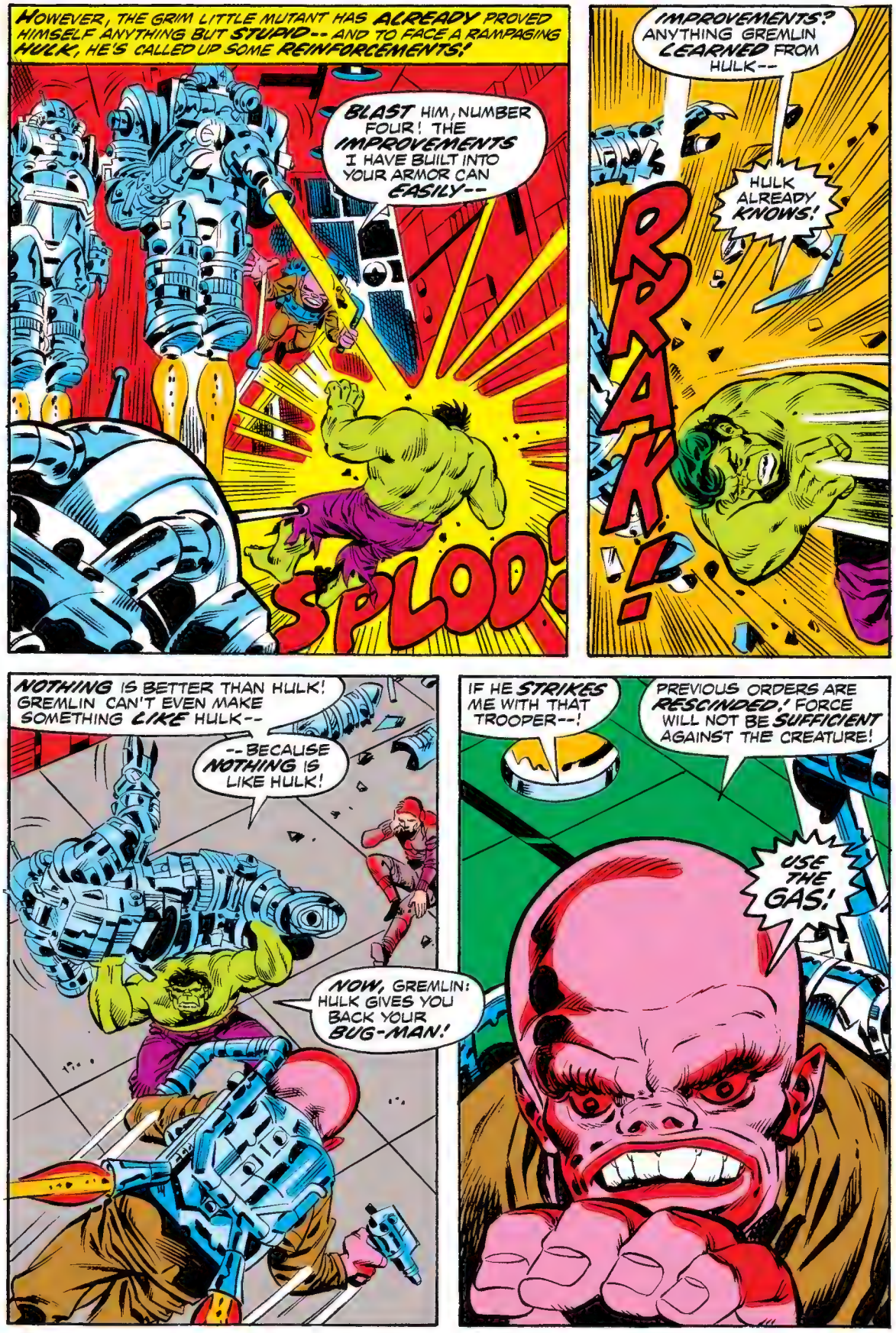

--BUT YOUR PROVIDENTIAL ARRIVAL HAS CHANGED MY MIND COMPLETELY! I CAN USE YOU IN MY WORK, HULK--
--AND IF I CAUSE YOU PAIN... I SHALL DOUBTLESS WEEP ABOUT IT-- AT A LATER DATE!

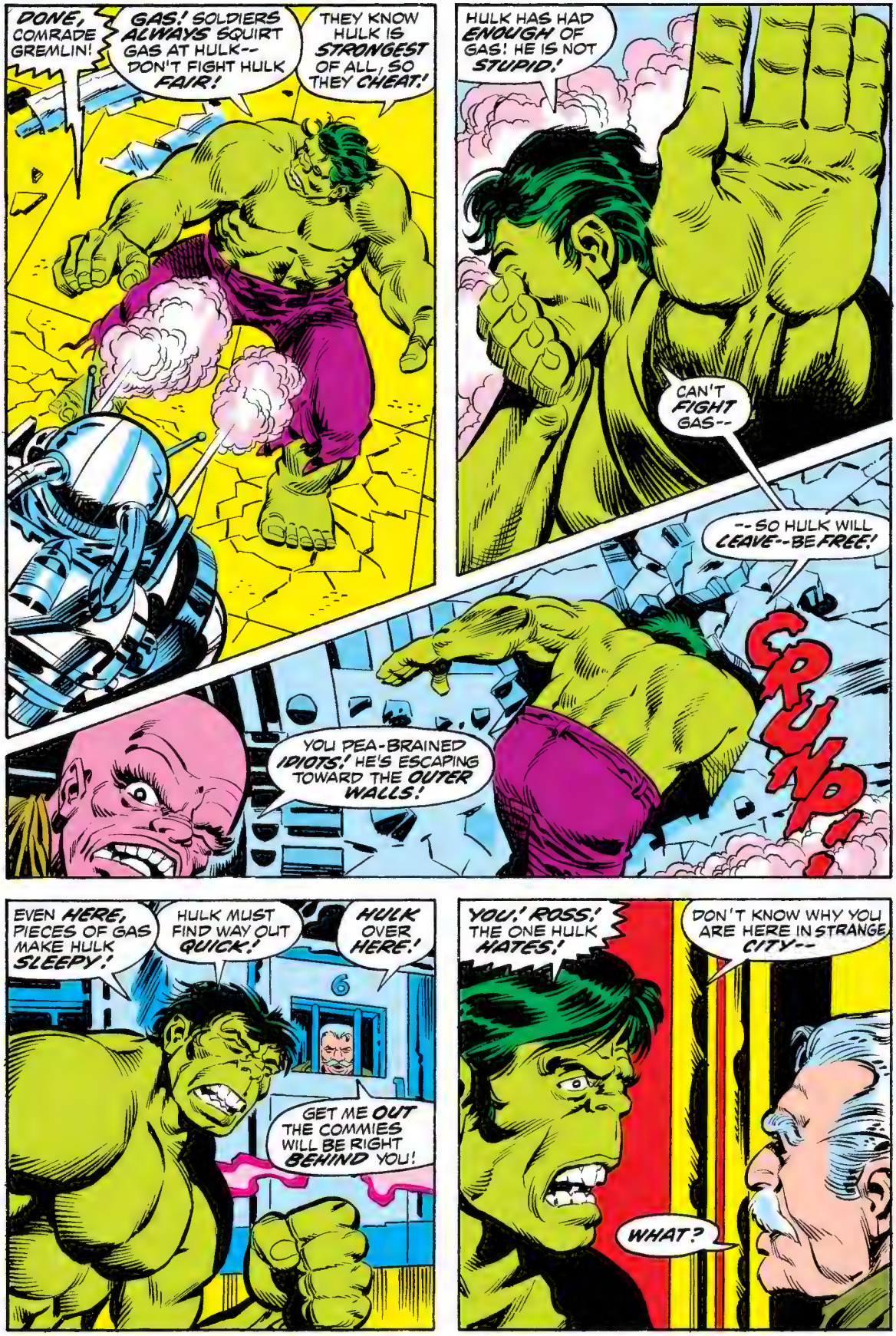

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE INTRICATE APPARATUS OF THE GREMLIN'S BASE ARE PUT TO THEIR FULLEST USE EVER, ATTEMPTING TO MEASURE THE LIMITLESS LIMITS AND PULSE-POUNDING POWER OF THE GREEN GOLIATH!
THIS MACHINE WILL TEST YOUR RESISTANCE TO EXTREME ACCELERATION.
YOUR EXTRAORDINARILY WIDENED BONE STRUCTURE'S DURABILITY WILL TEACH ME MUCH ABOUT CONSTRUCTING MY EXO-SKELETONS.
AMAZING! YOU HAVE HELD THOSE TWENTY-TON MAGNETS APART FOR TWO HOURS!
I WISH I COULD SUSPEND YOUR WEAKENING GAS TREATMENTS. THEN WE'D REALLY SEE WHAT YOU COULD DO!
ONE HOUR UNDER WATER BEFORE YOUR LUNGS BEGIN TO ACHE.
I SHALL HAVE TO BUILD ADDED PULMONARY MOTORS INTO THE TROOPERS' ARMOR.
TELL ME, HULK-- WHAT SORT OF BELIEFS DO YOU HOLD IN THE REALM OF POLITICS? DO YOU HATE THE AMERICANS FOR THEIR PERSECUTION OF YOU?
POLITICS? HULK DOESN'T KNOW WHAT WORD MEANS.
HULK DOESN'T CARE ABOUT AMERICANS-- OR ANYBODY. HE ONLY HATES HUMANS WHO BOTHER HIM--
--LIKE YOU!

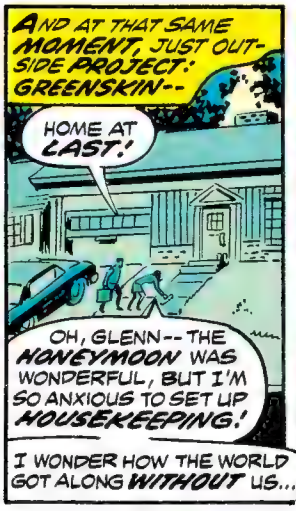
THE DIABOLICAL DWARF'S LIPS THIN-- HE MOTIONS PEREMPTORILY FOR THE GUARDS, THEN--
I DISLIKE YOUR MANNER, HULK.
TODAY, I SHALL DOUSE YOU WITH TWICE AS MUCH GAS.
SWIRLING, SPILLING, SHIFTING--THE MALODOROUS FOG COVERS AND DROWNS THE HULK, BLUDGEONING THE SPIRIT WITHIN HIM--
--CAUSING A NEW SPIRIT TO SLIP TO THE SURFACE, THE SPIRIT OF A MAN LONG LOCKED INSIDE THE VIOLENT, VERDANT FORM OF THE MONSTER--
--CAUSING THE HULK TO ONCE MORE BECOME...BRUCE BANNER.
WHAT IN LENIN'S NAME IS THIS?! I CANNOT CONTINUE MY WORK WITH THAT PUNY SPECIMEN!
GUARDS!
I HAD HEARD OF YOUR DUAL IDENTITY, MR. BANNER... BUT I HAD NOT THOUGHT TO BRING ABOUT THE TRANSFORMATION.
I SHALL HAVE TO DEVISE DIFFERENT METHODS OF PUNISHMENT FOR FUTURE TRANSGRESSIONS--AFTER YOU HAVE RETURNED TO YOUR HULKISH STATE. IN THE MEANTIME--
BANNER!
GENERAL ROSS! HAVE THEY GOT YOU, TOO?
6


WE DO, DR. BANNER, BUT WASTE NO CONCERN ON HIM-- YOU HAVE YOURSELF TO WORRY ABOUT.
ENTER THIS CELL, PLEASE.
LORD! THE GENERAL AND I-- BOTH CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS! AND I BROUGHT IT ABOUT, BY TRYING TO FIND BETTY.
WHY COULDN'T I--WHY CAN'T I--ACCEPT THE FACT THAT IT'S TALBOT SHE LOVES, AND NOT ME? MAYBE THEN, ALL THIS--
WHAT'S THAT? FOOT-STEPS?
SOUNDS LIKE THE GUARDS ARE TAKING SOME-BODY SOMEWHERE...
Banner— soon as po our only chance to escape is for you to become the Hulk. Once we are outside the area, we must reach an so I may The proper ties Ross
"OUR ONLY CHANCE... IS FOR YOU TO BECOME THE HULK." ROBERT BRUCE BANNER MARVELS THAT THE BRUTE'S SWORN ENEMY WOULD ASK SUCH A THING... BUT AT THE SAME TIME, HE KNOWS THE OLD MAN IS RIGHT.
I MAY HAVE BEEN TOO HASTY YESTERDAY, DR. BANNER. INFORMATION ON THE GAMMA RADIATION IN YOUR BLOOD COULD BE POTENTIALLY USEFUL--
--AND YOUR BODY WILL BE EASIER TO... EXPLORE... THAN THE HULK'S.
THIS IS THE TIME! ONCE THEY STRAP ME DOWN, I'M THROUGH... AND THOUGH MY VERY SOUL CURDLES AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO--
KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF, BORIS! I DON'T LIKE TO BE PUSHED!
BIFF!
WHAT?
THIS MOUSE THINKS HE IS A CAT-- TO STRIKE ME AS HE DID!
HOLD HIM, SERGE, WHILE I TEACH HIM HIS PLACE!

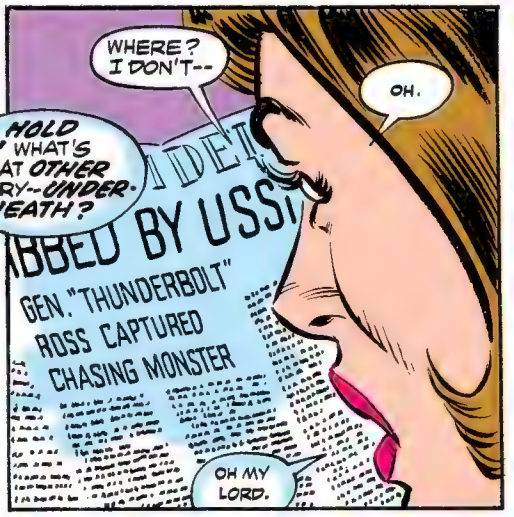
HAVE NO FEAR, NIKOLAI! I CAN-- WAIT!
HE'S CHANGING -- BECOMING BIGGER--
--STRONGER! HE'S TURNING GREEN!
HE'S BECOME... THE HULK!
YES! HULK IS HERE--
--AND NOW HULK WILL PAY EVERYONE BACK!
FOOM
DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT HULK DOESN'T FEEL WEAK FROM GAS ANY MORE-- AND HE IS NOT CAUGHT IN CHAINS!
HULK IS FREE-- FREE TO DESTROY PUNY HUMANS FOR WHAT THEY DID TO HIM!
RONK!
FIRST, HULK WANTS GREMLIN! NO MATTER WHERE HE HIDES, HULK WILL FIND HIM!
HA! THERE HE IS!

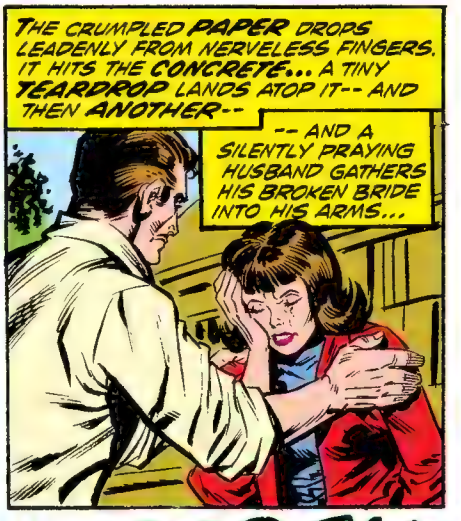

HOWEVER, THE GRIM LITTLE MUTANT HAS ALREADY PROVED HIMSELF ANYTHING BUT STUPID-- AND TO FACE A RAMPAGING HULK, HE'S CALLED UP SOME REINFORCEMENTS!
BLAST HIM, NUMBER FOUR! THE IMPROVEMENTS I HAVE BUILT INTO YOUR ARMOR CAN EASILY--
SPLOD!
IMPROVEMENTS? ANYTHING GREMLIN LEARNED FROM HULK--
HULK ALREADY KNOWS!
KRAK!
NOTHING IS BETTER THAN HULK! GREMLIN CAN'T EVEN MAKE SOMETHING LIKE HULK--
--BECAUSE NOTHING IS LIKE HULK!
NOW, GREMLIN: HULK GIVES YOU BACK YOUR BUG-MAN!
IF HE STRIKES ME WITH THAT TROOPER--!
PREVIOUS ORDERS ARE RESCINDED! FORCE WILL NOT BE SUFFICIENT AGAINST THE CREATURE!
USE THE GAS!


DONE, COMRADE GREMLIN!
GAS! SOLDIERS ALWAYS SQUIRT GAS AT HULK-- DON'T FIGHT HULK FAIR!
THEY KNOW HULK IS STRONGEST OF ALL, SO THEY CHEAT!
HULK HAS HAD ENOUGH OF GAS! HE IS NOT STUPID!
CAN'T FIGHT GAS--
--SO HULK WILL LEAVE--BE FREE!
CRUNP!
YOU PEA-BRAINED IDIOTS! HE'S ESCAPING TOWARD THE OUTER WALLS!
EVEN HERE, PIECES OF GAS MAKE HULK SLEEPY!
HULK MUST FIND WAY OUT QUICK!
HULK OVER HERE!
GET ME OUT THE COMMIES WILL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
YOU! ROSS! THE ONE HULK HATES!
DON'T KNOW WHY YOU ARE HERE IN STRANGE CITY--
WHAT?


AND AT THAT SAME MOMENT, JUST OUTSIDE PROJECT: GREENSKIN--
HOME AT LAST!
OH, GLENN-- THE HONEYMOON WAS WONDERFUL, BUT I'M SO ANXIOUS TO SET UP HOUSEKEEPING!
I WONDER HOW THE WORLD GOT ALONG WITHOUT US...

HE'S ALIVE! THE HULK IS ALIVE!
WE THOUGHT THE CHAMELEON HAD KILLED HIM*-- BUT IT WASN'T TRUE!
HE'S IN TROUBLE, BUT HE'S ALWAYS IN TROUBLE-- AND HE'S ALIVE!
*HULK #154. --R.




THE CRUMPLED PAPER DROPS LEADENLY FROM NERVELESS FINGERS. IT HITS THE CONCRETE... A TINY TEARDROP LANDS ATOP IT-- AND THEN ANOTHER--
-- AND A SILENTLY PRAYING HUSBAND GATHERS HIS BROKEN BRIDE INTO HIS ARMS...

NEXT: THEY COME FROM THE DEPTHS!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
HERB TRIMPE
HULK WILL FIGHT-- AND HULK IS STRONG!
BUT--TOO MANY OF THEM! TOO MANY!
I COMMAND YOU-- EJECT THE HULK FROM THIS SHIP--AT 5000 FATHOMS!
INTRODUCING:
THE MACABRE MENACE OF
CAPTAIN OMEN
AND HIS
UNHUMAN HORDES!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

STEVE ENGLEHART & HERB TRIMPE author & artist ○ SAL TRAPANI, INKER ○ JOHN COSTANZA, DAVID HUNT LETTERER COLORIST ○ ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

THE PHANTOM FROM 5,000 FATHOMS!

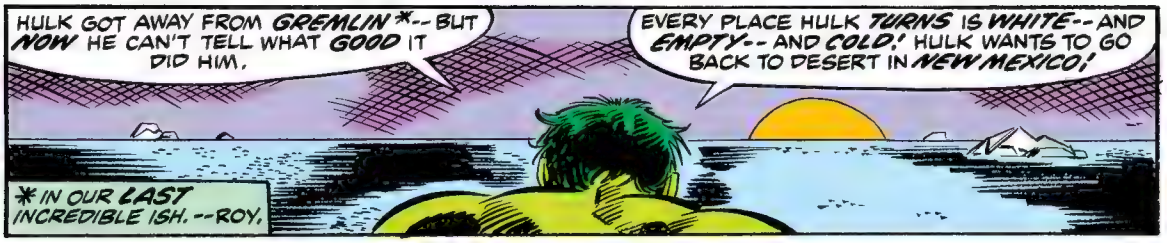
"I MUST GO DOWN TO THE SEAS AGAIN,
TO THE LONELY SEA AND THE SKY,
AND ALL I ASK IS A TALL SHIP
AND A STAR TO STEER HER BY,
AND THE WHEEL'S KICK AND THE WIND'S SONG
AND THE WHITE SAIL'S SHAKING,
AND A GRAY MIST ON THE SEA'S FACE
AND A GRAY DAWN BREAKING."

-- JOHN MASEFIELD
SEA FEVER

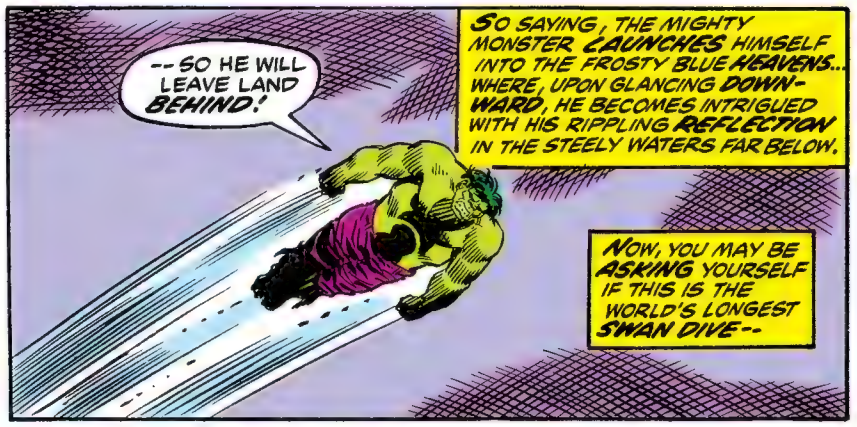
SOMEWHERE ACROSS BIG WATER IS HULK'S HOME-- HULK KNOWS IT.

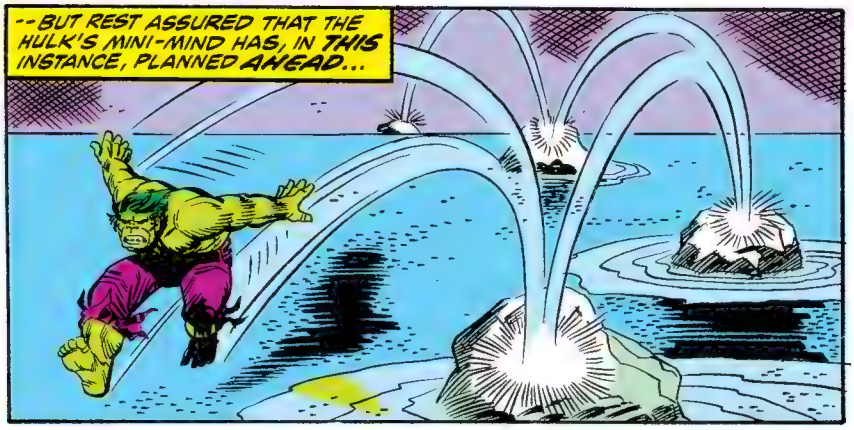
BUT HOW CAN HE GET THERE?

THE JOLLY GREEN GOLEM IS LOST ON THE ICE-BOUND SHORES OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN-- AND THAT'S ALL YE NEED TO KNOW, TRUE BELIEVER! FROM HERE ON, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN--


HULK GOT AWAY FROM GREMLIN*-- BUT NOW HE CAN'T TELL WHAT GOOD IT DID HIM.
EVERY PLACE HULK TURNS IS WHITE-- AND EMPTY-- AND COLD! HULK WANTS TO GO BACK TO DESERT IN NEW MEXICO!
* IN OUR LAST INCREDIBLE ISH. --ROY.

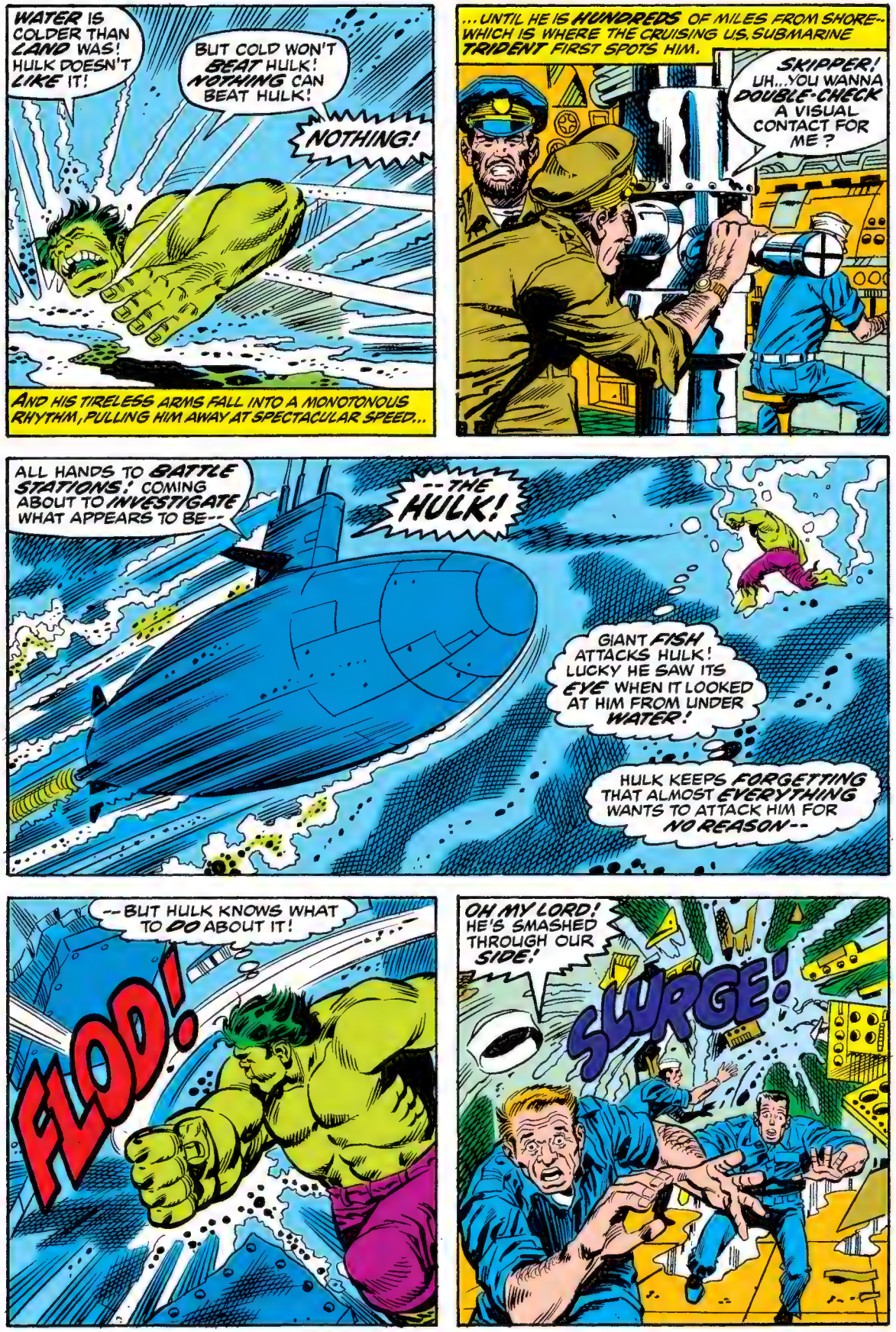
HULK DOESN'T REMEMBER CROSSING SO MUCH WATER TO GET HERE-- BUT HULK NEVER REMEMBERS ANYTHING.
ALL HULK KNOWS IS THAT HE HAS BEEN LOST A LONG TIME, AND HE HAS SEEN MUCH LAND--
--BUT LAND ENDS HERE--

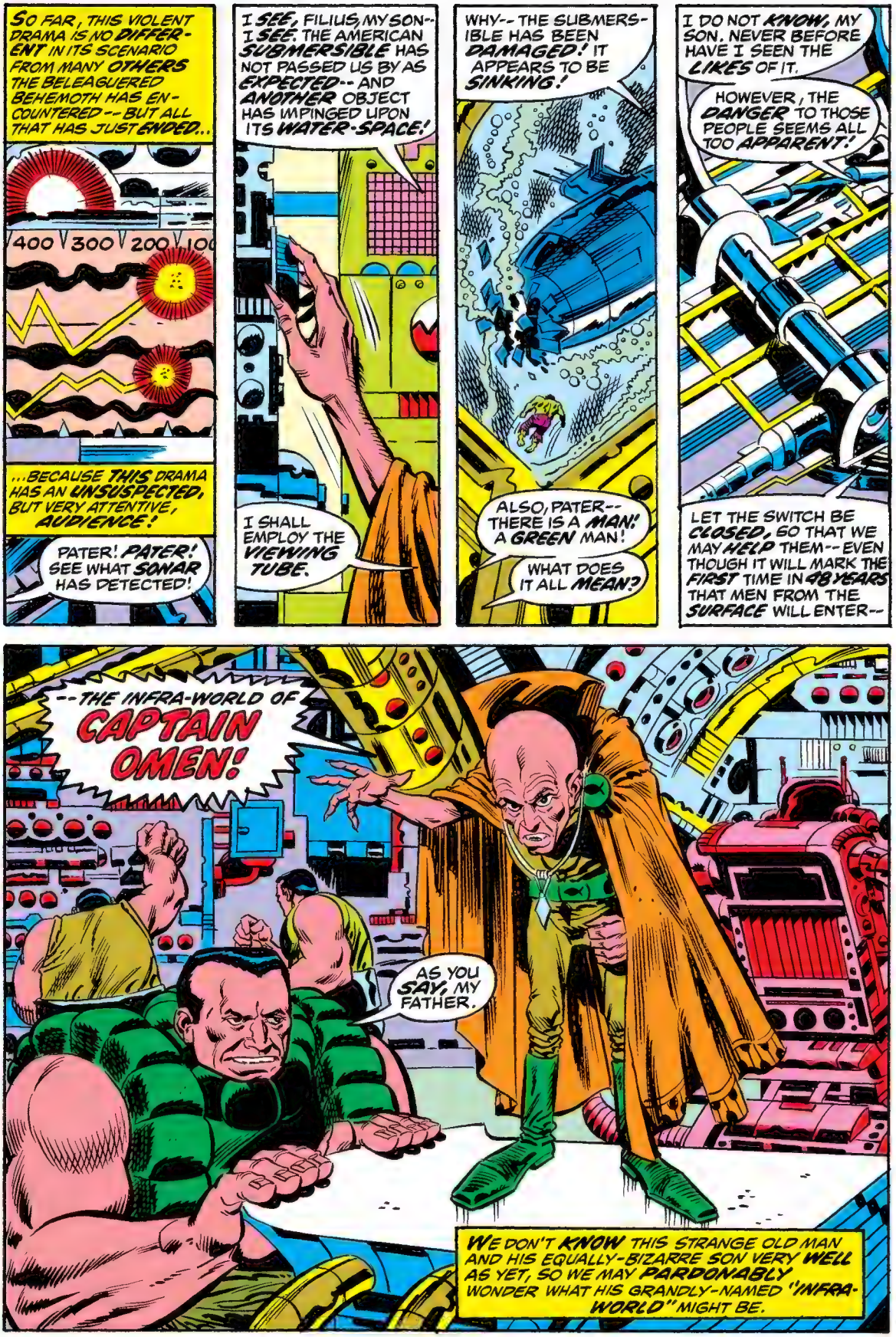

--SO HE WILL LEAVE LAND BEHIND!
SO SAYING, THE MIGHTY MONSTER LAUNCHES HIMSELF INTO THE FROSTY BLUE HEAVENS.. WHERE, UPON GLANCING DOWN-WARD, HE BECOMES INTRIGUED WITH HIS RIPPLING REFLECTION IN THE STEELY WATERS FAR BELOW.
NOW, YOU MAY BE ASKING YOURSELF IF THIS IS THE WORLD'S LONGEST SWAN DIVE--

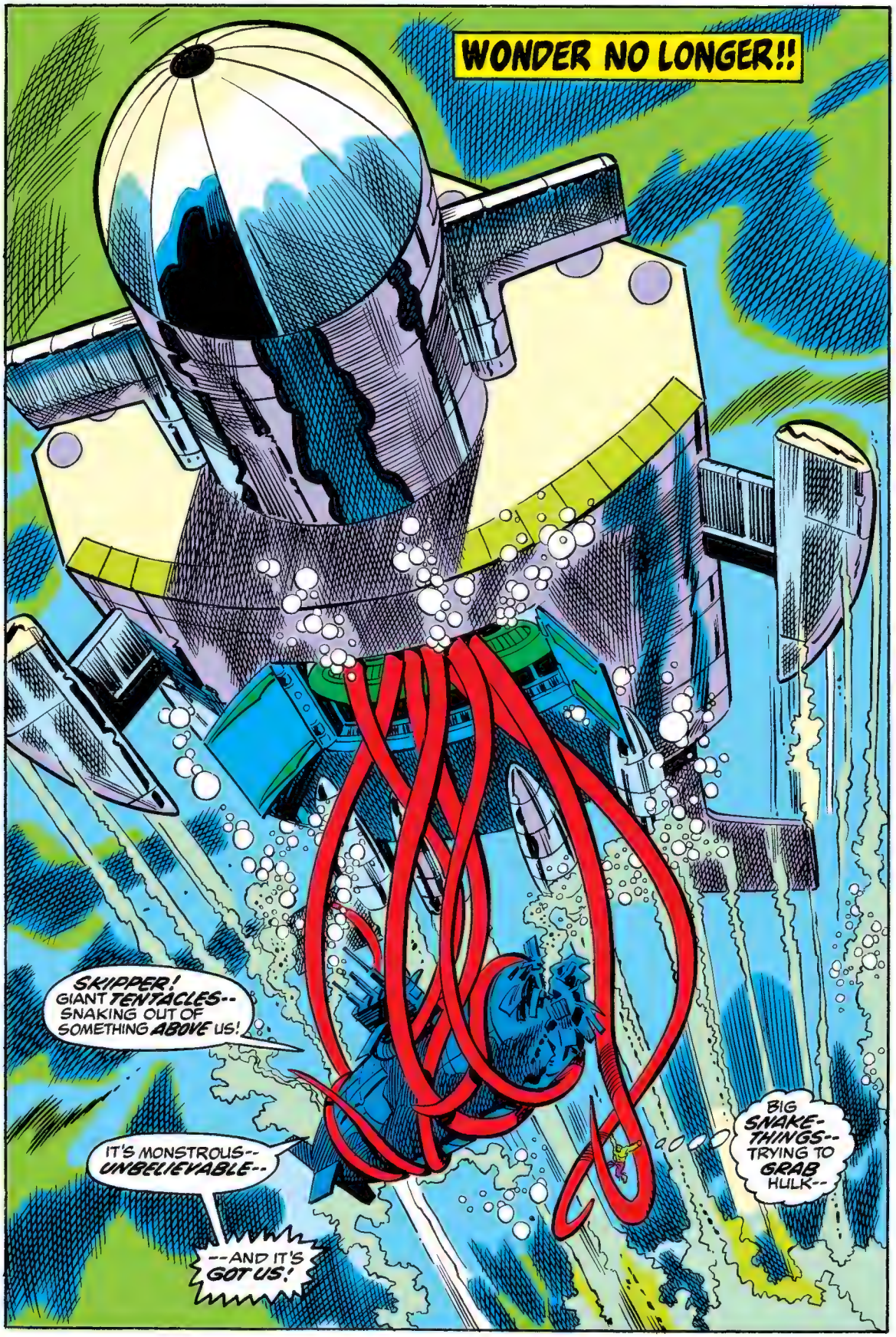

--BUT REST ASSURED THAT THE HULK'S MINI-MIND HAS, IN THIS INSTANCE, PLANNED AHEAD...

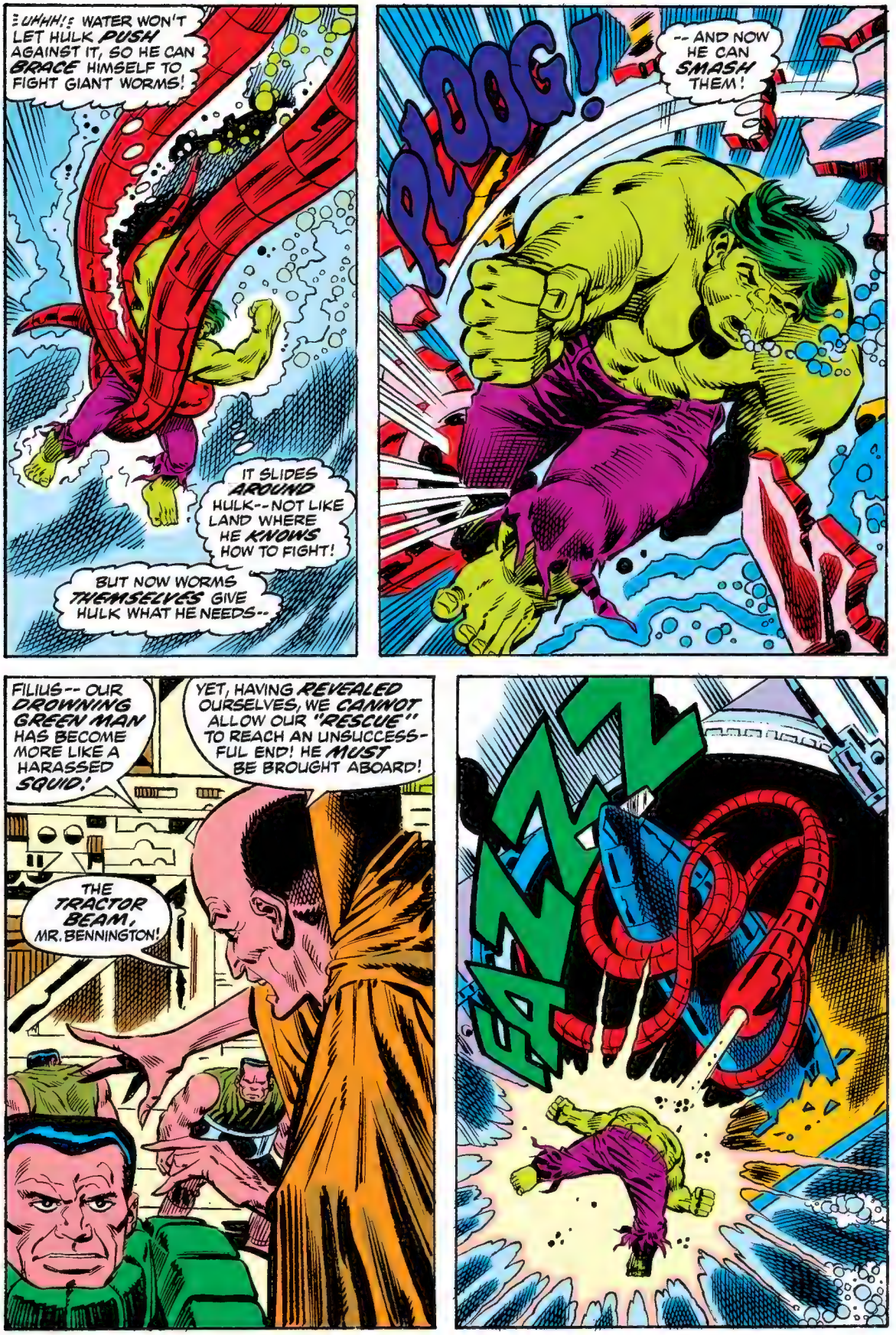
...AT LEAST UNTIL HE RUNS OUT OF ICEBERGS!
NOTHING MORE FOR HULK TO JUMP ON! NOW HE MUST SW—

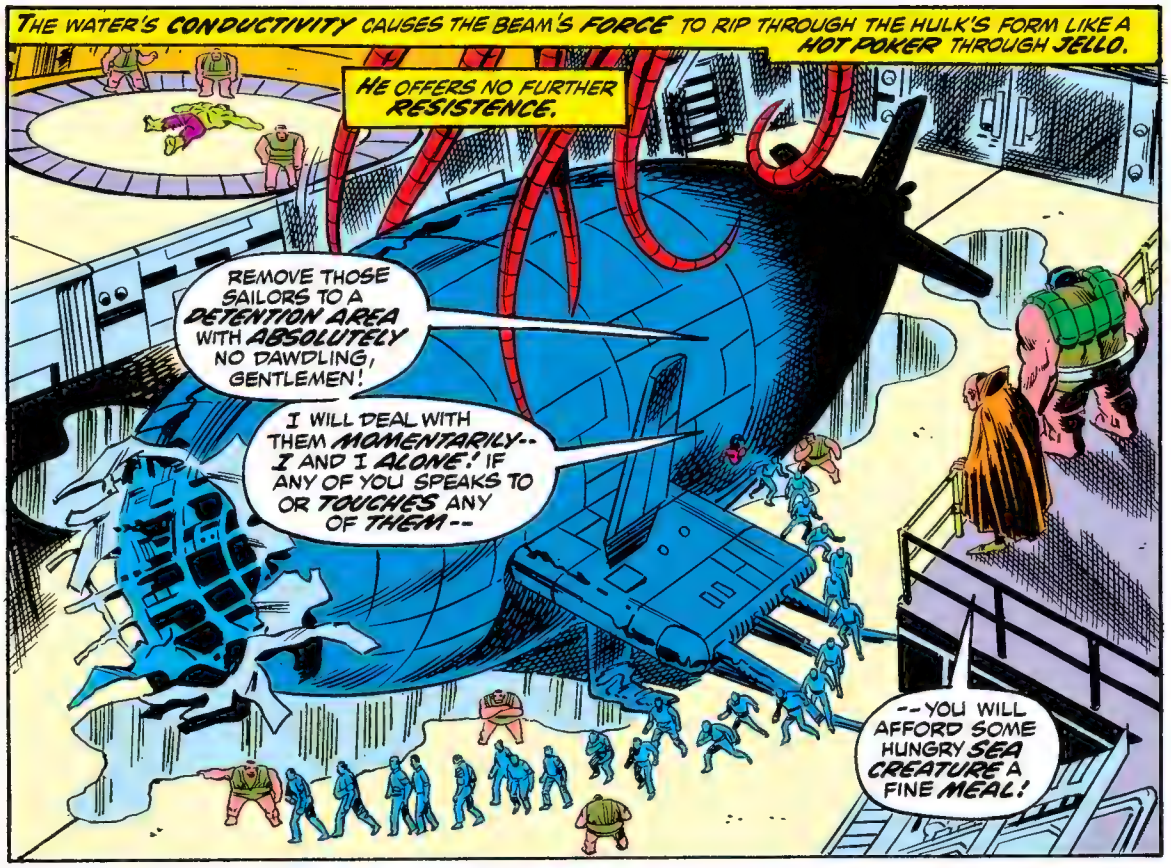
SPLOOSH!


WATER IS COLDER THAN LAND WAS! HULK DOESN'T LIKE IT!
BUT COLD WON'T BEAT HULK! NOTHING CAN BEAT HULK!
NOTHING!
AND HIS TIRELESS ARMS FALL INTO A MONOTONOUS RHYTHM, PULLING HIM AWAY AT SPECTACULAR SPEED...
...UNTIL HE IS HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM SHORE--WHICH IS WHERE THE CRUISING U.S. SUBMARINE TRIDENT FIRST SPOTS HIM.
SKIPPER! UH...YOU WANNA DOUBLE-CHECK A VISUAL CONTACT FOR ME?
ALL HANDS TO BATTLE STATIONS! COMING ABOUT TO INVESTIGATE WHAT APPEARS TO BE--
--THE HULK!
GIANT FISH ATTACKS HULK! LUCKY HE SAW ITS EYE WHEN IT LOOKED AT HIM FROM UNDER WATER!
HULK KEEPS FORGETTING THAT ALMOST EVERYTHING WANTS TO ATTACK HIM FOR NO REASON--
--BUT HULK KNOWS WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT!
FLOD!
OH MY LORD! HE'S SMASHED THROUGH OUR SIDE!
SLURGE!


SO FAR, THIS VIOLENT DRAMA IS NO DIFFERENT IN ITS SCENARIO FROM MANY OTHERS THE BELEAGUERED BEHEMOTH HAS ENCOUNTERED -- BUT ALL THAT HAS JUST ENDED..
400 300 200
...BECAUSE THIS DRAMA HAS AN UNSUSPECTED, BUT VERY ATTENTIVE, AUDIENCE!
PATER! PATER! SEE WHAT SONAR HAS DETECTED!
I SEE, FILIUS, MY SON-- I SEE. THE AMERICAN SUBMERSIBLE HAS NOT PASSED US BY AS EXPECTED -- AND ANOTHER OBJECT HAS IMPINGED UPON ITS WATER-SPACE!
I SHALL EMPLOY THE VIEWING TUBE.
WHY -- THE SUBMERSIBLE HAS BEEN DAMAGED! IT APPEARS TO BE SINKING!
ALSO, PATER -- THERE IS A MAN! A GREEN MAN!
WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
I DO NOT KNOW, MY SON. NEVER BEFORE HAVE I SEEN THE LIKES OF IT.
HOWEVER, THE DANGER TO THOSE PEOPLE SEEMS ALL TOO APPARENT!
LET THE SWITCH BE CLOSED, SO THAT WE MAY HELP THEM -- EVEN THOUGH IT WILL MARK THE FIRST TIME IN 48 YEARS THAT MEN FROM THE SURFACE WILL ENTER --
-- THE INFRA-WORLD OF CAPTAIN OMEN!
AS YOU SAY, MY FATHER.
WE DON'T KNOW THIS STRANGE OLD MAN AND HIS EQUALLY-BIZARRE SON VERY WELL AS YET, SO WE MAY PARDONABLY WONDER WHAT HIS GRANDLY-NAMED "INFRA-WORLD" MIGHT BE.


WONDER NO LONGER!!
SKIPPER! GIANT TENTACLES-- SNAKING OUT OF SOMETHING ABOVE US!
IT'S MONSTROUS-- UNBELIEVABLE--
--AND IT'S GOT US!
BIG SNAKE-THINGS-- TRYING TO GRAB HULK--


UHHH!: WATER WON'T LET HULK PUSH AGAINST IT, SO HE CAN BRACE HIMSELF TO FIGHT GIANT WORMS!
IT SLIDES AROUND HULK--NOT LIKE LAND WHERE HE KNOWS HOW TO FIGHT!
BUT NOW WORMS THEMSELVES GIVE HULK WHAT HE NEEDS--
PLOOG!
-- AND NOW HE CAN SMASH THEM!
FILIUS-- OUR DROWNING GREEN MAN HAS BECOME MORE LIKE A HARASSED SQUID!
YET, HAVING REVEALED OURSELVES, WE CANNOT ALLOW OUR "RESCUE" TO REACH AN UNSUCCESSFUL END! HE MUST BE BROUGHT ABOARD!
THE TRACTOR BEAM, MR. BENNINGTON!
ZAZZ

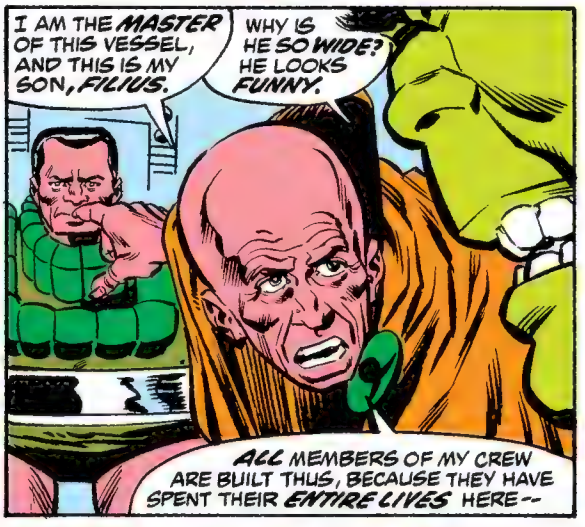

THE WATER'S CONDUCTIVITY CAUSES THE BEAM'S FORCE TO RIP THROUGH THE HULK'S FORM LIKE A HOT POKER THROUGH JELLO.
HE OFFERS NO FURTHER RESISTENCE.
REMOVE THOSE SAILORS TO A DETENTION AREA WITH ABSOLUTELY NO DAWDLING, GENTLEMEN!
I WILL DEAL WITH THEM MOMENTARILY-- I AND I ALONE! IF ANY OF YOU SPEAKS TO OR TOUCHES ANY OF THEM--
--YOU WILL AFFORD SOME HUNGRY SEA CREATURE A FINE MEAL!

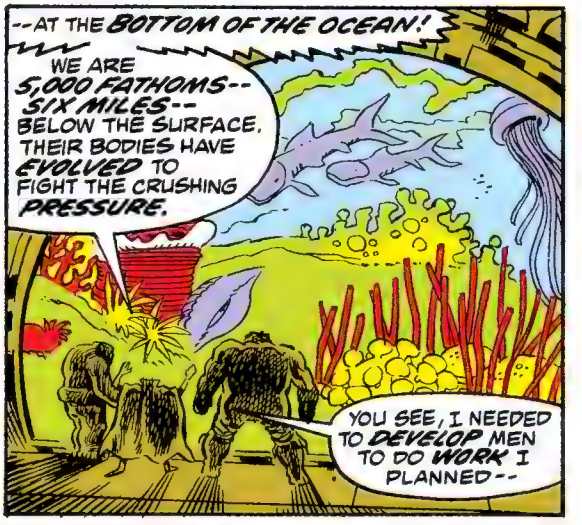
BUT WHAT OF THIS ONE, CAPTAIN OMEN? HE IS NOT A TRUE SURFACE-DWELLER!
SILENCE! THE PENALTY FOR QUESTIONING MY ORDERS WILL BE FIFTY LASHES!
YES SIR. OF COURSE YOU ARE CORRECT.
HUH? SOMETHING KNOCKED HULK OUT--

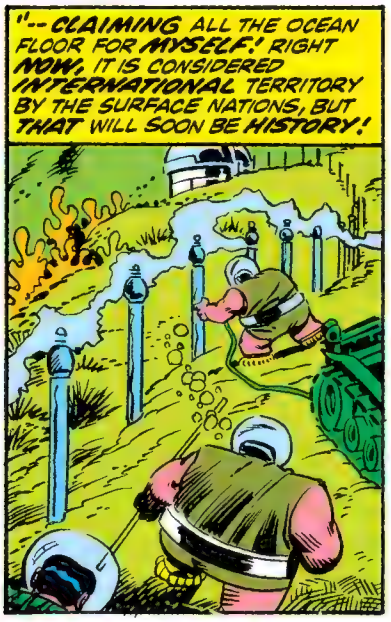
WAIT! HULK CAN BREATHE AGAIN-- DOESN'T HAVE TO HOLD AIR INSIDE CHEST OR WORDS INSIDE HEAD!
BUT HULK IS NOT BACK ON LAND! HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND!
WHERE IS HULK?!!

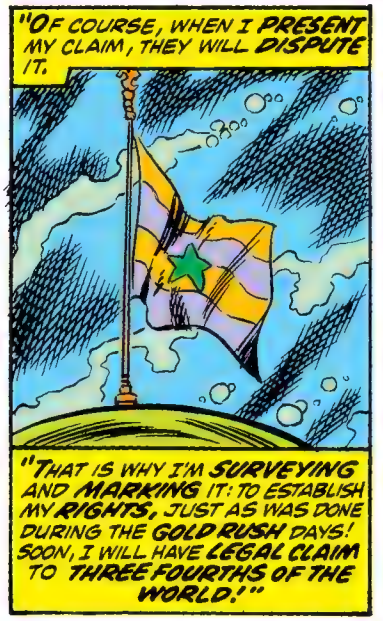
DO NOT EXCITE YOURSELF, MR. HULK. WE ARE ALL YOUR FRIENDS ON THIS SHIP.
HULK IS NOT MISTER! HULK IS HULK!
TITLES ARE FOR DUMB HUMANS!
...YES... WELL, I AM CAPTAIN NATHANIEL OMEN...
...AND YOU...ARE NOT A HUMAN?

HULK IS HULK! DON'T YOU HEAR HIM TELLING YOU?
LOUD AND CLEAR, THANK YOU.
THE BRUTE IS ANGERED. I MUST SPEAK QUICKLY TO HOLD HIS ATTENTION!


I AM THE MASTER OF THIS VESSEL, AND THIS IS MY SON, FILIUS.
WHY IS HE SO WIDE? HE LOOKS FUNNY.
ALL MEMBERS OF MY CREW ARE BUILT THUS, BECAUSE THEY HAVE SPENT THEIR ENTIRE LIVES HERE--

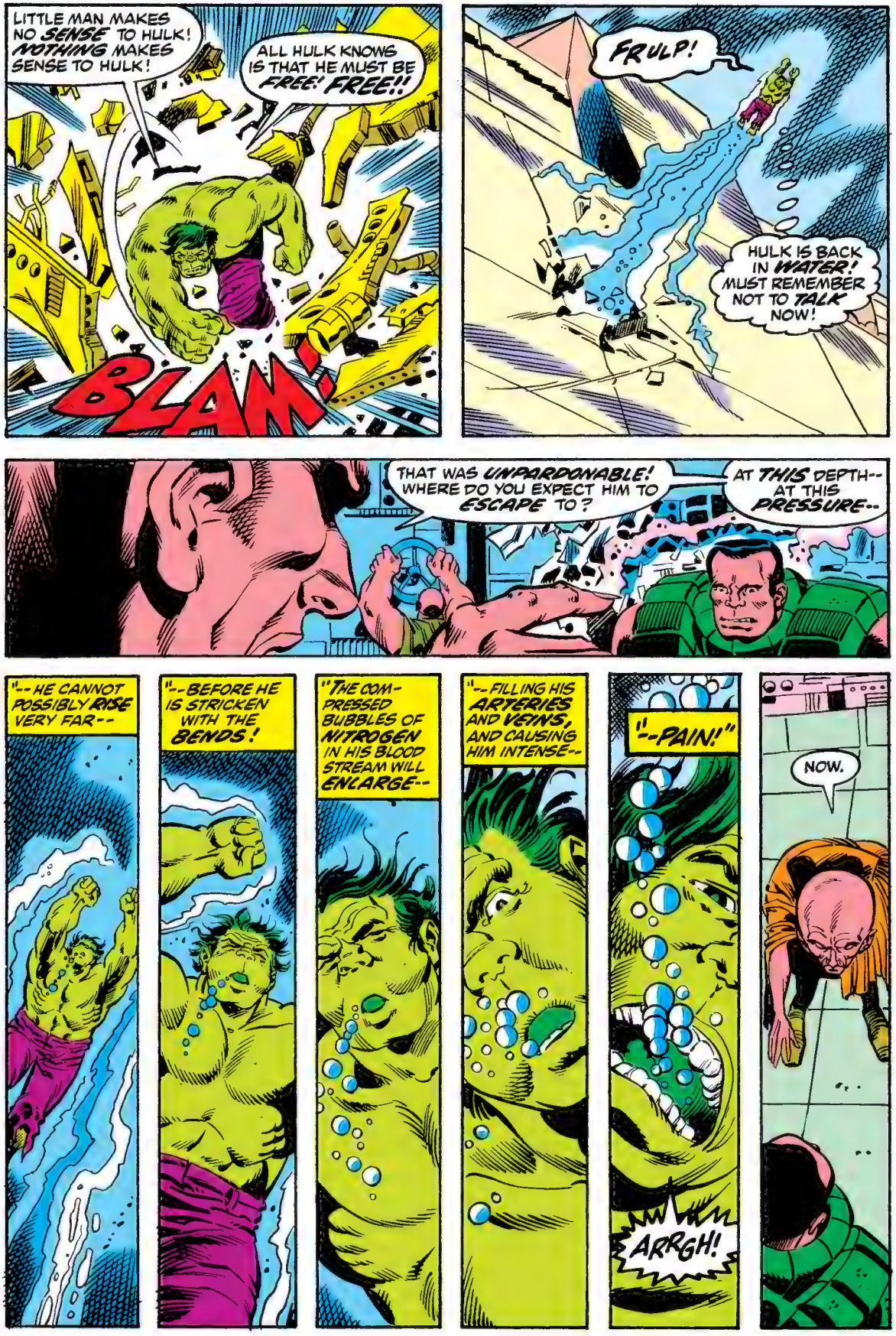

--AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!
WE ARE 5,000 FATHOMS-- SIX MILES-- BELOW THE SURFACE. THEIR BODIES HAVE EVOLVED TO FIGHT THE CRUSHING PRESSURE.
YOU SEE, I NEEDED TO DEVELOP MEN TO DO WORK I PLANNED--


"--CLAIMING ALL THE OCEAN FLOOR FOR MYSELF! RIGHT NOW, IT IS CONSIDERED INTERNATIONAL TERRITORY BY THE SURFACE NATIONS, BUT THAT WILL SOON BE HISTORY!

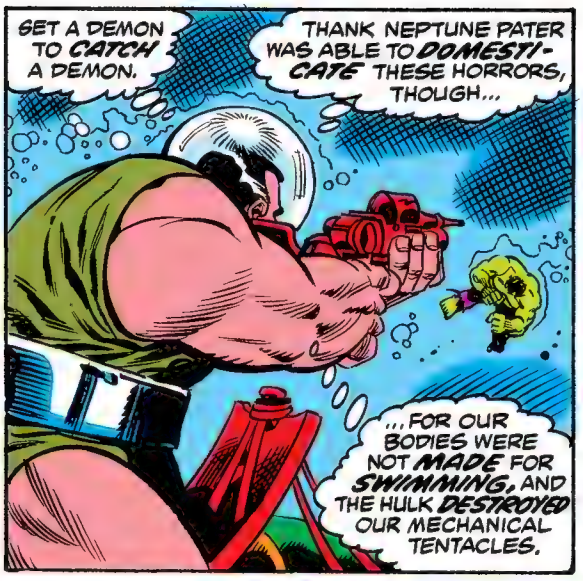

"OF COURSE, WHEN I PRESENT MY CLAIM, THEY WILL DISPUTE IT.
"THAT IS WHY I'M SURVEYING AND MARKING IT: TO ESTABLISH MY RIGHTS, JUST AS WAS DONE DURING THE GOLD RUSH DAYS! SOON, I WILL HAVE LEGAL CLAIM TO THREE FOURTHS OF THE WORLD!"

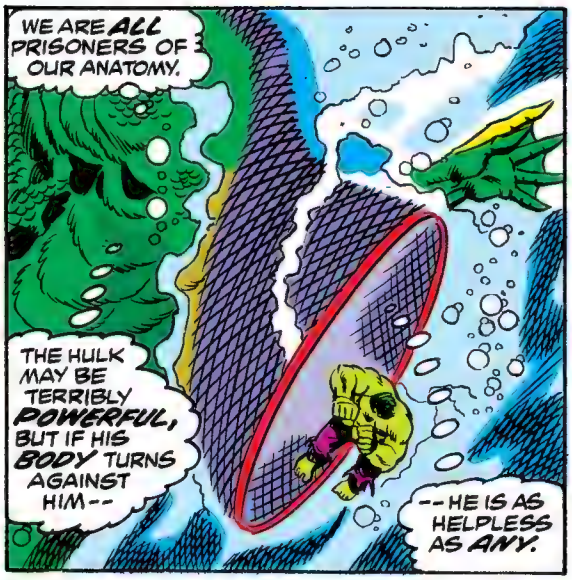
AND WITH YOUR PHYSIQUE, YOU WILL BE OF GREAT SERVICE TO ME.
HULK KNEW IT! LITTLE MAN WANTS HULK TO WORK FOR HIM!

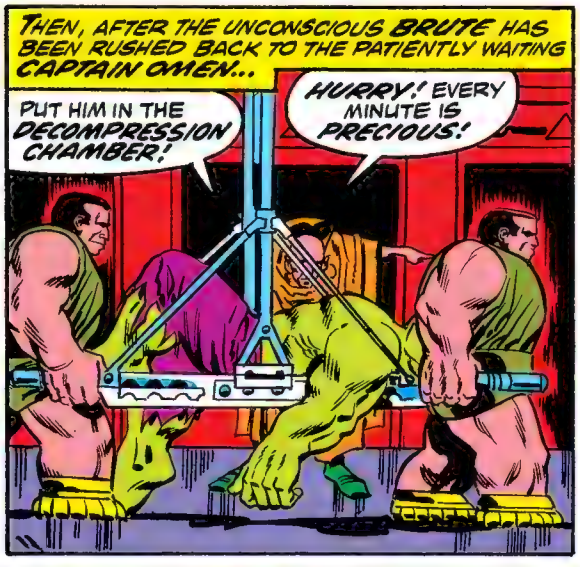
MAKES HULK MAD!
NOBODY EVER WANTS HULK TO DO WHAT HULK WANTS!
MEN EITHER TRY TO HURT HULK OR MAKE HIM DO WHAT THEY SAY!
HULK HAS HAD ENOUGH!
HULK HAS HAD TOO MUCH!
BLOGG...
YOU FOOLS! WHY DID YOU TRY TO LAY HANDS UPON HIM--
--WHEN I SPECIFICALLY ORDERED YOU NOT TO TOUCH HIM?

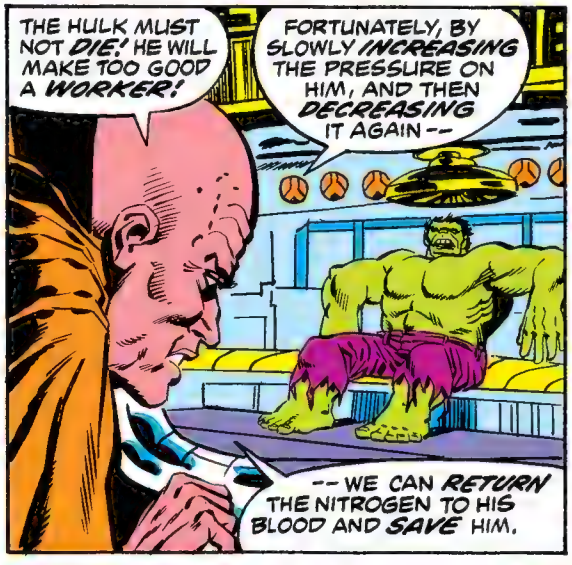

LITTLE MAN MAKES NO SENSE TO HULK! NOTHING MAKES SENSE TO HULK!
ALL HULK KNOWS IS THAT HE MUST BE FREE! FREE!!
BLAM!
FRULP!
HULK IS BACK IN WATER! MUST REMEMBER NOT TO TALK NOW!
THAT WAS UNPARDONABLE! WHERE DO YOU EXPECT HIM TO ESCAPE TO?
AT THIS DEPTH-- AT THIS PRESSURE--
"--HE CANNOT POSSIBLY RISE VERY FAR--
"--BEFORE HE IS STRICKEN WITH THE BENDS!
"THE COMPRESSED BUBBLES OF NITROGEN IN HIS BLOOD STREAM WILL ENLARGE--
"--FILLING HIS ARTERIES AND VEINS, AND CAUSING HIM INTENSE--
"--PAIN!"
ARRGH!
NOW.

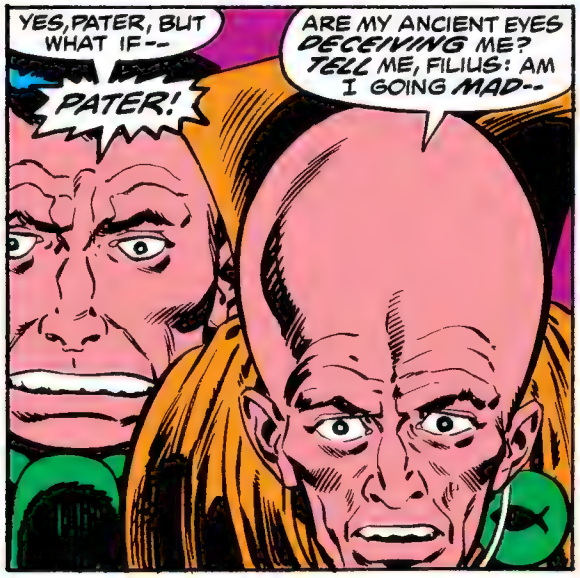
AT THE SOUND OF THAT SIMPLE COMMAND, THE MEN OF CAPTAIN OMEN'S GIGANTIC INFRA-WORLD SNAP TO--
--AND ONLY SECONDS LATER, THE METALLIC MONSTER-SHIP SPEWS FORTH EVEN MORE FEARSOME LIVING MONSTERS:
THE DREADED TOAD-WHALES--THOSE AWESOME, HALF-MYTHOLOGICAL CREATURES SOMETIMES GLIMPSED BY FOOLHARDY UNDERSEA EXPLORERS... THE ONE'S WHO ARE PULLED FROM THE SEA'S EMBRACE WITH THEIR MINDS PERMANENTLY SHATTERED!

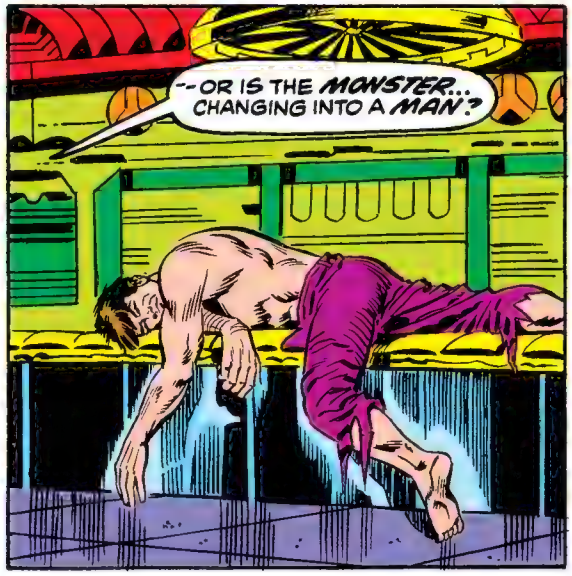

SET A DEMON TO CATCH A DEMON.
THANK NEPTUNE PATER WAS ABLE TO DOMESTICATE THESE HORRORS, THOUGH...
..., FOR OUR BODIES WERE NOT MADE FOR SWIMMING, AND THE HULK DESTROYED OUR MECHANICAL TENTACLES.


WE ARE ALL PRISONERS OF OUR ANATOMY.
THE HULK MAY BE TERRIBLY POWERFUL, BUT IF HIS BODY TURNS AGAINST HIM--
--HE IS AS HELPLESS AS ANY.


THEN, AFTER THE UNCONSCIOUS BRUTE HAS BEEN RUSHED BACK TO THE PATIENTLY WAITING CAPTAIN OMEN...
PUT HIM IN THE DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER!
HURRY! EVERY MINUTE IS PRECIOUS!

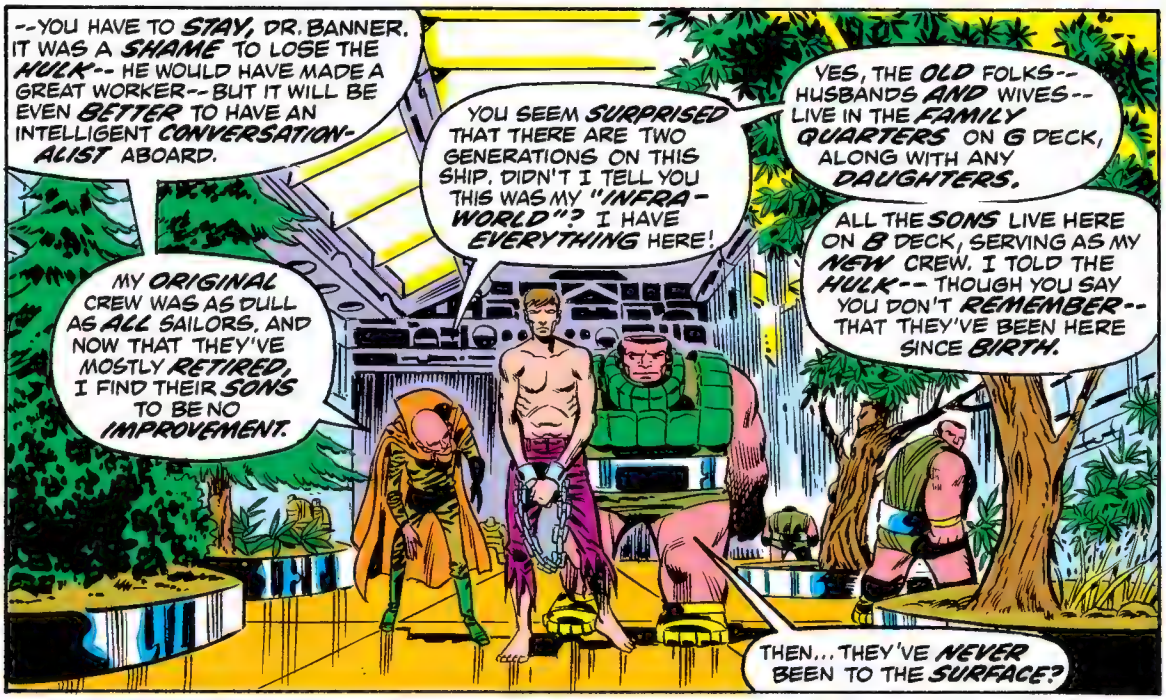

THE HULK MUST NOT DIE! HE WILL MAKE TOO GOOD A WORKER!
FORTUNATELY, BY SLOWLY INCREASING THE PRESSURE ON HIM, AND THEN DECREASING IT AGAIN--
--WE CAN RETURN THE NITROGEN TO HIS BLOOD AND SAVE HIM.

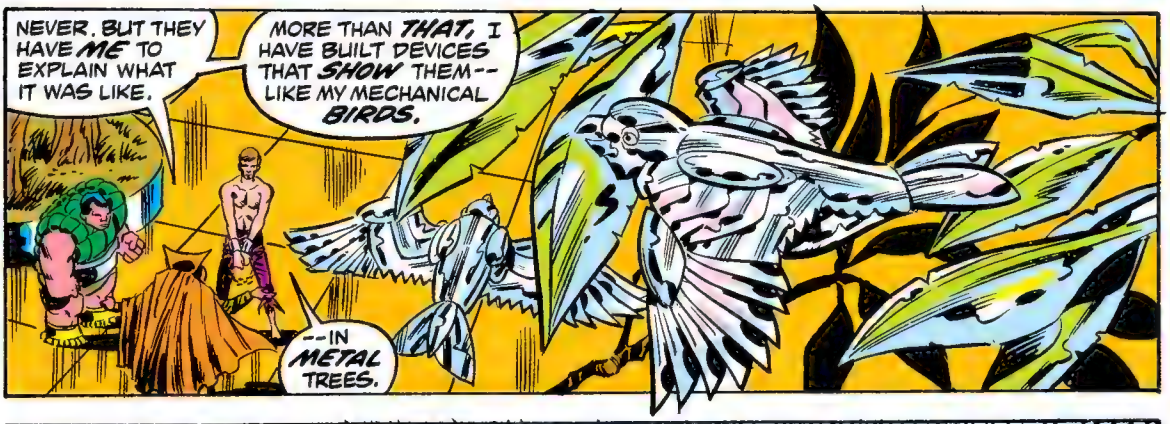

YES, PATER, BUT WHAT IF--
PATER!
ARE MY ANCIENT EYES DECEIVING ME? TELL ME, FILIUS: AM I GOING MAD--

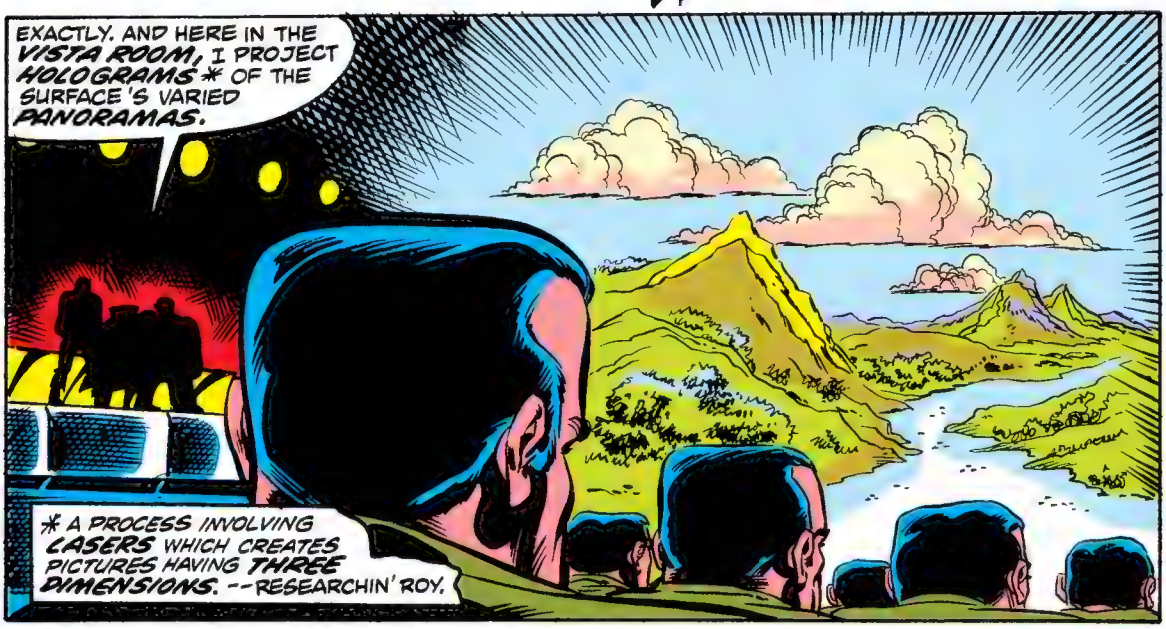

--OR IS THE MONSTER... CHANGING INTO A MAN?

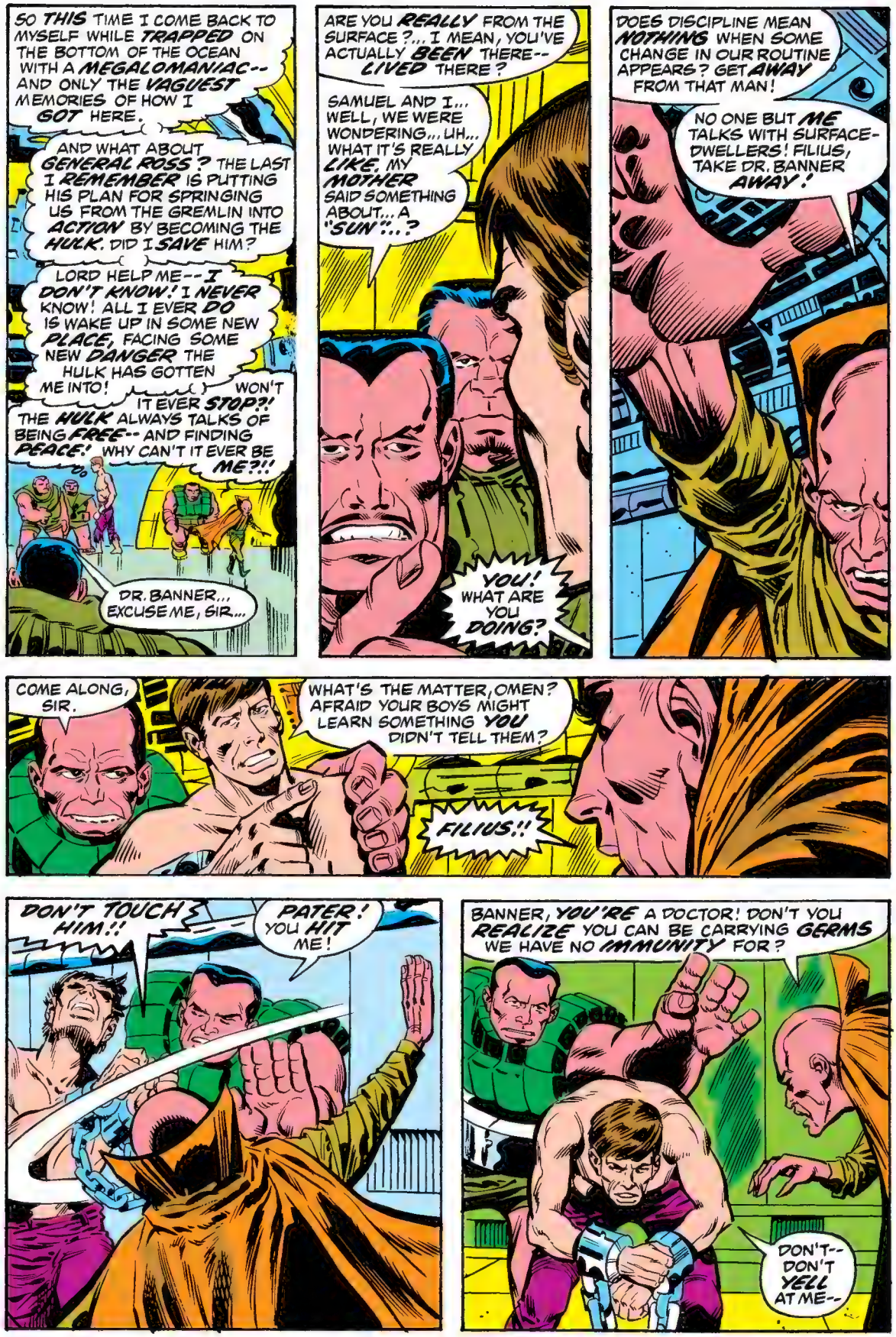
BUT WE SURFACE-DWELLERS HAVE THRILLED TO THAT STRANGE TRANSFORMATION BEFORE--SO WHY DON'T WE TAKE THIS MOMENT TO VIEW THE DOINGS AT PROJECT: GREENSKIN?
YOUR FATHER'S PILOTS HAVE BEEN DEBRIEFED, MRS. TALBOT, AND NOW THERE'S NO POSSIBILITY OF ERROR--
--GEN. ROSS WAS CAPTURED BY RUSSIAN SUPER-SOLDIERS OUTSIDE THEIR BORDER 48 HOURS AGO.*
BUT SO FAR, THE SOVIETS HAVE REFUSED TO ADMIT THE ACT, AND WITHOUT THAT--
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? THAT A CLEAR CASE OF AGGRESSION IS GOING TO GO UNPUNISHED?
*LAST ISH, AGAIN. -- ROY.
OFFICIALLY, THE ANSWER IS YES, MAJOR TALBOT. INTERNATIONAL POLITICS IS NOT THE O.K. CORRAL--
HB X-10
EXPERIMENTAL
--AND THE PRESIDENT ISN'T GOING TO START WORLD WAR III OVER ONE MAN--NOT EVEN A GENERAL.
BUT UNOFFICIALLY--WELL, THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED IN NICK FURY AND SHIELD.
ME 'N' SOME O' THE BOYS ARE GOIN' IN THERE AN' BUST ROSS LOOSE--JUST LIKE WE WERE BACK WITH THE HOWLERS.
WHY, COLONEL--I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN INFORMED! WASHINGTON ACCEPTED YOUR PLAN, AND EXPECTS YOU TO LEND YOUR EXPERTISE--
--BUT THEY JUST THIS MORNING DECIDED TO KEEP THE MISSION WITHIN THE AIRFORCE.
HUH? BUT WHY, MR. COLMAN?
BECAUSE, FRANKLY, WITH THE VIETNAM UNPLEASANTNESS TAKEN CARE OF, THE SERVICE HAS A GREAT MANY CAREER OFFICERS WITH COMMANDO TRAINING AND NO PLACE TO USE IT.
HERE'S THE MAN THE BRASS CHOSE FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT--

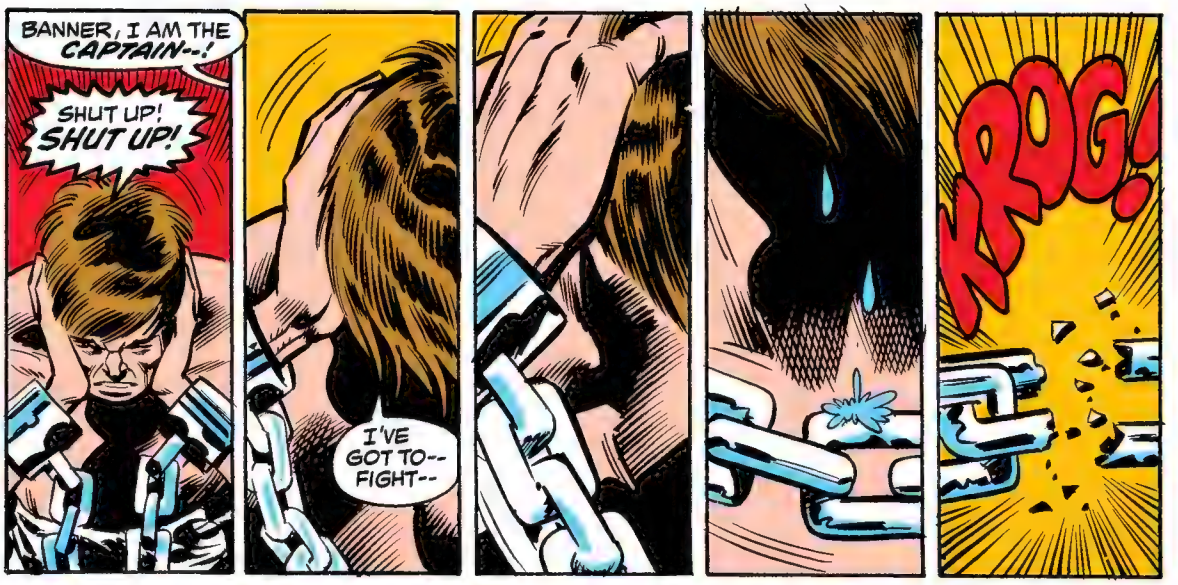
COLONEL JOHN D. ARMBRUSTER!
PUT 'ER THERE, FURY! AND LET'S NOT BE FORMAL...
YOU CAN CALL ME JACK!
PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, FURY. YOU'RE STILL LIKE A GOD TO SOME O' MY SOLDIER-BOYS!
WISH OUR WAR COULD'A BEEN AS CLEAN AS YOURS-- BUT, HECK, IT WAS THE ONLY ONE WE HAD, RIGHT?
UH...YEAH...
CLEAN...
USAF
NOW THEN, SINCE YOUR NAMEPLATE SAYS TALBOT AND YOUR SHOULDER SAYS MAJOR, YOU MUST BE THE GENERAL'S SON-IN-LAW.
DON'T YOU WORRY, TALBOT! I'LL SAVE YOUR DADDY!
SIR--REQUEST PERMISSION TO ACCOMPANY YOU ON THIS ENDEAVOR.
GLENN! NO!
MY MIND'S MADE UP, BETTY! I'VE WORKED WITH YOUR FATHER FOR A LOT OF YEARS, AND I OWE HIM EVERYTHING I HAVE: MY CAREER... AND YOU.
THIS IS MY CHANCE TO REPAY HIM, JUST A LITTLE.
I HAVE TO GO.


--YOU HAVE TO STAY, DR. BANNER. IT WAS A SHAME TO LOSE THE HULK-- HE WOULD HAVE MADE A GREAT WORKER-- BUT IT WILL BE EVEN BETTER TO HAVE AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATIONALIST ABOARD.
YOU SEEM SURPRISED THAT THERE ARE TWO GENERATIONS ON THIS SHIP. DIDN'T I TELL YOU THIS WAS MY "INFRA-WORLD"? I HAVE EVERYTHING HERE!
YES, THE OLD FOLKS-- HUSBANDS AND WIVES-- LIVE IN THE FAMILY QUARTERS ON 6 DECK, ALONG WITH ANY DAUGHTERS.
MY ORIGINAL CREW WAS AS DULL AS ALL SAILORS, AND NOW THAT THEY'VE MOSTLY RETIRED, I FIND THEIR SONS TO BE NO IMPROVEMENT.
ALL THE SONS LIVE HERE ON 8 DECK, SERVING AS MY NEW CREW. I TOLD THE HULK-- THOUGH YOU SAY YOU DON'T REMEMBER-- THAT THEY'VE BEEN HERE SINCE BIRTH.
THEN... THEY'VE NEVER BEEN TO THE SURFACE?

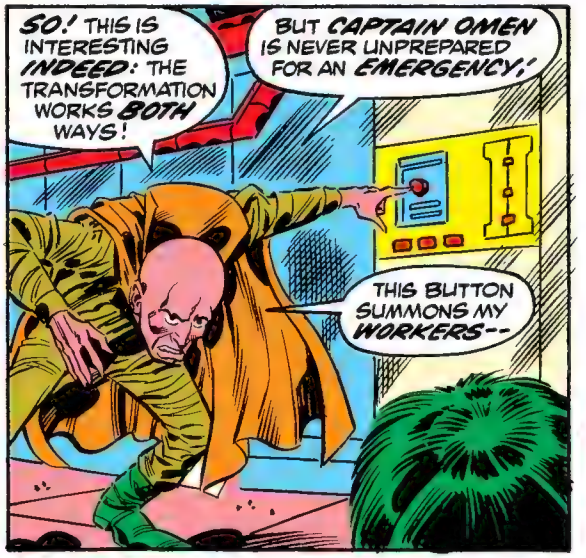

NEVER. BUT THEY HAVE ME TO EXPLAIN WHAT IT WAS LIKE.
MORE THAN THAT, I HAVE BUILT DEVICES THAT SHOW THEM-- LIKE MY MECHANICAL BIRDS.
--IN METAL TREES.

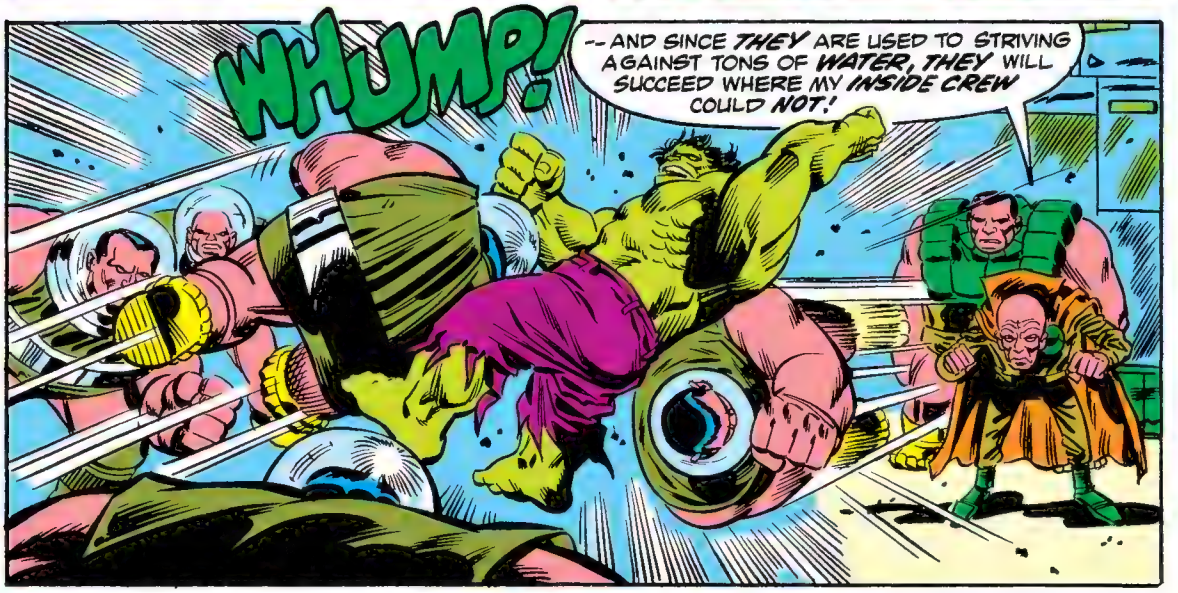

EXACTLY. AND HERE IN THE VISTA ROOM, I PROJECT HOLOGRAMS* OF THE SURFACE'S VARIED PANORAMAS.
* A PROCESS INVOLVING LASERS WHICH CREATES PICTURES HAVING THREE DIMENSIONS. --RESEARCHIN' ROY.

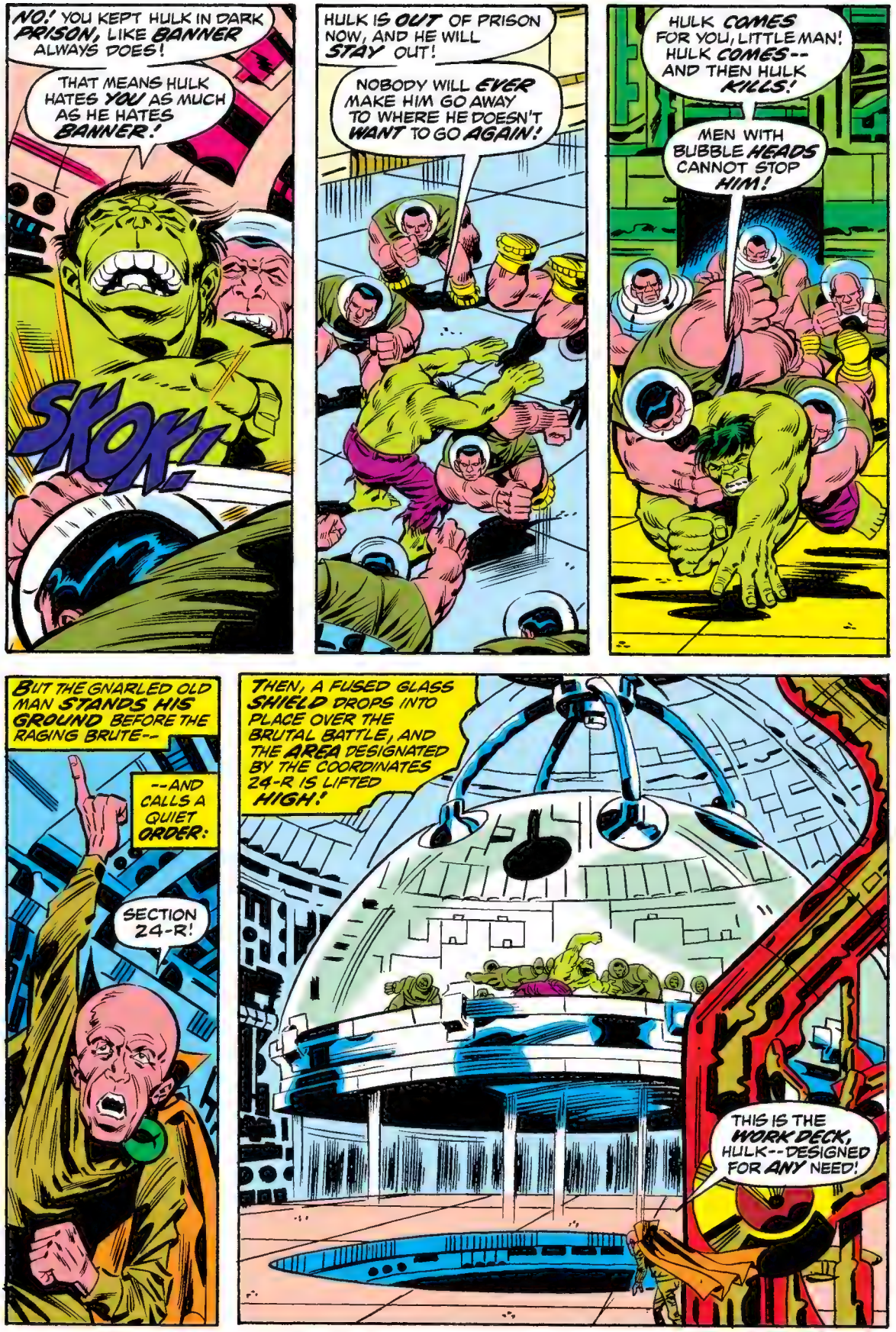

SO THIS TIME I COME BACK TO MYSELF WHILE TRAPPED ON THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN WITH A MEGALOMANIAC-- AND ONLY THE VAGUEST MEMORIES OF HOW I GOT HERE.
AND WHAT ABOUT GENERAL ROSS? THE LAST I REMEMBER IS PUTTING HIS PLAN FOR SPRINGING US FROM THE GREMLIN INTO ACTION BY BECOMING THE HULK. DID I SAVE HIM?
LORD HELP ME-- I DON'T KNOW! I NEVER KNOW! ALL I EVER DO IS WAKE UP IN SOME NEW PLACE, FACING SOME NEW DANGER THE HULK HAS GOTTEN ME INTO!
WON'T IT EVER STOP?! THE HULK ALWAYS TALKS OF BEING FREE-- AND FINDING PEACE! WHY CAN'T IT EVER BE ME?!!
DR. BANNER... EXCUSE ME, SIR...
ARE YOU REALLY FROM THE SURFACE?... I MEAN, YOU'VE ACTUALLY BEEN THERE-- LIVED THERE?
SAMUEL AND I... WELL, WE WERE WONDERING... UH... WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE. MY MOTHER SAID SOMETHING ABOUT... A "SUN"...?
YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DOES DISCIPLINE MEAN NOTHING WHEN SOME CHANGE IN OUR ROUTINE APPEARS? GET AWAY FROM THAT MAN!
NO ONE BUT ME TALKS WITH SURFACE-DWELLERS! FILIUS, TAKE DR. BANNER AWAY!
COME ALONG, SIR.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, OMEN? AFRAID YOUR BOYS MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T TELL THEM?
FILIUS!!
DON'T TOUCH HIM!!
PATER! YOU HIT ME!
BANNER, YOU'RE A DOCTOR! DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU CAN BE CARRYING GERMS WE HAVE NO IMMUNITY FOR?
DON'T-- DON'T YELL AT ME--


BANNER, I AM THE CAPTAIN--!
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!
I'VE GOT TO-- FIGHT--
KROG!

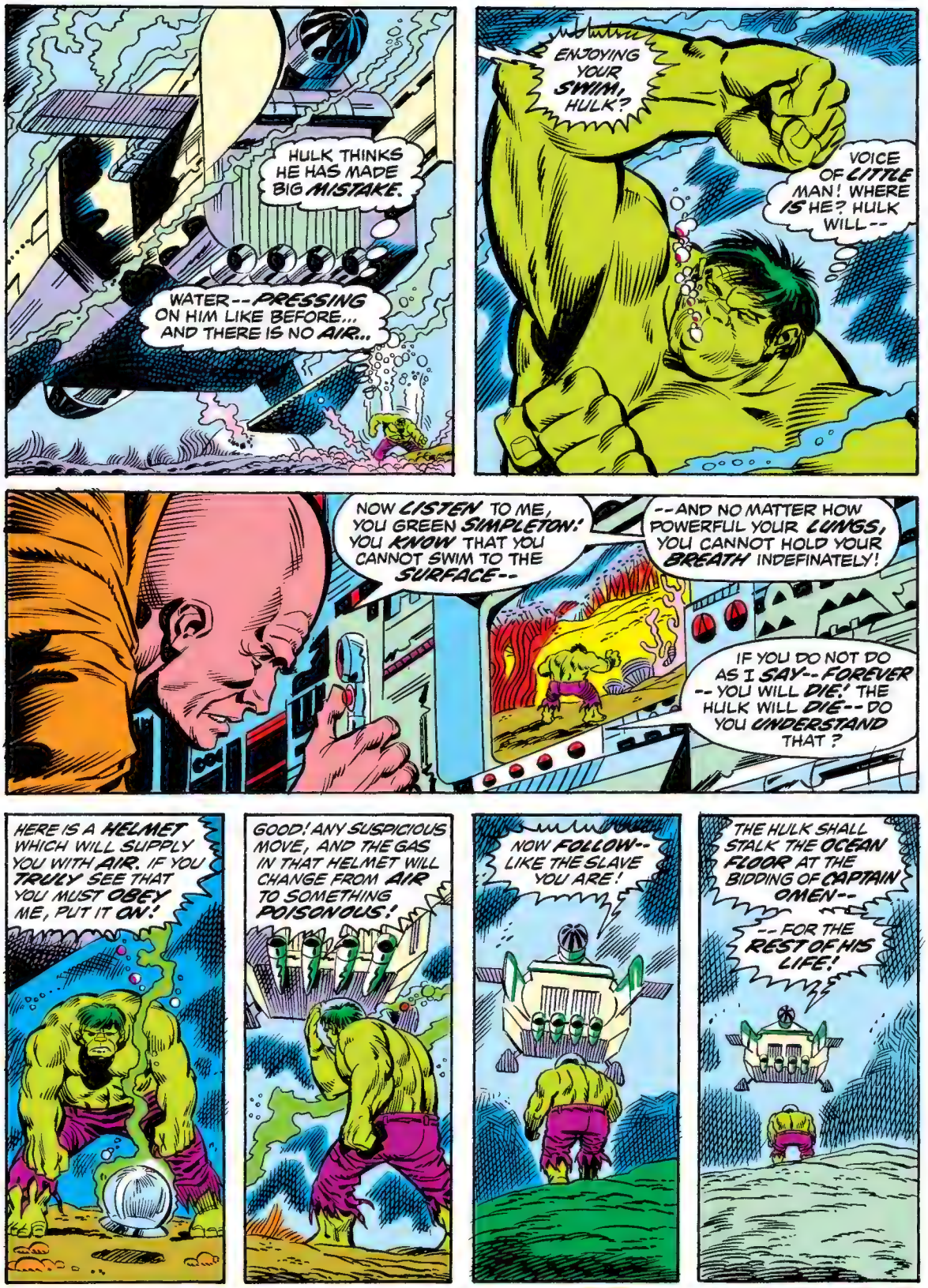
WHO PUTS HULK IN CHAINS?
HULK WILL SMASH HIM!


SO! THIS IS INTERESTING INDEED: THE TRANSFORMATION WORKS BOTH WAYS!
BUT CAPTAIN OMEN IS NEVER UNPREPARED FOR AN EMERGENCY!
THIS BUTTON SUMMONS MY WORKERS--


WHUMP!
--AND SINCE THEY ARE USED TO STRIVING AGAINST TONS OF WATER, THEY WILL SUCCEED WHERE MY INSIDE CREW COULD NOT!


NO! YOU KEPT HULK IN DARK PRISON, LIKE BANNER ALWAYS DOES!
THAT MEANS HULK HATES YOU AS MUCH AS HE HATES BANNER!
SKOK!
HULK IS OUT OF PRISON NOW, AND HE WILL STAY OUT!
NOBODY WILL EVER MAKE HIM GO AWAY TO WHERE HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO AGAIN!
HULK COMES FOR YOU, LITTLE MAN! HULK COMES-- AND THEN HULK KILLS!
MEN WITH BUBBLE HEADS CANNOT STOP HIM!
BUT THE GNARLED OLD MAN STANDS HIS GROUND BEFORE THE RAGING BRUTE--
--AND CALLS A QUIET ORDER:
SECTION 24-R!
THEN, A FUSED GLASS SHIELD DROPS INTO PLACE OVER THE BRUTAL BATTLE, AND THE AREA DESIGNATED BY THE COORDINATES 24-R IS LIFTED HIGH!
THIS IS THE WORK DECK, HULK--DESIGNED FOR ANY NEED!

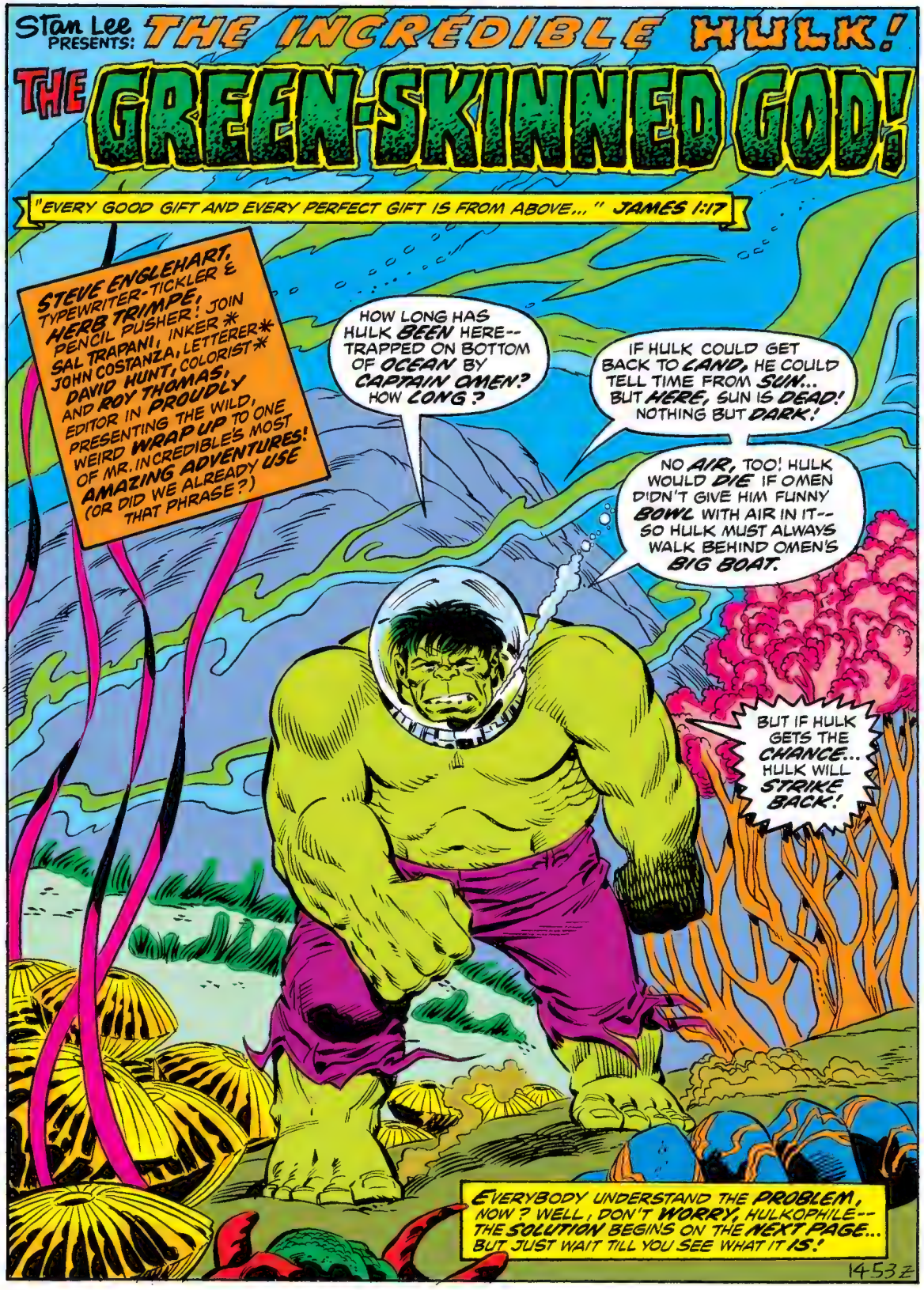
OBLIVIOUS TO ALL ELSE IN HIS DESIRE TO BREAK THROUGH THE CORDON OF HIS FOES, THE INCREDIBLE ONE NEVER EVEN NOTICES AS HIS ARENA OF COMBAT SLIDES QUICKLY OUTSIDE THE HUGE VESSEL--
--AND IS DROPPED ONTO BILLOWING SILT.
PLUD!
BUT THEN:
HA! HULK SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT BEFORE!
LITTLE MAN TRIES TO TRAP HULK INSIDE GLASS BOWL--
--BUT LITTLE MAN IS STUPID, BECAUSE HULK CAN BREAK GLASS!
CHARSH!
VERY GOOD, MONSTER.
JUST AS I ANTICIPATED.

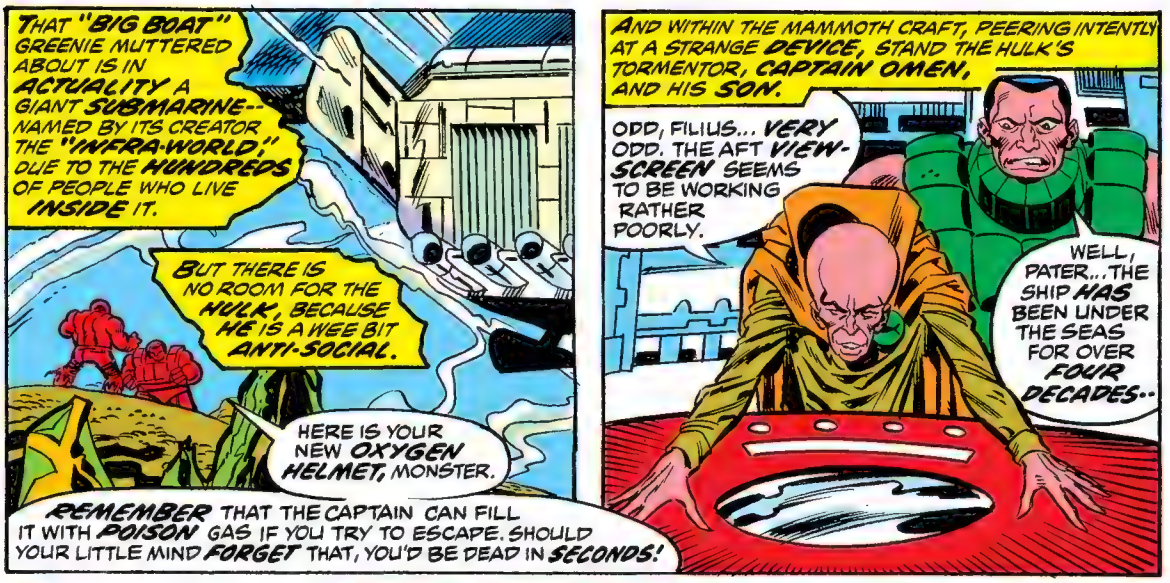

HULK THINKS HE HAS MADE BIG MISTAKE.
WATER--PRESSING ON HIM LIKE BEFORE... AND THERE IS NO AIR..
ENJOYING YOUR SWIM, HULK?
VOICE OF LITTLE MAN! WHERE IS HE? HULK WILL--
NOW LISTEN TO ME, YOU GREEN SIMPLETON! YOU KNOW THAT YOU CANNOT SWIM TO THE SURFACE--
--AND NO MATTER HOW POWERFUL YOUR LUNGS, YOU CANNOT HOLD YOUR BREATH INDEFINATELY!
IF YOU DO NOT DO AS I SAY--FOREVER --YOU WILL DIE! THE HULK WILL DIE--DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT ?
HERE IS A HELMET WHICH WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH AIR. IF YOU TRULY SEE THAT YOU MUST OBEY ME, PUT IT ON!
GOOD! ANY SUSPICIOUS MOVE, AND THE GAS IN THAT HELMET WILL CHANGE FROM AIR TO SOMETHING POISONOUS!
NOW FOLLOW--LIKE THE SLAVE YOU ARE!
THE HULK SHALL STALK THE OCEAN FLOOR AT THE BIDDING OF CAPTAIN OMEN--
--FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!

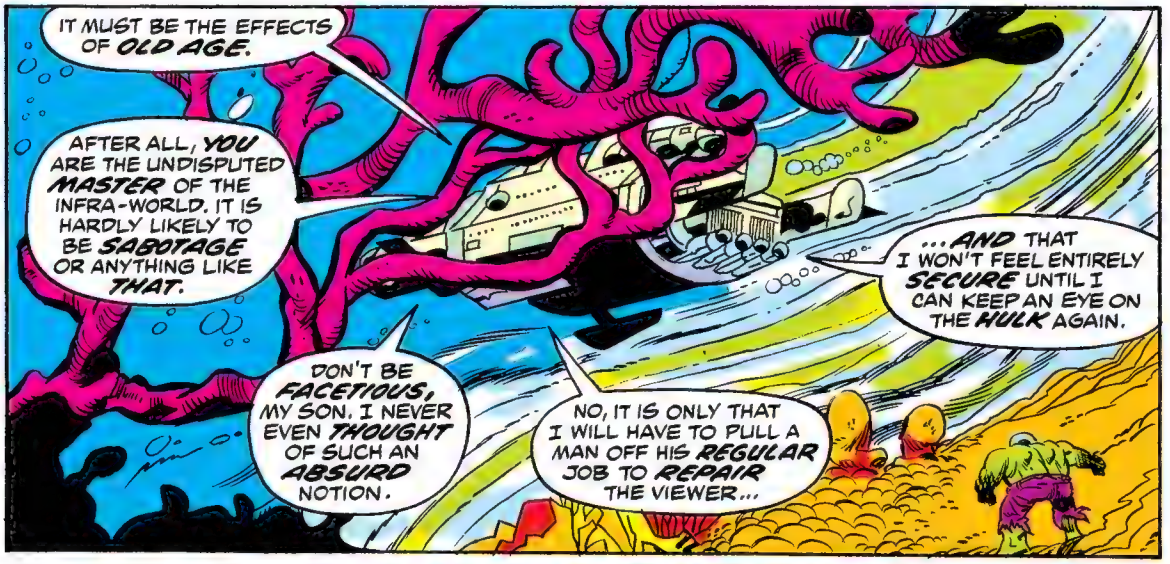
WELL, OL' GREENIE HAS GOTTEN HIMSELF INTO A HECK OF A MESS THIS TIME! WHATEVER ELSE YOU'VE GOT PLANNED FOR APRIL, DON'T START IT OFF WITHOUT HULK #165:

TO BECOME A GOD!

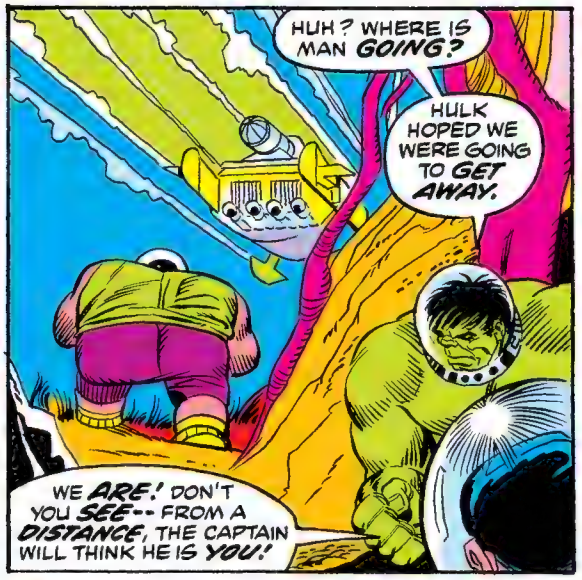
INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢ 165 JULY 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
I WAS CREATED TO BREATHE UNDERWATER... BUT YOU WERE NOT!!
IN SECONDS, GREENSKIN, THIS CHAMBER WILL BE FILLED WITH PURE H_2O!!
TRIMPE
Featuring: THE MIND-BENDING MENACE OF AQUON --THE MURDEROUS MAN-FISH!!

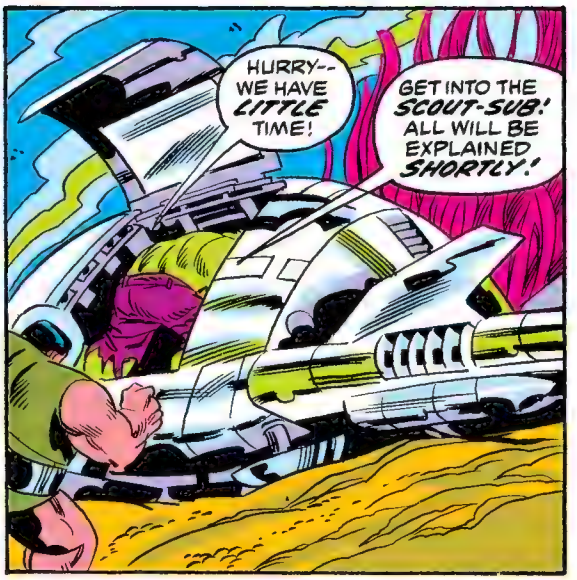

STan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!
THE GREEN-SKINNED GOD!
"EVERY GOOD GIFT AND EVERY PERFECT GIFT IS FROM ABOVE..." JAMES 1:17
STEVE ENGLEHART, TYPEWRITER-TICKLER & HERB TRIMPE, PENCIL PUSHER! JOIN SAL TRAPANI, INKER * JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER * DAVID HUNT, COLORIST * AND ROY THOMAS, EDITOR IN PROUDLY PRESENTING THE WILD, WEIRD WRAP UP TO ONE OF MR. INCREDIBLE'S MOST AMAZING ADVENTURES! (OR DID WE ALREADY USE THAT PHRASE?)
HOW LONG HAS HULK BEEN HERE-- TRAPPED ON BOTTOM OF OCEAN BY CAPTAIN OMEN? HOW LONG?
IF HULK COULD GET BACK TO LAND, HE COULD TELL TIME FROM SUN... BUT HERE, SUN IS DEAD! NOTHING BUT DARK!
NO AIR, TOO! HULK WOULD DIE IF OMEN DIDN'T GIVE HIM FUNNY BOWL WITH AIR IN IT-- SO HULK MUST ALWAYS WALK BEHIND OMEN'S BIG BOAT.
BUT IF HULK GETS THE CHANCE... HULK WILL STRIKE BACK!
EVERYBODY UNDERSTAND THE PROBLEM, NOW? WELL, DON'T WORRY, HULKOPHILE-- THE SOLUTION BEGINS ON THE NEXT PAGE... BUT JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT IT IS!
1453Z

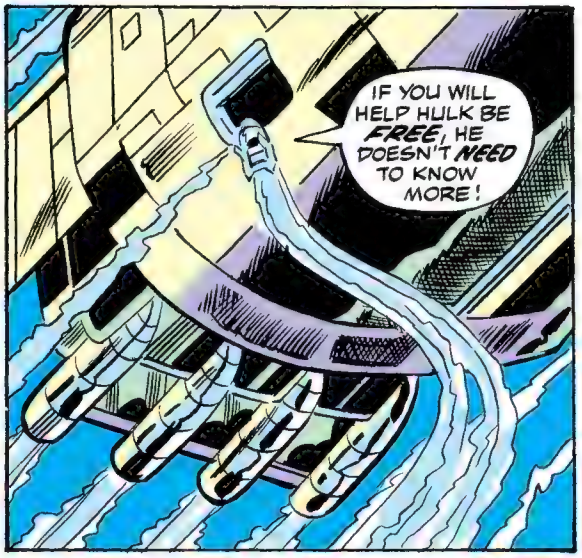

THAT "BIG BOAT" GREENIE MUTTERED ABOUT IS IN ACTUALITY A GIANT SUBMARINE-- NAMED BY ITS CREATOR THE "INFRA-WORLD!" DUE TO THE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE INSIDE IT.
BUT THERE IS NO ROOM FOR THE HULK, BECAUSE HE IS A WEE BIT ANTI-SOCIAL.
HERE IS YOUR NEW OXYGEN HELMET, MONSTER.
REMEMBER THAT THE CAPTAIN CAN FILL IT WITH POISON GAS IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE. SHOULD YOUR LITTLE MIND FORGET THAT, YOU'D BE DEAD IN SECONDS!
AND WITHIN THE MAMMOTH CRAFT, PEERING INTENTLY AT A STRANGE DEVICE, STAND THE HULK'S TORMENTOR, CAPTAIN OMEN, AND HIS SON.
ODD, FILIUS... VERY ODD. THE AFT VIEW-SCREEN SEEMS TO BE WORKING RATHER POORLY.
WELL, PATER... THE SHIP HAS BEEN UNDER THE SEAS FOR OVER FOUR DECADES..


IT MUST BE THE EFFECTS OF OLD AGE.
AFTER ALL, YOU ARE THE UNDISPUTED MASTER OF THE INFRA-WORLD. IT IS HARDLY LIKELY TO BE SABOTAGE OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
DON'T BE FACETIOUS, MY SON. I NEVER EVEN THOUGHT OF SUCH AN ABSURD NOTION.
NO, IT IS ONLY THAT I WILL HAVE TO PULL A MAN OFF HIS REGULAR JOB TO REPAIR THE VIEWER...
...AND THAT I WON'T FEEL ENTIRELY SECURE UNTIL I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON THE HULK AGAIN.

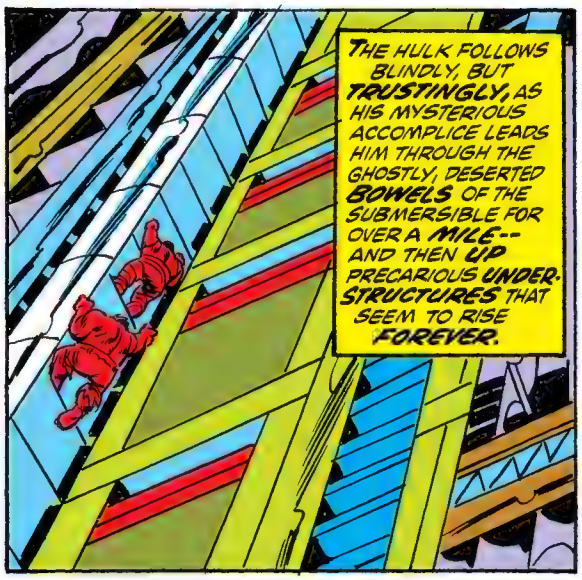
WHAT CAN HULK DO? HE DOESN'T WANT TO DIE, BUT HULK CANNOT BE SLAVE!
HULK! HULK!
WHO TALKS TO HULK? THERE IS NOBODY HERE IN WATER BUT HIM AND FISH.
NO, HULK. OVER HERE.. BEHIND THE SEAWEED.
COME. PLEASE!


HUH? WHERE IS MAN GOING?
HULK HOPED WE WERE GOING TO GET AWAY.
WE ARE! DON'T YOU SEE-- FROM A DISTANCE, THE CAPTAIN WILL THINK HE IS YOU!

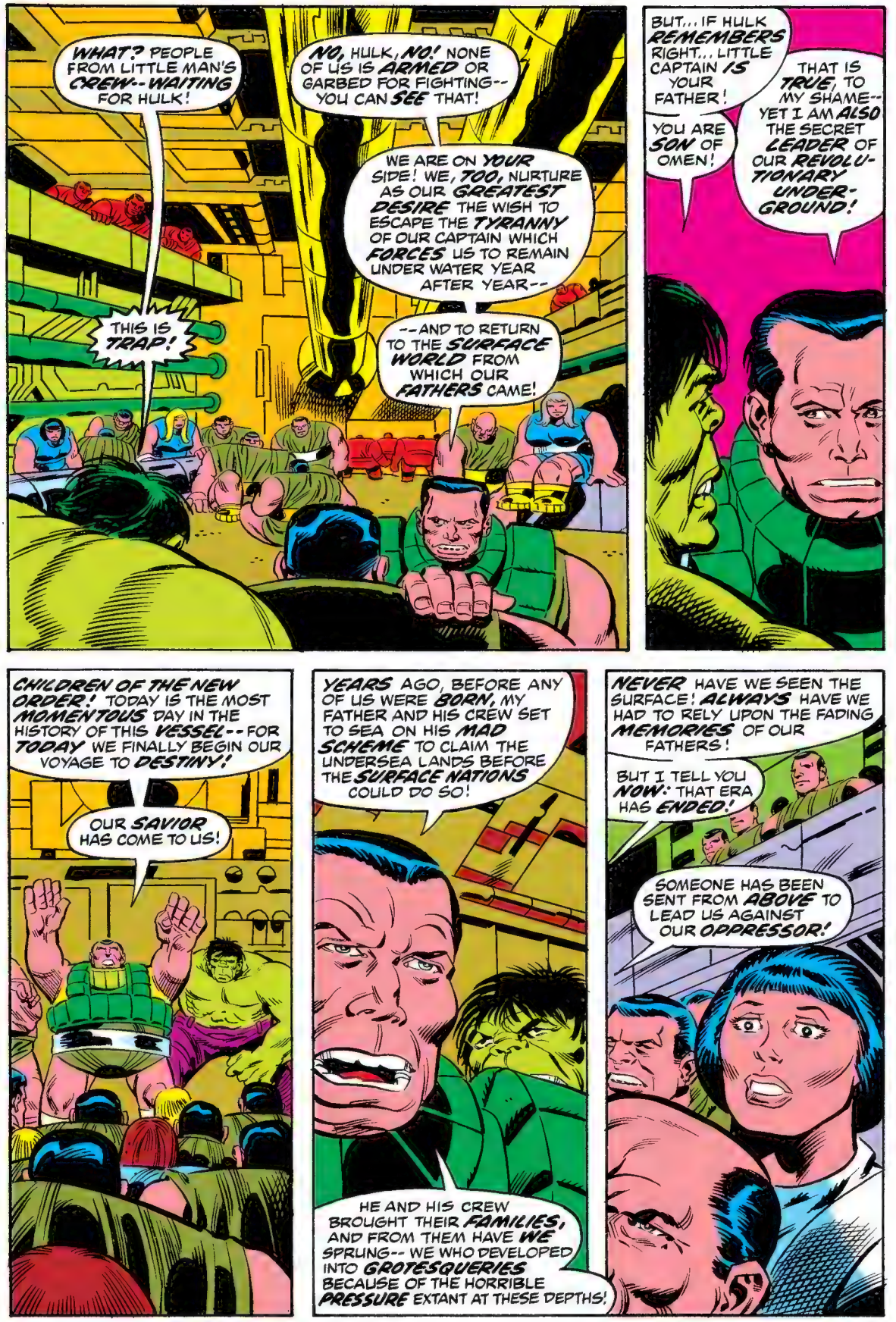

HURRY-- WE HAVE LITTLE TIME!
GET INTO THE SCOUT-SUB! ALL WILL BE EXPLAINED SHORTLY!

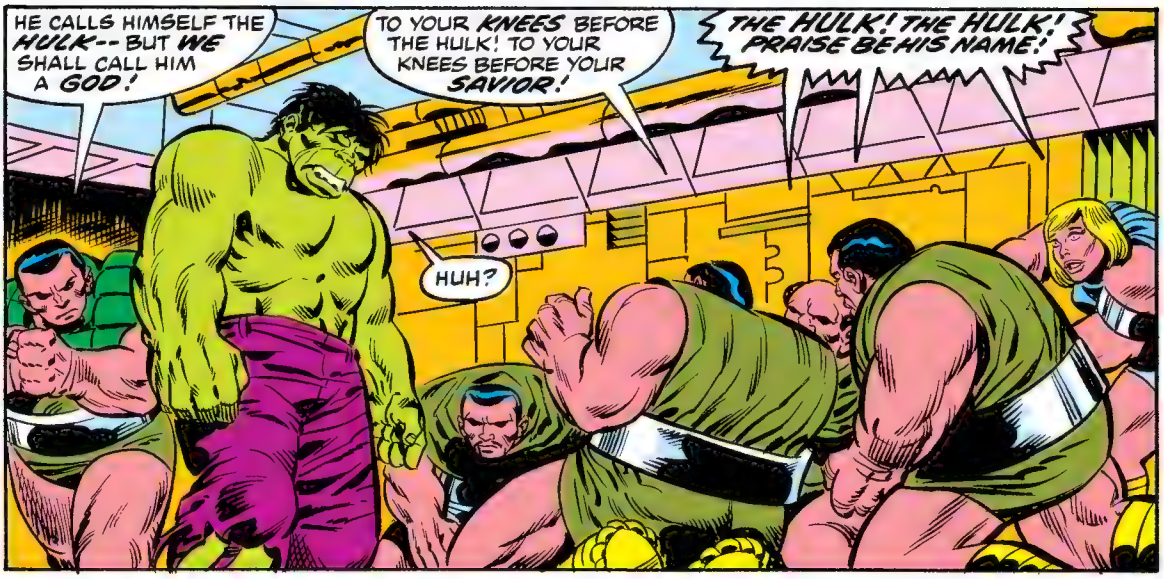

IF YOU WILL HELP HULK BE FREE, HE DOESN'T NEED TO KNOW MORE!

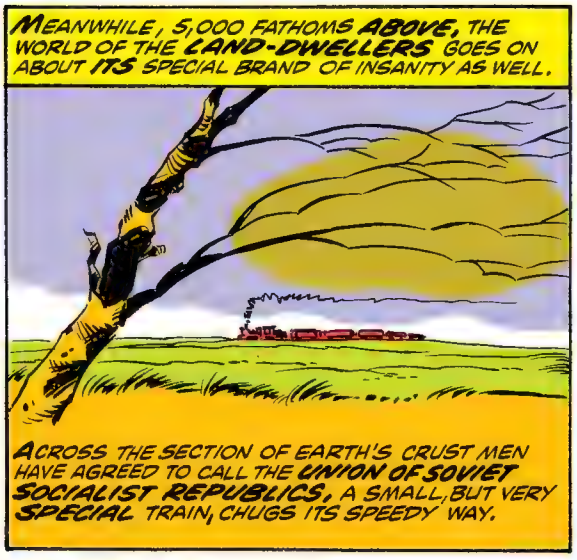
NEVERTHELESS, YOU MUST KNOW-- BECAUSE YOU ARE THE REASON AND THE WAY!
NOW, REMAIN SILENT UNTIL I TELL YOU! WE WILL HAVE TO SNEAK THROUGH THE OUTER HULL OF THE SHIP, AND ANY NOISE COULD GIVE US AWAY!

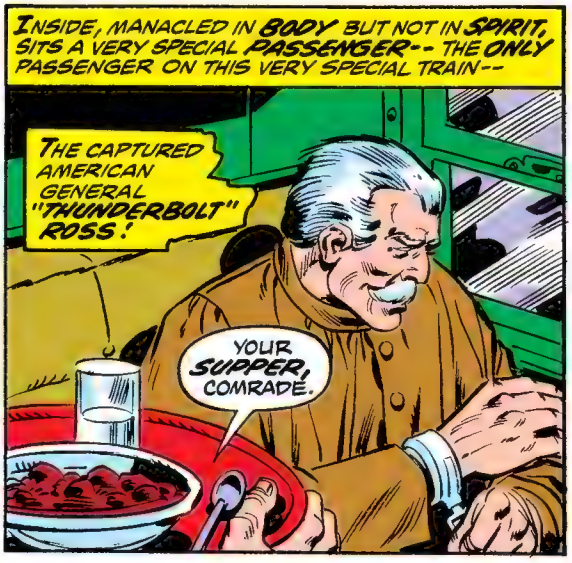

THE HULK FOLLOWS BLINDLY, BUT TRUSTINGLY, AS HIS MYSTERIOUS ACCOMPLICE LEADS HIM THROUGH THE GHOSTLY, DESERTED BOWELS OF THE SUBMERSIBLE FOR OVER A MILE-- AND THEN UP PRECARIOUS UNDER-STRUCTURES THAT SEEM TO RISE FOREVER.

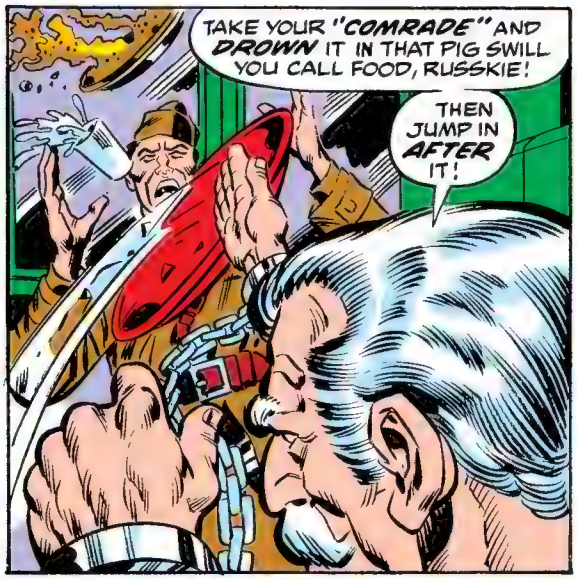
UNTIL...
NOW WE ARE SAFE-- THE CAPTAIN HASN'T BEEN IN THIS PART OF THE SHIP IN YEARS.
JUST STEP BEYOND THIS DOOR, AND YOU WILL LEARN EVERY-THING.

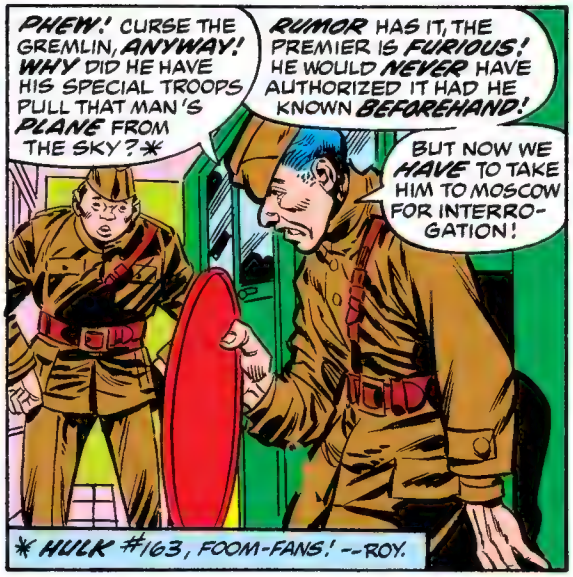

WHAT? PEOPLE FROM LITTLE MAN'S CREW--WAITING FOR HULK!
NO, HULK, NO! NONE OF US IS ARMED OR GARBED FOR FIGHTING--YOU CAN SEE THAT!
WE ARE ON YOUR SIDE! WE, TOO, NURTURE AS OUR GREATEST DESIRE THE WISH TO ESCAPE THE TYRANNY OF OUR CAPTAIN WHICH FORCES US TO REMAIN UNDER WATER YEAR AFTER YEAR--
THIS IS TRAP!
--AND TO RETURN TO THE SURFACE WORLD FROM WHICH OUR FATHERS CAME!
BUT... IF HULK REMEMBERS RIGHT... LITTLE CAPTAIN IS YOUR FATHER!
YOU ARE SON OF OMEN!
THAT IS TRUE, TO MY SHAME--YET I AM ALSO THE SECRET LEADER OF OUR REVOLUTIONARY UNDERGROUND!
CHILDREN OF THE NEW ORDER! TODAY IS THE MOST MOMENTOUS DAY IN THE HISTORY OF THIS VESSEL--FOR TODAY WE FINALLY BEGIN OUR VOYAGE TO DESTINY!
OUR SAVIOR HAS COME TO US!
YEARS AGO, BEFORE ANY OF US WERE BORN, MY FATHER AND HIS CREW SET TO SEA ON HIS MAD SCHEME TO CLAIM THE UNDERSEA LANDS BEFORE THE SURFACE NATIONS COULD DO SO!
HE AND HIS CREW BROUGHT THEIR FAMILIES, AND FROM THEM HAVE WE SPRUNG-- WE WHO DEVELOPED INTO GROTESQUERIES BECAUSE OF THE HORRIBLE PRESSURE EXTANT AT THESE DEPTHS!
NEVER HAVE WE SEEN THE SURFACE! ALWAYS HAVE WE HAD TO RELY UPON THE FADING MEMORIES OF OUR FATHERS!
BUT I TELL YOU NOW: THAT ERA HAS ENDED!
SOMEONE HAS BEEN SENT FROM ABOVE TO LEAD US AGAINST OUR OPPRESSOR!


HE CALLS HIMSELF THE HULK-- BUT WE SHALL CALL HIM A GOD!
TO YOUR KNEES BEFORE THE HULK! TO YOUR KNEES BEFORE YOUR SAVIOR!
THE HULK! THE HULK! PRAISE BE HIS NAME!
HUH?

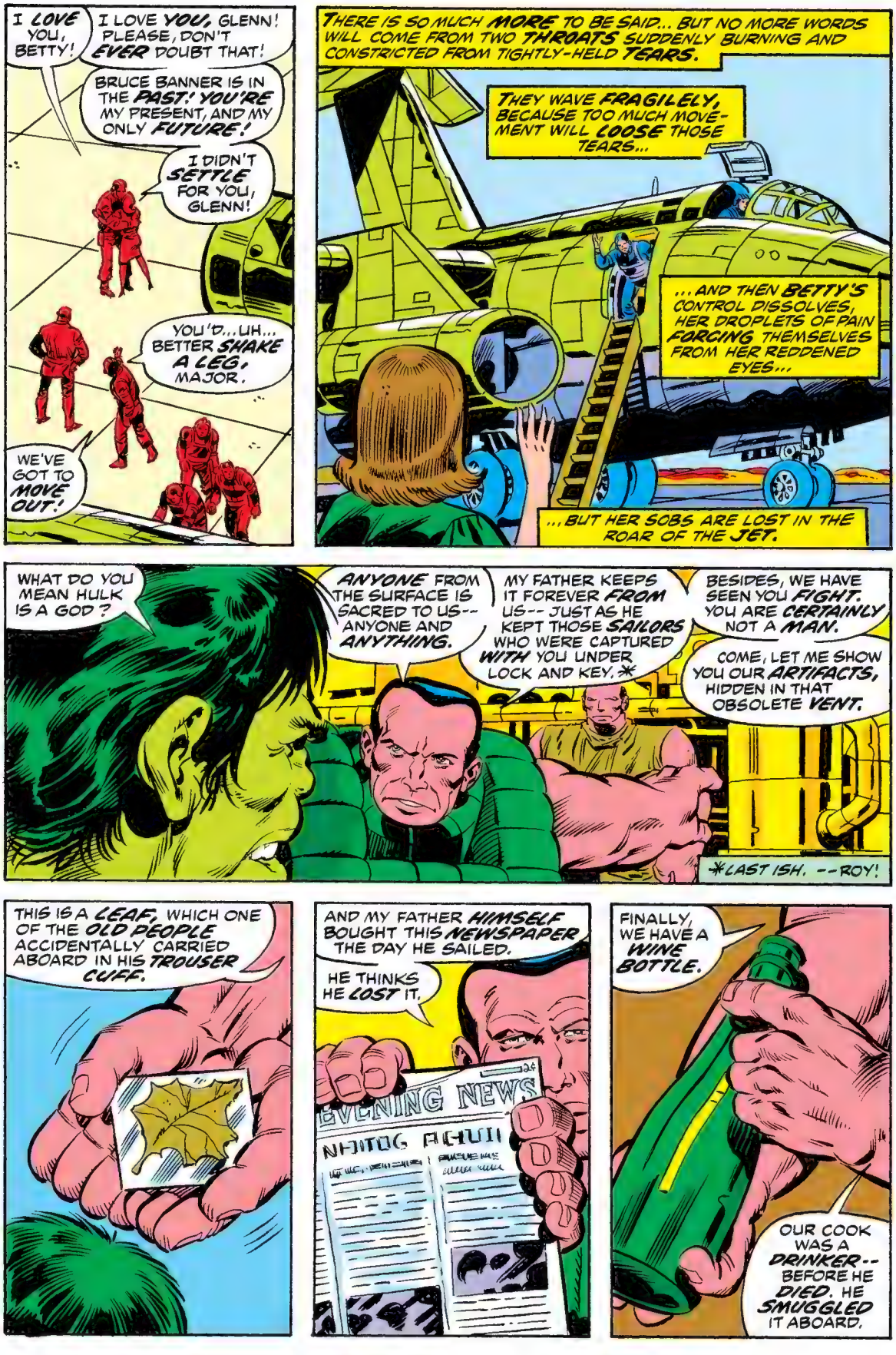

MEANWHILE, 5,000 FATHOMS ABOVE, THE WORLD OF THE LAND-DWELLERS GOES ON ABOUT ITS SPECIAL BRAND OF INSANITY AS WELL.
ACROSS THE SECTION OF EARTH'S CRUST MEN HAVE AGREED TO CALL THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS, A SMALL, BUT VERY SPECIAL TRAIN, CHUGS ITS SPEEDY WAY.


INSIDE, MANACLED IN BODY BUT NOT IN SPIRIT, SITS A VERY SPECIAL PASSENGER-- THE ONLY PASSENGER ON THIS VERY SPECIAL TRAIN--
THE CAPTURED AMERICAN GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS!
YOUR SUPPER, COMRADE.


TAKE YOUR "COMRADE" AND DROWN IT IN THAT PIG SWILL YOU CALL FOOD, RUSSKIE!
THEN JUMP IN AFTER IT!

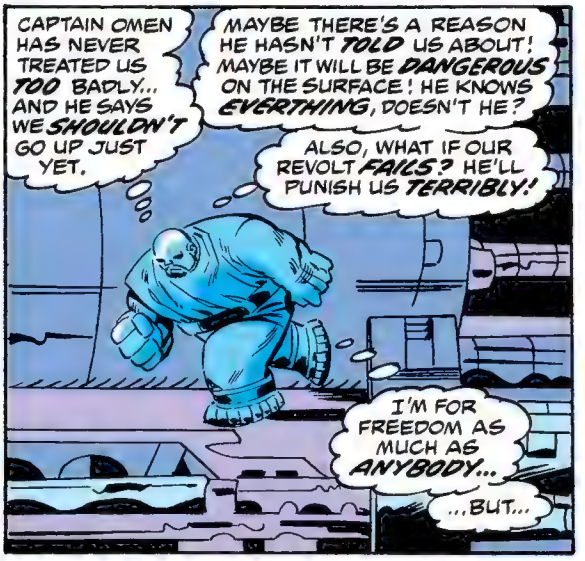

PHEW! CURSE THE GREMLIN, ANYWAY! WHY DID HE HAVE HIS SPECIAL TROOPS PULL THAT MAN'S PLANE FROM THE SKY?*
RUMOR HAS IT, THE PREMIER IS FURIOUS! HE WOULD NEVER HAVE AUTHORIZED IT HAD HE KNOWN BEFOREHAND!
BUT NOW WE HAVE TO TAKE HIM TO MOSCOW FOR INTERROGATION!
* HULK #163, FOOM-FANS! --ROY.

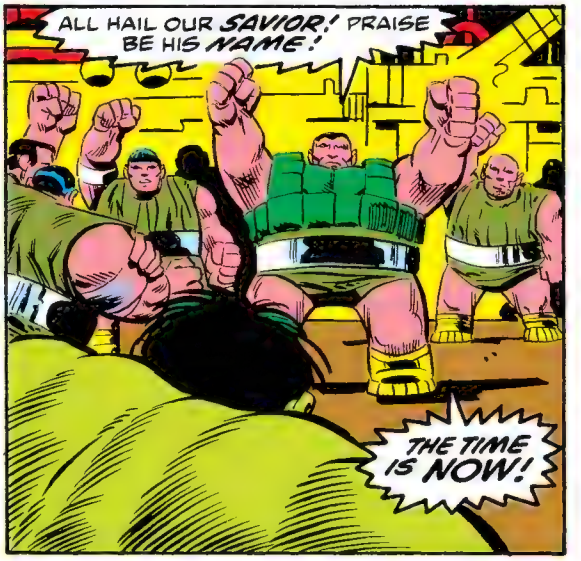
WELL, THIS IS FINALLY IT, OLD TIMER.
LET'S FACE IT: NOBODY'S COMIN' INTO RUSSIA TO SAVE A SOLDIER STUPID ENOUGH TO GET CAUGHT!
BUT IF I'VE GOT TO GO, I'M GLAD IT'S AT THE HANDS OF MY COUNTRY'S ENEMIES, AND NOT MY OWN, LIKE THE HULK!
GIVES IT MORE DIGNITY. HALF THE TIME I HOUNDED THE HULK FOR PERSONAL REASONS, AND NO SOLDIER SHOULD DIE FOR THAT!
I GUESS LEAVING BETTY'S MY ONLY REGRET. THANK GOD SHE MARRIED GLENN BEFORE SHE LOST ME-- SHE NEEDS SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE OF HER.
TALBOT'S A GOOD MAN.
AGREED, GENERAL-- AND JUST HOW GOOD YOU STILL DON'T KNOW.
X-10
AT THE HULKBUSTER BASE...
THANKS A LOT FOR THE COMMANDO TRAINING YOU GAVE MY MEN, FURY. IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE WORKING WITH YOU!
GOOD LUCK, COL. ARMBRUSTER. TAKIN' ROSS OUTTA RUSSIA, YOU'LL NEED IT.
BETTY... DARLING... I DON'T WANT YOU TO WORRY WHILE I'M GONE.
OH, GLENN-- HOW CAN I HELP IT? BOTH THE MEN IN MY LIFE IN DANGER--!
WHAT IF-- INSTEAD OF SAVING MY FATHER-- YOU GET CAUGHT, AS WELL?
HONEY, DURING ALL MY LIFE IN THE SERVICE, I'VE BEEN THE GUY WHO NEVER PLAYED FOR HEROICS... BUT JUST GOT THE JOB DONE, I WOULDN'T BE BREAKING CHARACTER NOW, EXCEPT THAT THIS IS FOR YOUR FATHER--
--BUT I SWEAR TO YOU, I'LL GET THE JOB DONE... AND BOTH OF US WILL COME HOME TO YOU.

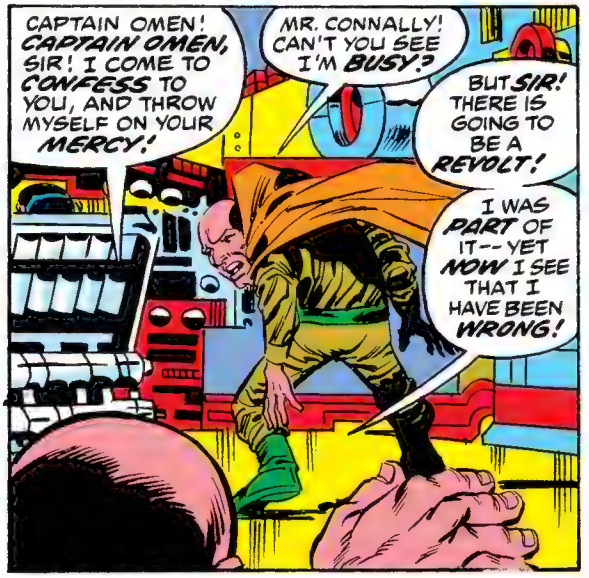

I LOVE YOU, BETTY!
I LOVE YOU, GLENN! PLEASE, DON'T EVER DOUBT THAT!
BRUCE BANNER IS IN THE PAST! YOU'RE MY PRESENT, AND MY ONLY FUTURE!
I DIDN'T SETTLE FOR YOU, GLENN!
YOU'D... UH... BETTER SHAKE A LEG, MAJOR.
WE'VE GOT TO MOVE OUT!
THERE IS SO MUCH MORE TO BE SAID... BUT NO MORE WORDS WILL COME FROM TWO THROATS SUDDENLY BURNING AND CONSTRICTED FROM TIGHTLY-HELD TEARS.
THEY WAVE FRAGILELY, BECAUSE TOO MUCH MOVEMENT WILL LOOSE THOSE TEARS...
...AND THEN BETTY'S CONTROL DISSOLVES, HER DROPLETS OF PAIN FORCING THEMSELVES FROM HER REDDENED EYES...
...BUT HER SOBS ARE LOST IN THE ROAR OF THE JET.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN HULK IS A GOD?
ANYONE FROM THE SURFACE IS SACRED TO US-- ANYONE AND ANYTHING.
MY FATHER KEEPS IT FOREVER FROM US-- JUST AS HE KEPT THOSE SAILORS WHO WERE CAPTURED WITH YOU UNDER LOCK AND KEY.*
BESIDES, WE HAVE SEEN YOU FIGHT. YOU ARE CERTAINLY NOT A MAN.
COME, LET ME SHOW YOU OUR ARTIFACTS, HIDDEN IN THAT OBSOLETE VENT.
*LAST ISH. --ROY!
THIS IS A LEAF, WHICH ONE OF THE OLD PEOPLE ACCIDENTALLY CARRIED ABOARD IN HIS TROUSER CUFF.
AND MY FATHER HIMSELF BOUGHT THIS NEWSPAPER THE DAY HE SAILED.
HE THINKS HE LOST IT.
EVENING NEWS
FINALLY, WE HAVE A WINE BOTTLE.
OUR COOK WAS A DRINKER-- BEFORE HE DIED. HE SMUGGLED IT ABOARD.

SEEMS PRETTY STUPID TO HULK-- MAKING EMPTY BOTTLE IMPORTANT.
BUT HULK WANTS TO GET BACK TO LAND AS MUCH AS YOU DO, SO HE WILL HELP YOU!
BY ALL THE FISHES!

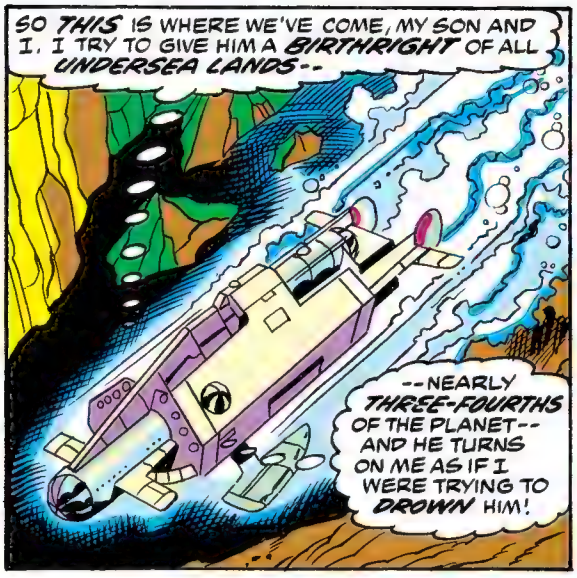
I--I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS-- THAT OUR REVOLT WOULD DEPEND ON A MONSTER!
I'M FOR FREEDOM AS MUCH AS ANYONE... BUT...
...I WONDER WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE UP THERE?

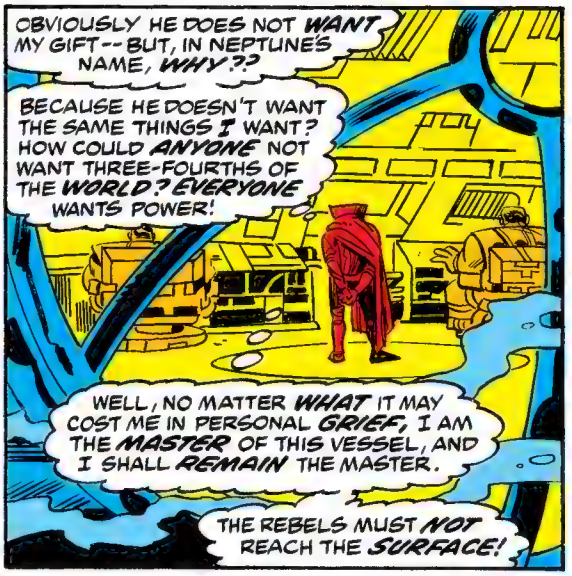

CAPTAIN OMEN HAS NEVER TREATED US TOO BADLY... AND HE SAYS WE SHOULDN'T GO UP JUST YET.
MAYBE THERE'S A REASON HE HASN'T TOLD US ABOUT! MAYBE IT WILL BE DANGEROUS ON THE SURFACE! HE KNOWS EVERTHING, DOESN'T HE?
ALSO, WHAT IF OUR REVOLT FAILS? HE'LL PUNISH US TERRIBLY!
I'M FOR FREEDOM AS MUCH AS ANYBODY...
...BUT...

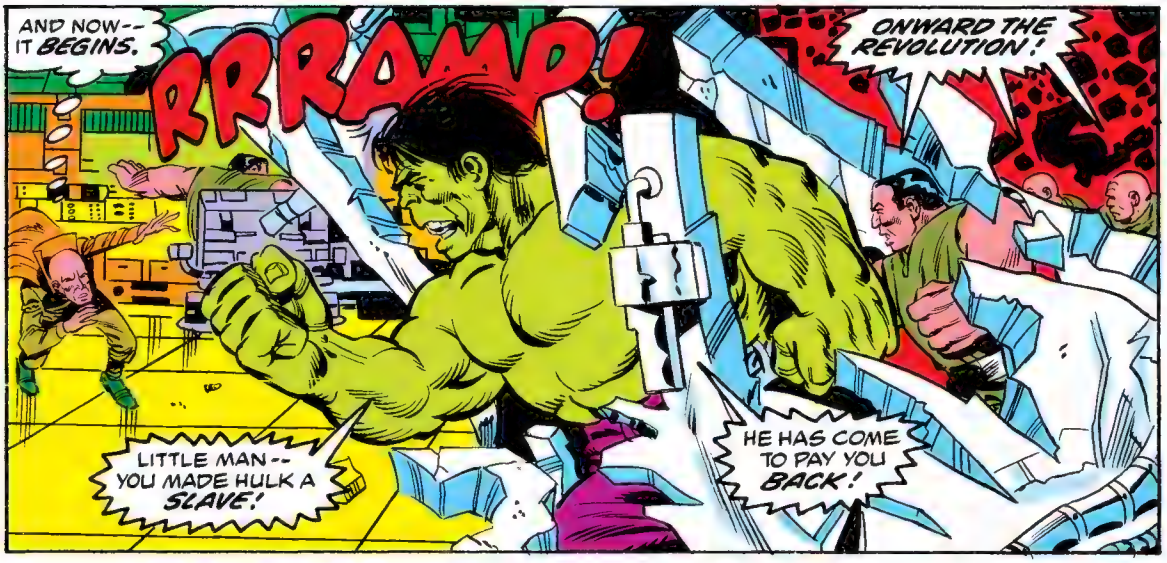

ALL HAIL OUR SAVIOR! PRAISE BE HIS NAME!
THE TIME IS NOW!


CAPTAIN OMEN! CAPTAIN OMEN, SIR! I COME TO CONFESS TO YOU, AND THROW MYSELF ON YOUR MERCY!
MR. CONNALLY! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?
BUT SIR! THERE IS GOING TO BE A REVOLT!
I WAS PART OF IT-- YET NOW I SEE THAT I HAVE BEEN WRONG!

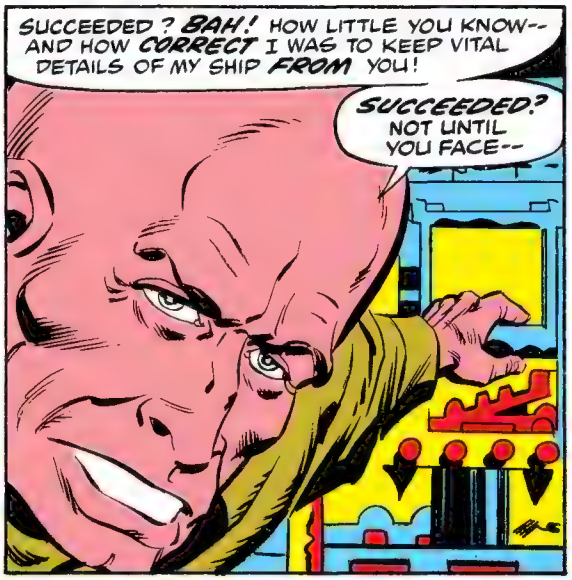
AND-- AND YOUR SON IS THE RINGLEADER, CAPTAIN!
FILIUS? I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED. HE WAS TOO PERFECT A SON.
WELL, LET THEM COME! THEY'LL SOON FIND THAT CAPTAIN OMEN IS NOT HELPLESS!


SO THIS IS WHERE WE'VE COME, MY SON AND I. I TRY TO GIVE HIM A BIRTHRIGHT OF ALL UNDERSEA LANDS--
--NEARLY THREE-FOURTHS OF THE PLANET--AND HE TURNS ON ME AS IF I WERE TRYING TO DROWN HIM!


OBVIOUSLY HE DOES NOT WANT MY GIFT--BUT, IN NEPTUNE'S NAME, WHY??
BECAUSE HE DOESN'T WANT THE SAME THINGS I WANT? HOW COULD ANYONE NOT WANT THREE-FOURTHS OF THE WORLD? EVERYONE WANTS POWER!
WELL, NO MATTER WHAT IT MAY COST ME IN PERSONAL GRIEF, I AM THE MASTER OF THIS VESSEL, AND I SHALL REMAIN THE MASTER.
THE REBELS MUST NOT REACH THE SURFACE!


AND NOW--IT BEGINS.
RRRAAAP!
ONWARD THE REVOLUTION!
LITTLE MAN--YOU MADE HULK A SLAVE!
HE HAS COME TO PAY YOU BACK!

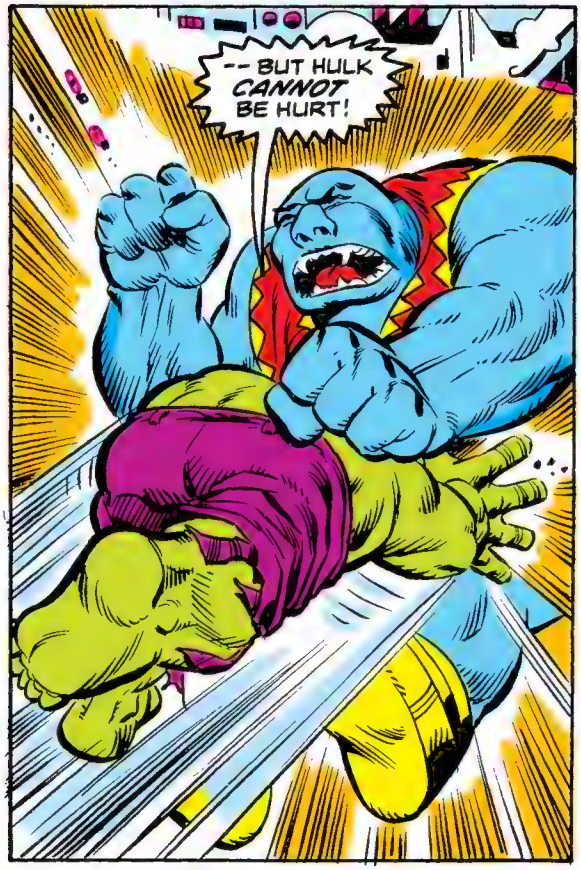
FILIUS--YOU MUST ABANDON THIS MAD SCHEME...
NO, PATER--NOT WHEN IT HAS ALREADY SUCCEEDED! EVEN NOW, MY FRIENDS HAVE STRUCK OR ARE STRIKING AT EVERY CRUCIAL POINT IN THE SHIP!

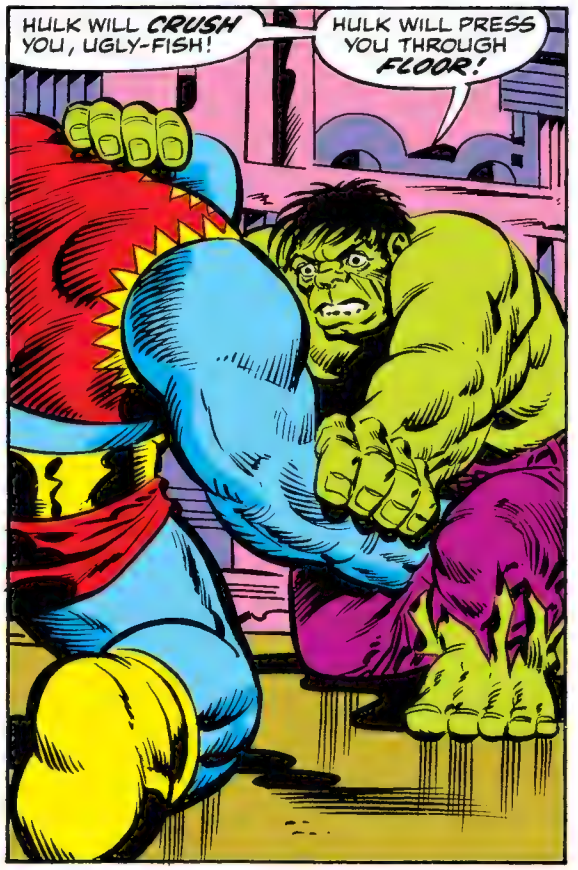

SUCCEEDED? BAH! HOW LITTLE YOU KNOW--AND HOW CORRECT I WAS TO KEEP VITAL DETAILS OF MY SHIP FROM YOU!
SUCCEEDED? NOT UNTIL YOU FACE--

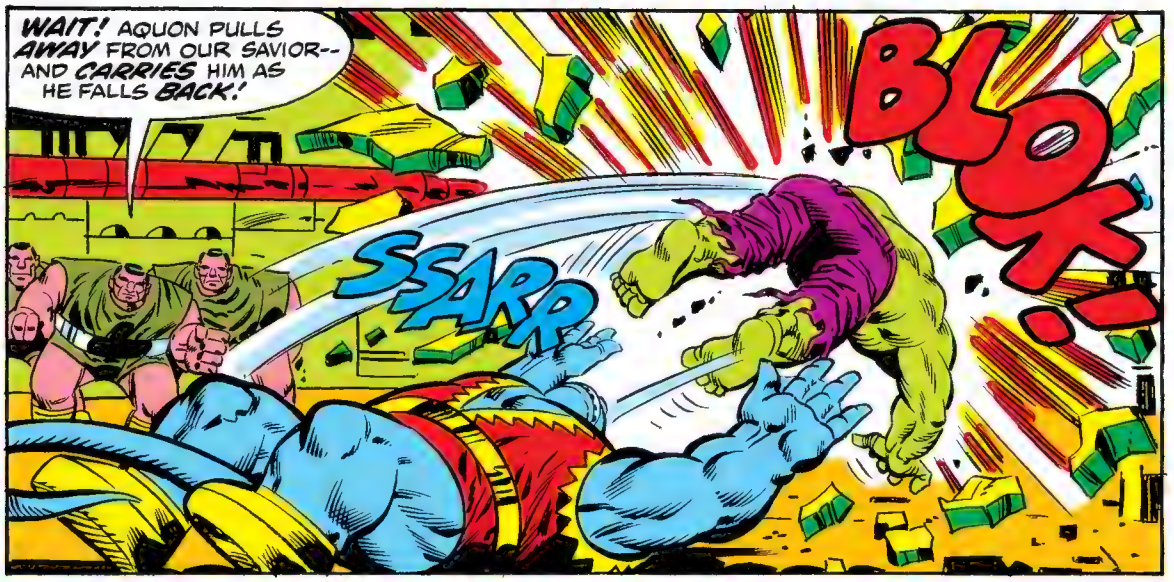
AQUON!!
HALF-MAN... HALF-FISH... AND ALL HATE!
HISSSSSSURRGH!!

MUST BEAT UGLY FISH-THING TO BE FREE?
HULK WILL DO IT! HULK NEEDS TO FIGHT!
SSSSS

HA! UGLY THING DOES NOT TALK, BUT IT LISTENS!
CRA-M!
IT KNOWS IT MUST HURT HULK--

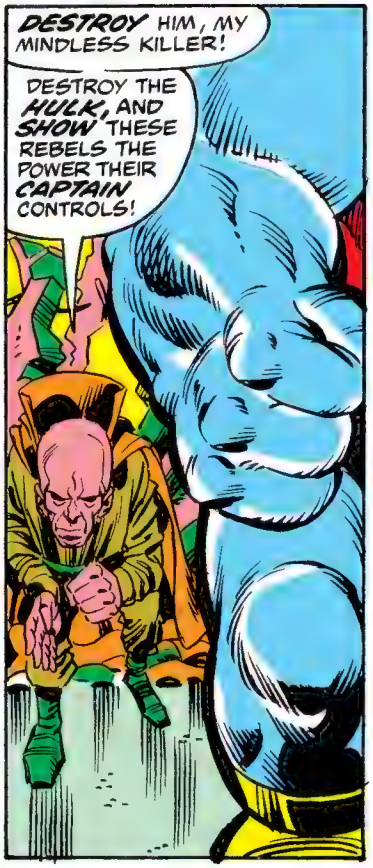

-- BUT HULK CANNOT BE HURT!


HULK WILL CRUSH YOU, UGLY-FISH!
HULK WILL PRESS YOU THROUGH FLOOR!

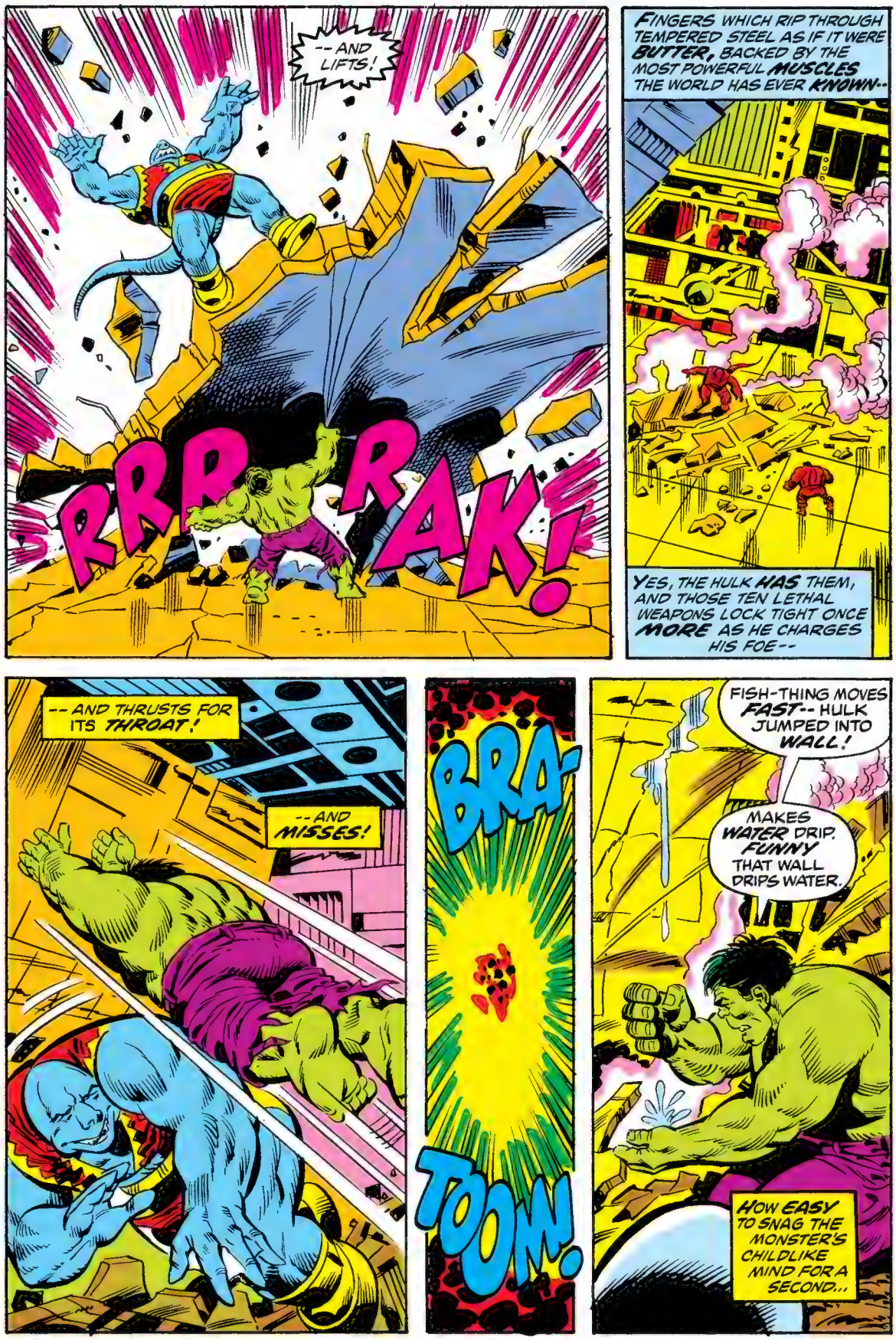

WAIT! AQUON PULLS AWAY FROM OUR SAVIOR-- AND CARRIES HIM AS HE FALLS BACK!
SSARR
BLOK!

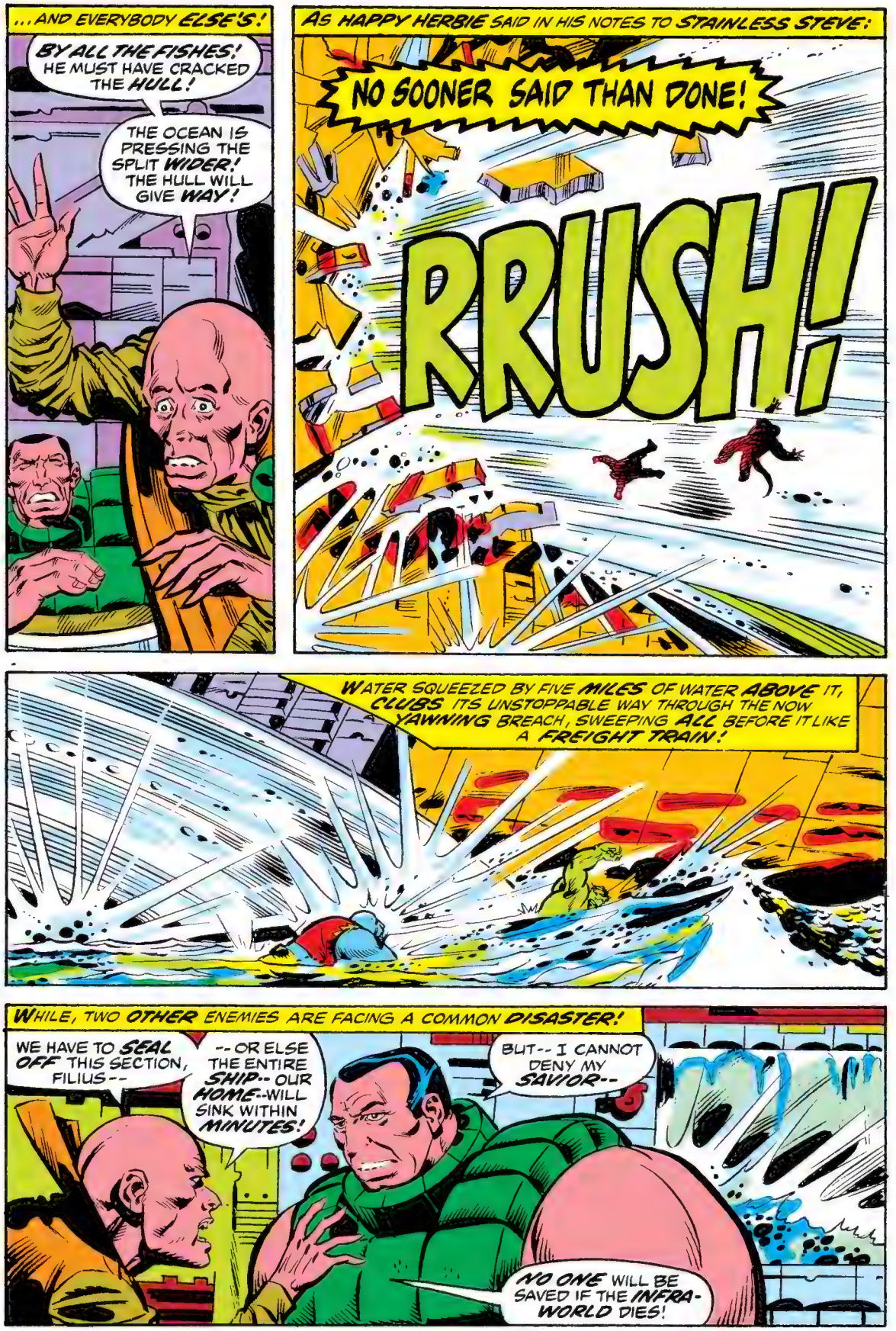
THE MAN-FISH LIMBERS TO HIS FEET, BUT THEN STANDS QUIET-- A RESPONDER INSTEAD OF AN ATTACKER.
AN INTELLIGENT OPPONENT COULD USE THAT TRAIT AS A BASIS FOR WINNING...

...BUT THIS IS NOT A CONFLICT OF INTELLECTS!
FISH-THING IS STRONG, AND HULK IS WEAK FROM BEING SLAVE-- NOT FIGHTING--
--BUT THAT WILL NOT SAVE FISH-THING!
NOW HULK IS MAD!

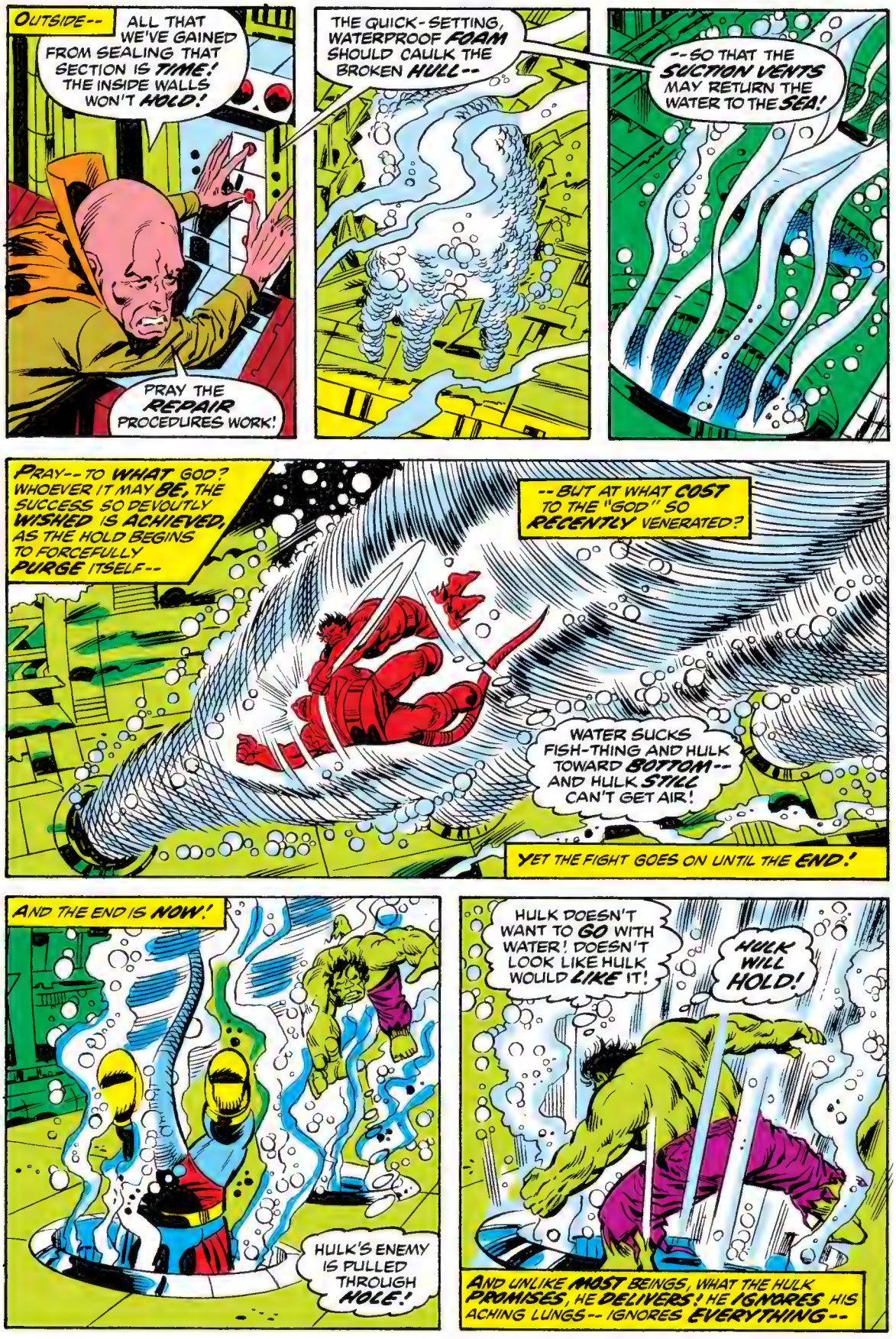

DESTROY HIM, MY MINDLESS KILLER!
DESTROY THE HULK, AND SHOW THESE REBELS THE POWER THEIR CAPTAIN CONTROLS!

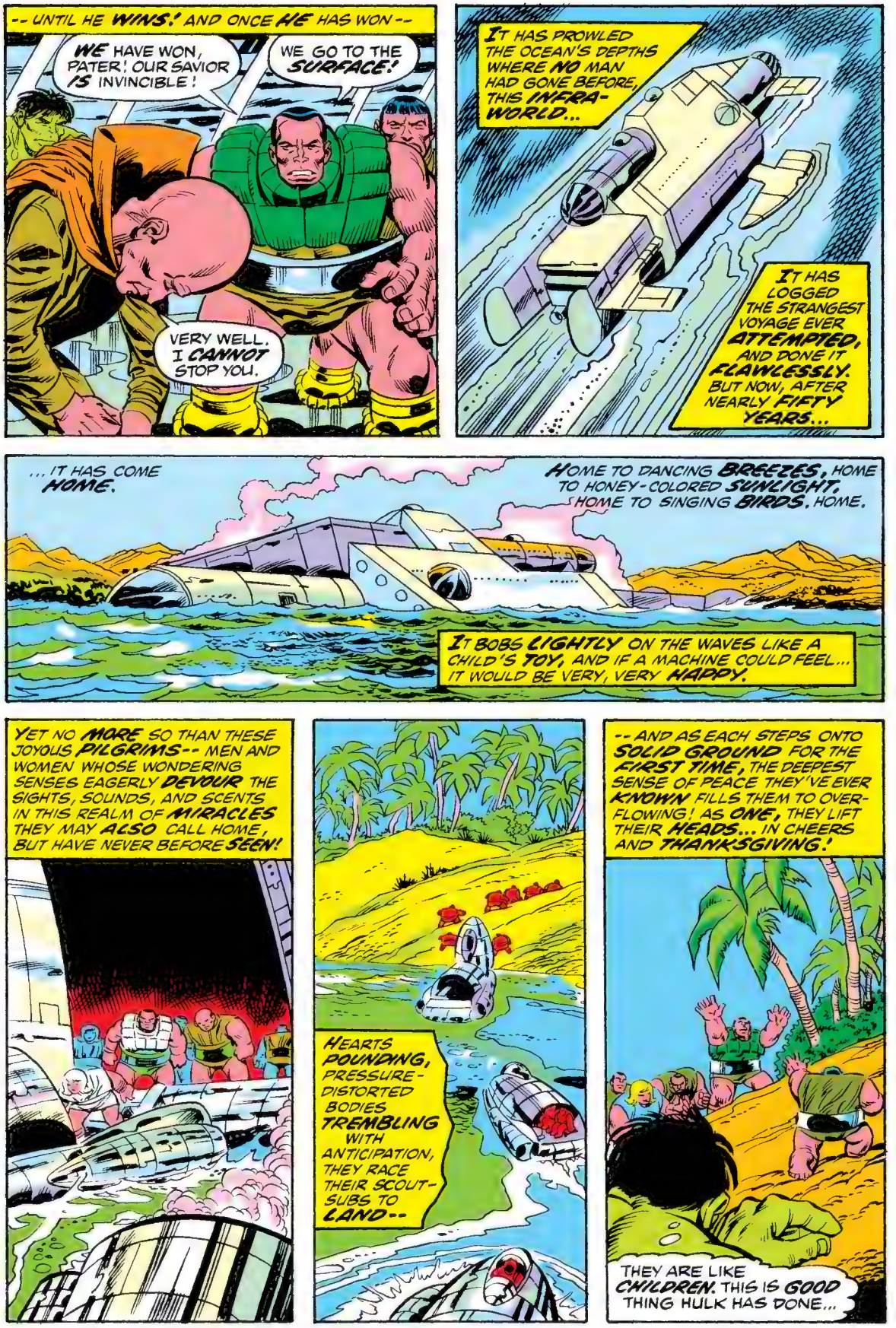
HOWEVER, THE EVER-INCREDIBLE GREEN GOLEM SWIFTLY THRUSTS HIS HANDS DOWN-WARD, THE STUBBY FINGERS LOCKED STRAIGHT--
--AND JAMS THEM DEEP INTO THE STAINLESS STEEL DECK!

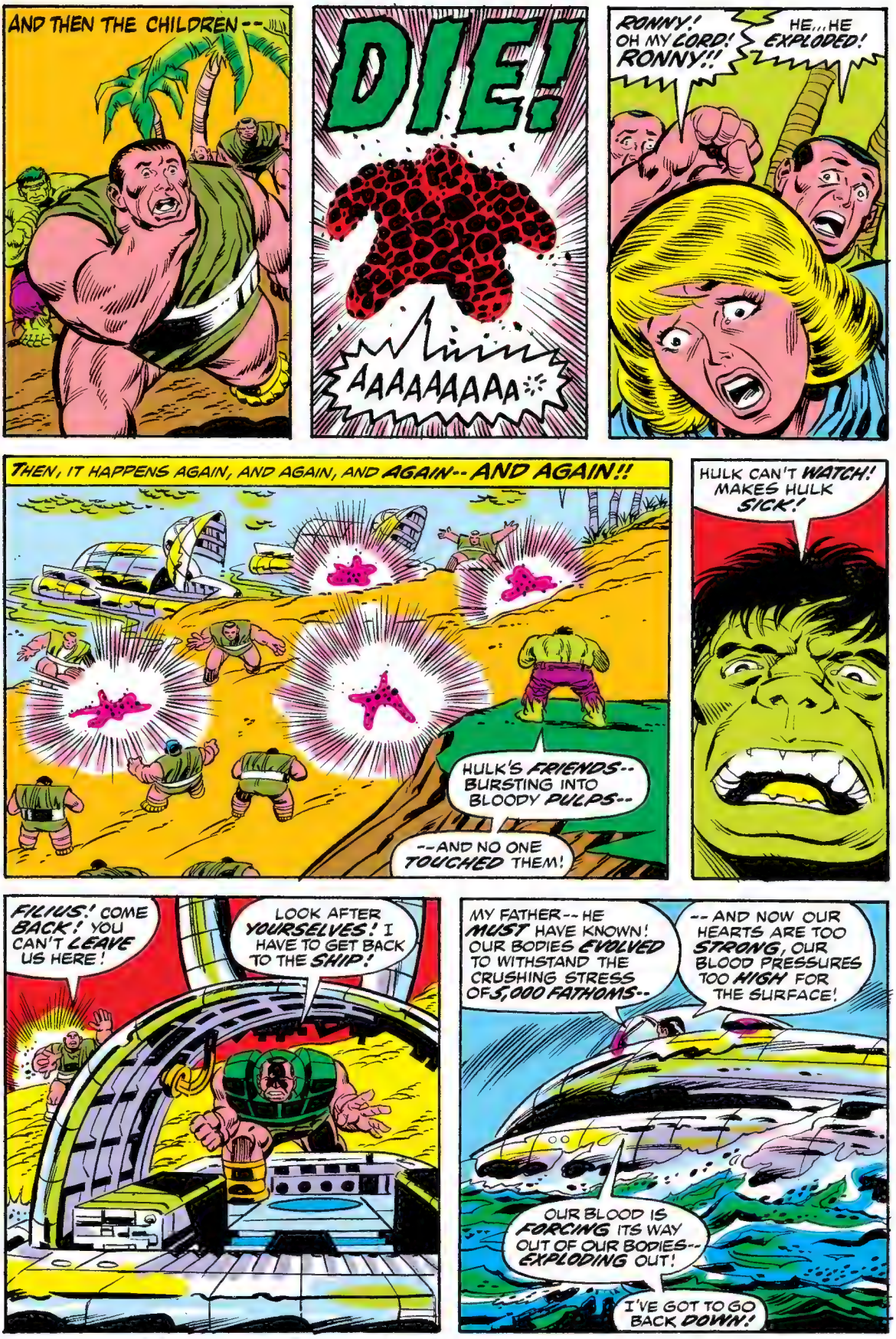

-- AND LIFTS!
RRR RAK!
FINGERS WHICH RIP THROUGH TEMPERED STEEL AS IF IT WERE BUTTER, BACKED BY THE MOST POWERFUL MUSCLES THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN--
YES, THE HULK HAS THEM, AND THOSE TEN LETHAL WEAPONS LOCK TIGHT ONCE MORE AS HE CHARGES HIS FOE--
-- AND THRUSTS FOR ITS THROAT!
-- AND MISSES!
BRA-
TOOM!
FISH-THING MOVES FAST-- HULK JUMPED INTO WALL!
MAKES WATER DRIP. FUNNY THAT WALL DRIPS WATER.
HOW EASY TO SNAG THE MONSTER'S CHILDLIKE MIND FOR A SECOND...

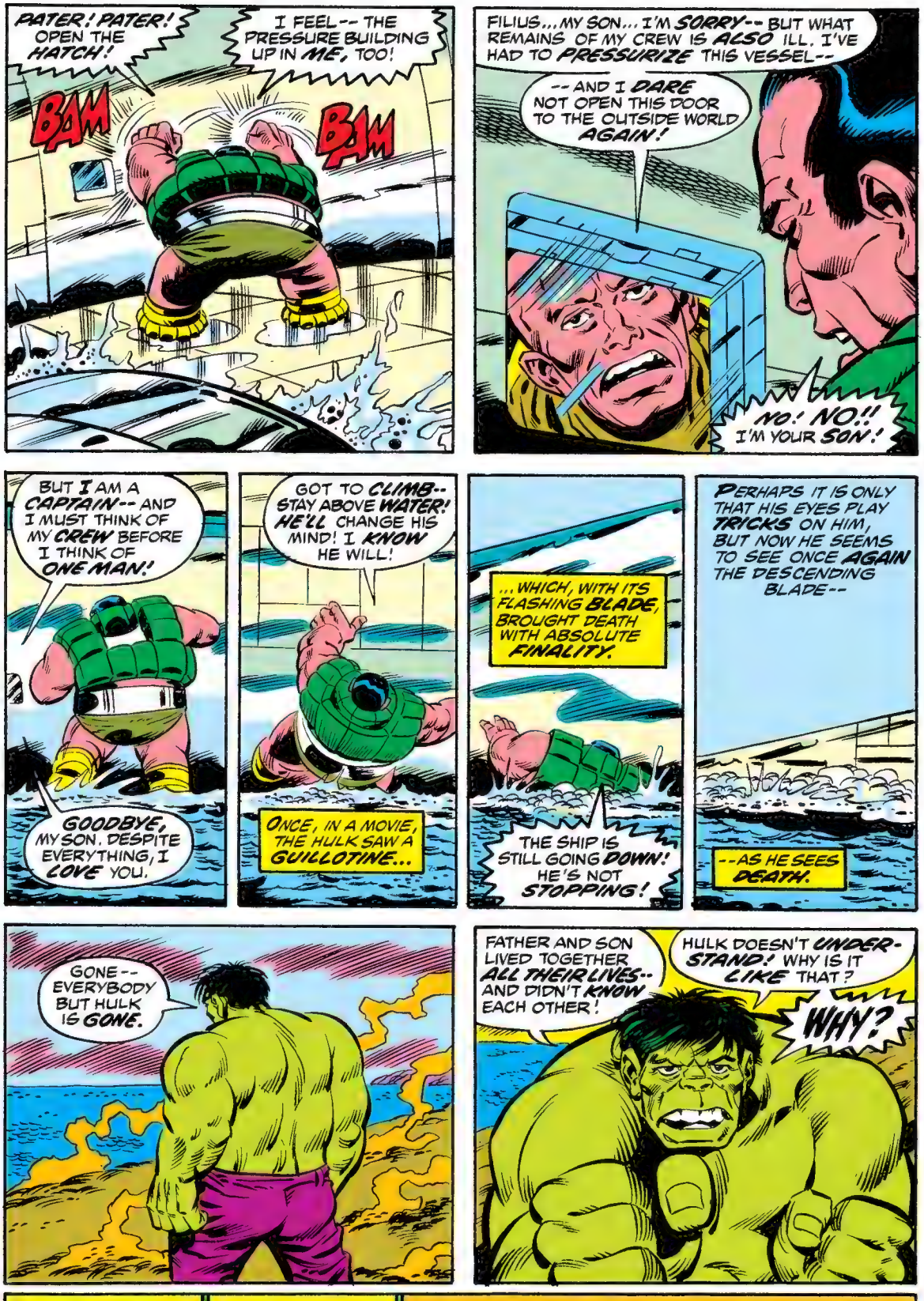

...AND EVERYBODY ELSE'S!
BY ALL THE FISHES! HE MUST HAVE CRACKED THE HULL!
THE OCEAN IS PRESSING THE SPLIT WIDER! THE HULL WILL GIVE WAY!
AS HAPPY HERBIE SAID IN HIS NOTES TO STAINLESS STEVE:
NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!
RRUSH!
WATER SQUEEZED BY FIVE MILES OF WATER ABOVE IT, CLUBS ITS UNSTOPPABLE WAY THROUGH THE NOW YAWNING BREACH, SWEEPING ALL BEFORE IT LIKE A FREIGHT TRAIN!
WHILE, TWO OTHER ENEMIES ARE FACING A COMMON DISASTER!
WE HAVE TO SEAL OFF THIS SECTION, FILIUS--
--OR ELSE THE ENTIRE SHIP--OUR HOME--WILL SINK WITHIN MINUTES!
BUT--I CANNOT DENY MY SAVIOR--
NO ONE WILL BE SAVED IF THE INFRA-WORLD DIES!

ALL-ALL RIGHT! IT'S THE ONLY WAY--
--BUT THIS SURELY DOOMS AQUON AND THE HULK!
WATER--ALL AROUND HULK, LIKE BEFORE--
--BUT THIS TIME HULK MUST HOLD HIS OWN AIR IN HIS CHEST--
--AND FISH-THING CHOKES AIR OUT OF HULK!
MUST BREAK ITS HOLD--SWIM TO SURFACE!
LET GO, FISH-THING! HULK NEEDS AIR!
BUT AIR KEEPS RISING AWAY FROM HIM!
HULK MUST SWIM--FAST!
BUT THE DEADLY CREATURE CALLED AQUON SPINS, HIS LUNGS NOW FILLED WITH NEW OXYGEN--
--AND SMASHES THE HULK BACK FROM HIS SHARE!


OUTSIDE-- ALL THAT WE'VE GAINED FROM SEALING THAT SECTION IS TIME! THE INSIDE WALLS WON'T HOLD!
PRAY THE REPAIR PROCEDURES WORK!
THE QUICK-SETTING, WATERPROOF FOAM SHOULD CAULK THE BROKEN HULL--
--SO THAT THE SUCTION VENTS MAY RETURN THE WATER TO THE SEA!
PRAY-- TO WHAT GOD? WHOEVER IT MAY BE, THE SUCCESS SO DEVOUTLY WISHED IS ACHIEVED, AS THE HOLD BEGINS TO FORCEFULLY PURGE ITSELF--
--BUT AT WHAT COST TO THE "GOD" SO RECENTLY VENERATED?
WATER SUCKS FISH-THING AND HULK TOWARD BOTTOM-- AND HULK STILL CAN'T GET AIR!
YET THE FIGHT GOES ON UNTIL THE END!
AND THE END IS NOW!
HULK'S ENEMY IS PULLED THROUGH HOLE!
HULK DOESN'T WANT TO GO WITH WATER! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HULK WOULD LIKE IT!
HULK WILL HOLD!
AND UNLIKE MOST BEINGS, WHAT THE HULK PROMISES, HE DELIVERS! HE IGNORES HIS ACHING LUNGS-- IGNORES EVERYTHING--


-- UNTIL HE WINS! AND ONCE HE HAS WON --
WE HAVE WON, PATER! OUR SAVIOR IS INVINCIBLE!
WE GO TO THE SURFACE!
VERY WELL. I CANNOT STOP YOU.
IT HAS PROWLED THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS WHERE NO MAN HAD GONE BEFORE, THIS INFRA-WORLD...
IT HAS LOGGED THE STRANGEST VOYAGE EVER ATTEMPTED, AND DONE IT FLAWLESSLY. BUT NOW, AFTER NEARLY FIFTY YEARS...
... IT HAS COME HOME.
HOME TO DANCING BREEZES, HOME TO HONEY-COLORED SUNLIGHT, HOME TO SINGING BIRDS. HOME.
IT BOBS LIGHTLY ON THE WAVES LIKE A CHILD'S TOY, AND IF A MACHINE COULD FEEL... IT WOULD BE VERY, VERY HAPPY.
YET NO MORE SO THAN THESE JOYOUS PILGRIMS-- MEN AND WOMEN WHOSE WONDERING SENSES EAGERLY DEVOUR THE SIGHTS, SOUNDS, AND SCENTS IN THIS REALM OF MIRACLES THEY MAY ALSO CALL HOME, BUT HAVE NEVER BEFORE SEEN!
HEARTS POUNDING, PRESSURE-DISTORTED BODIES TREMBLING WITH ANTICIPATION, THEY RACE THEIR SCOUT-SUBS TO LAND--
-- AND AS EACH STEPS ONTO SOLID GROUND FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE DEEPEST SENSE OF PEACE THEY'VE EVER KNOWN FILLS THEM TO OVER-FLOWING! AS ONE, THEY LIFT THEIR HEADS... IN CHEERS AND THANKSGIVING!
THEY ARE LIKE CHILDREN. THIS IS GOOD THING HULK HAS DONE...


AND THEN THE CHILDREN--
DIE!
AAAAAAAAA
RONNY! OH MY LORD! RONNY!!
HE...HE EXPLODED!
THEN, IT HAPPENS AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN--AND AGAIN!!
HULK'S FRIENDS-- BURSTING INTO BLOODY PULPS--
--AND NO ONE TOUCHED THEM!
HULK CAN'T WATCH! MAKES HULK SICK!
FILIUS! COME BACK! YOU CAN'T LEAVE US HERE!
LOOK AFTER YOURSELVES! I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP!
MY FATHER--HE MUST HAVE KNOWN! OUR BODIES EVOLVED TO WITHSTAND THE CRUSHING STRESS OF 5,000 FATHOMS--
--AND NOW OUR HEARTS ARE TOO STRONG, OUR BLOOD PRESSURES TOO HIGH FOR THE SURFACE!
OUR BLOOD IS FORCING ITS WAY OUT OF OUR BODIES-- EXPLODING OUT!
I'VE GOT TO GO BACK DOWN!


PATER! PATER! OPEN THE HATCH!
I FEEL-- THE PRESSURE BUILDING UP IN ME, TOO!
BAM
BAM
FILIUS... MY SON... I'M SORRY-- BUT WHAT REMAINS OF MY CREW IS ALSO ILL. I'VE HAD TO PRESSURIZE THIS VESSEL--
-- AND I DARE NOT OPEN THIS DOOR TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD AGAIN!
NO! NO!! I'M YOUR SON!
BUT I AM A CAPTAIN-- AND I MUST THINK OF MY CREW BEFORE I THINK OF ONE MAN!
GOODBYE, MY SON. DESPITE EVERYTHING, I LOVE YOU.
GOT TO CLIMB-- STAY ABOVE WATER! HE'LL CHANGE HIS MIND! I KNOW HE WILL!
ONCE, IN A MOVIE, THE HULK SAW A GUILLOTINE...
...WHICH, WITH ITS FLASHING BLADE, BROUGHT DEATH WITH ABSOLUTE FINALITY.
THE SHIP IS STILL GOING DOWN! HE'S NOT STOPPING!
PERHAPS IT IS ONLY THAT HIS EYES PLAY TRICKS ON HIM, BUT NOW HE SEEMS TO SEE ONCE AGAIN THE DESCENDING BLADE--
--AS HE SEES DEATH.
GONE-- EVERYBODY BUT HULK IS GONE.
FATHER AND SON LIVED TOGETHER ALL THEIR LIVES-- AND DIDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER!
HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! WHY IS IT LIKE THAT?
WHY?
THE ANSWER, GENTLE READER, WE LEAVE FOR YOU TO CONSIDER, IF YOU WILL...
...WHILE YOU LOOK FORWARD TO THESE GOODIES IN OUR NEXT INCREDIBLE ISH:
THE DESTROYER FROM THE DYNAMO! * HAWKEYE THE ARCHER! * AND THE FEARSOME FATE OF THUNDERBOLT ROSS!

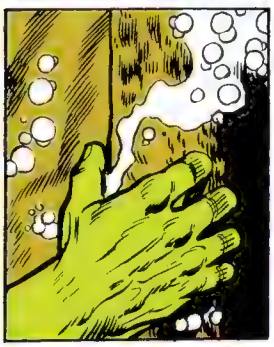
INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢ 166 AUG 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
HULK IS STRONGER THAN YOU--STRONGER THAN ANYONE!
BUT--YOUR GRIP--MAKING HULK WEAKER--!
RUN! IT'S ALIVE--AND EVEN THE HULK CAN'T STOP IT!!
IT! THE THING FROM THE DYNAMO!

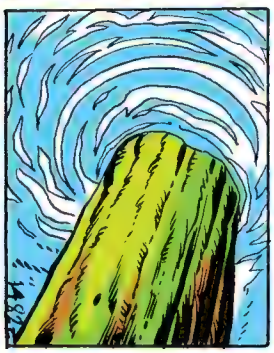
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

NEW YORK CITY. AS POSSIBLY THE MOST RELENTLESSLY PUBLICIZED TOWN IN THE WORLD, ITS SIMMERING DANGER AND JADED DESIRE FOR THE UNUSUAL ARE OVERLY FAMILIAR TO MILLIONS WHO HAVE NEVER SET A CAUTIOUS FOOT IN IT. BUT TODAY, EVEN SHOCK-PROOF GOTHAMITES WILL BE ROCKED BY THREE STRANGE BEINGS.

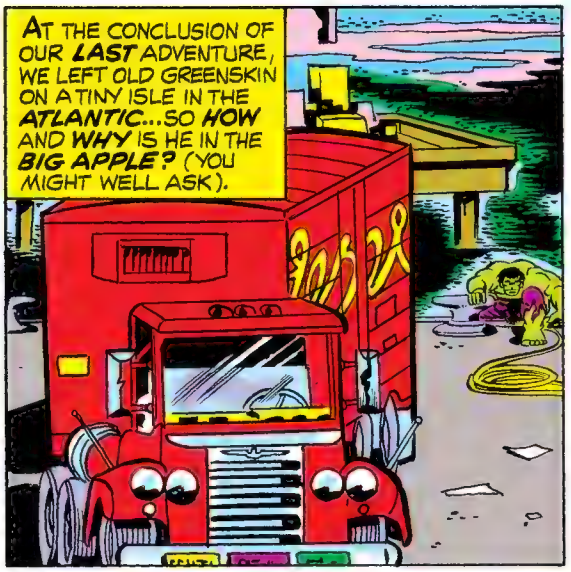
the DESTROYER from the DYNAMO!

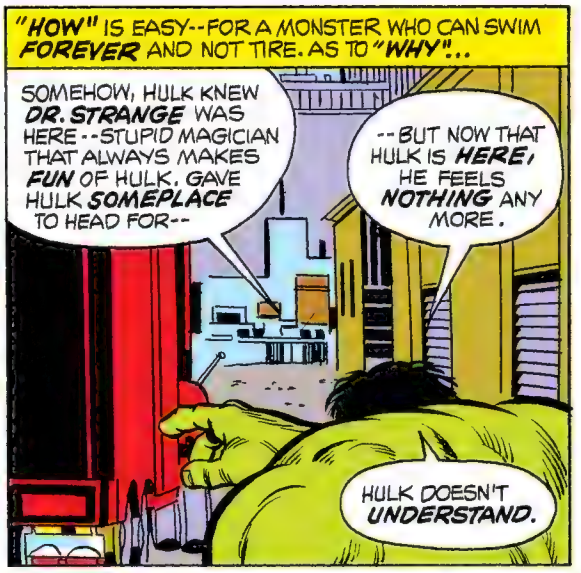
ANOTHER IS HAWKEYE, THE MARKSMAN! AND THE THIRD... WELL ...





A STEVE ENGLEHART / HERB TRIMPE SPECTACULAR | SAL TRAPANI INKER | C.JETTER LETTERER / DAVE HUNT COLORIST | ROY THOMAS EDITOR


AT THE CONCLUSION OF OUR LAST ADVENTURE, WE LEFT OLD GREENSKIN ON A TINY ISLE IN THE ATLANTIC...SO HOW AND WHY IS HE IN THE BIG APPLE? (YOU MIGHT WELL ASK).

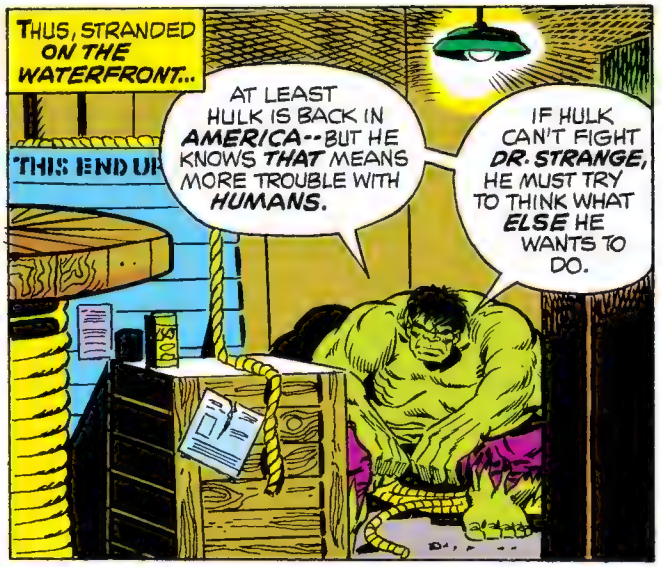

"HOW" IS EASY--FOR A MONSTER WHO CAN SWIM FOREVER AND NOT TIRE. AS TO "WHY"...
SOMEHOW, HULK KNEW DR. STRANGE WAS HERE--STUPID MAGICIAN THAT ALWAYS MAKES FUN OF HULK, GAVE HULK SOMEPLACE TO HEAD FOR--
--BUT NOW THAT HULK IS HERE, HE FEELS NOTHING ANY MORE.
HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.

AND IF YOU SHARE THE INCREDIBLE ONE'S BEWILDERMENT, FOLKS, WE'LL RUN THROUGH THAT AGAIN.

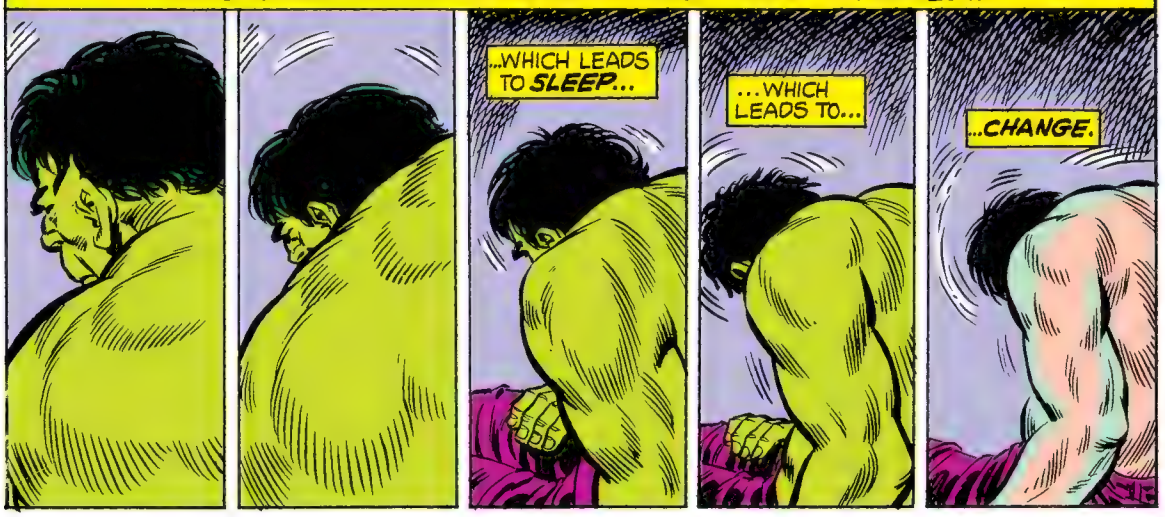
AS SHOWN IN MARVEL FEATURE #1, THE HULK CAN SENSE MAGIC--FROM, SAY, HIS FELLOW-DEFENDER, DR. STRANGE.

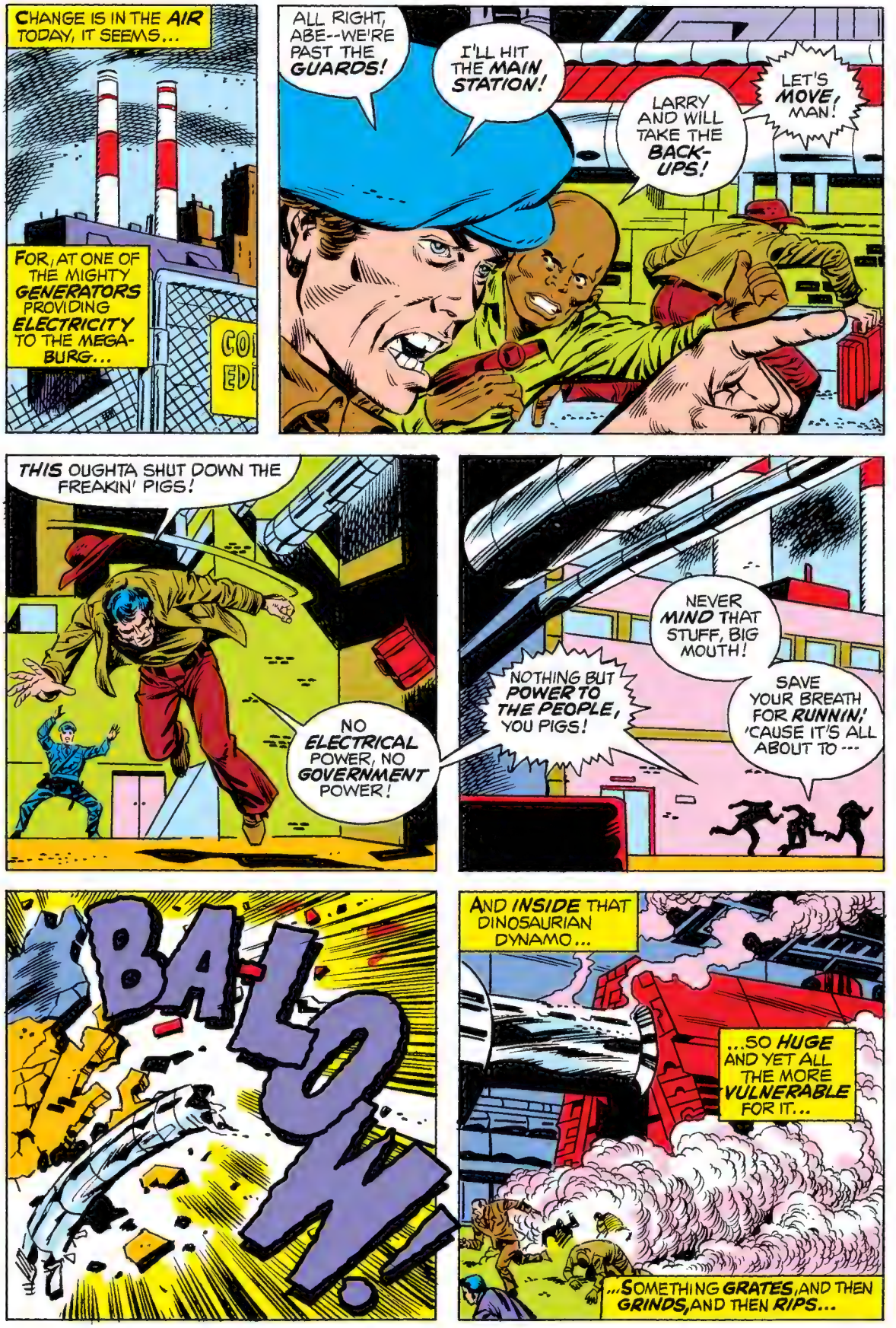
HOWEVER, THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS AND HIS ALLIES HAVE BEEN AWAY FROM NEW YORK FOR SOME TIME, AS READERS OF MARVEL PREMIERE KNOW WELL--SO THE RESIDUAL EMANATIONS IN H.S GREENWICH VILLAGE SANCTUM HAVE FADED DURING THE HULK'S JOURNEY, LE AVING HIM LOST AGAIN.

(PHEW! ONLY REED RICHARDS COULD HAVE BEEN LONGER WINDED!)


THUS, STRANDED ON THE WATERFRONT...
THIS END UP
AT LEAST HULK IS BACK IN AMERICA--BUT HE KNOWS THAT MEANS MORE TROUBLE WITH HUMANS.
IF HULK CAN'T FIGHT DR. STRANGE, HE MUST TRY TO THINK WHAT ELSE HE WANTS TO DO.

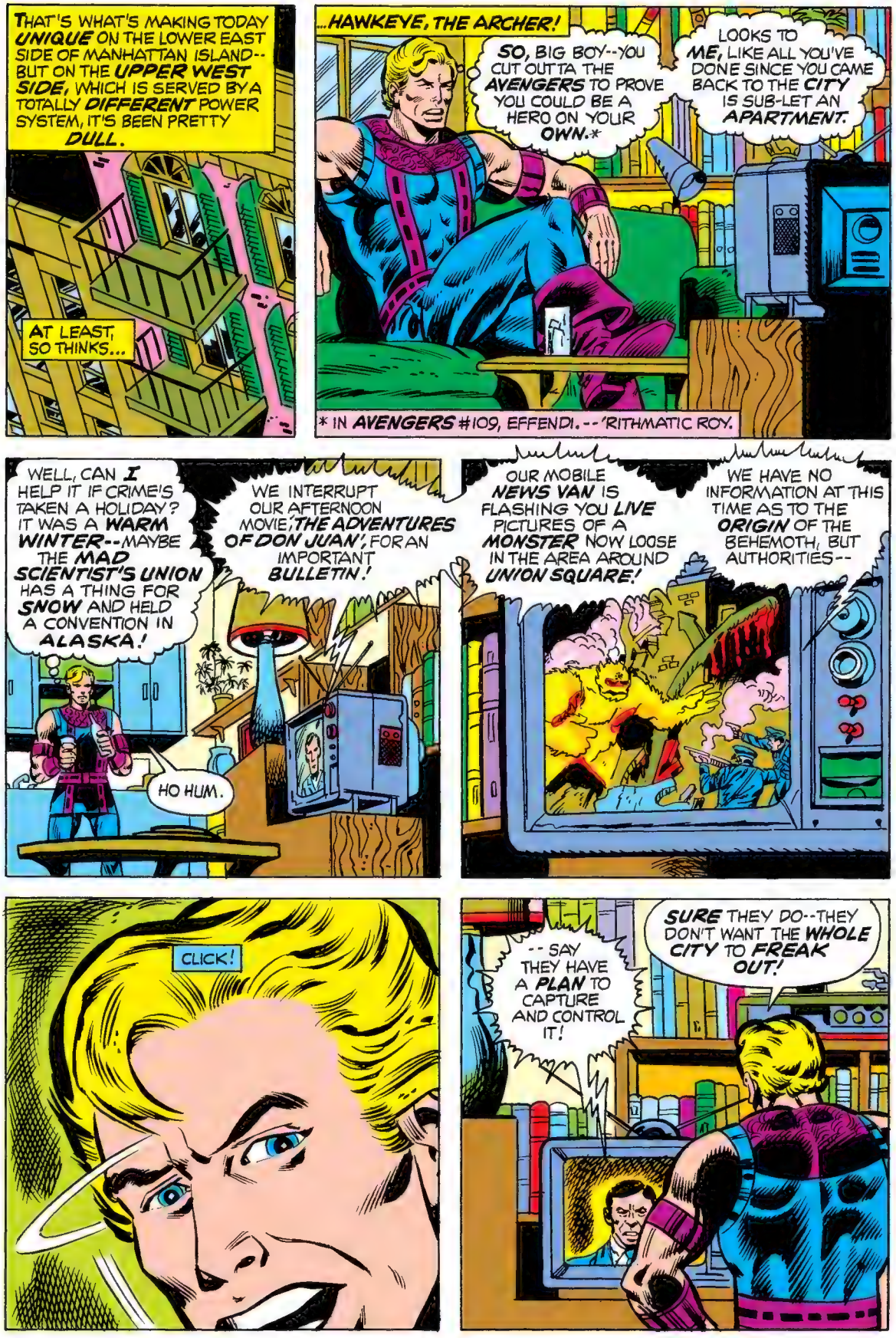
SO HE TRIES TO THINK--A TASK NOT VERY HIGH ON HIS PERSONAL LIST OF ENJOYABLE OCCUPATIONS. AND, THOUGH HE NEVER TIRES--HE CAN GET BORED...




CHANGE IS IN THE AIR TODAY, IT SEEMS...
FOR, AT ONE OF THE MIGHTY GENERATORS PROVIDING ELECTRICITY TO THE MEGA-BURG...
ALL RIGHT, ABE--WE'RE PAST THE GUARDS!
I'LL HIT THE MAIN STATION!
LARRY AND WILL TAKE THE BACK-UPS!
LET'S MOVE, MAN!
THIS OUGHTA SHUT DOWN THE FREAKIN' PIGS!
NO ELECTRICAL POWER, NO GOVERNMENT POWER!
NEVER MIND THAT STUFF, BIG MOUTH!
NOTHING BUT POWER TO THE PEOPLE, YOU PIGS!
SAVE YOUR BREATH FOR RUNNIN,' 'CAUSE IT'S ALL ABOUT TO ---
KA-LOW!
AND INSIDE THAT DINOSAURIAN DYNAMO...
...SO HUGE AND YET ALL THE MORE VULNERABLE FOR IT...
...SOMETHING GRATES, AND THEN GRINDS, AND THEN RIPS...

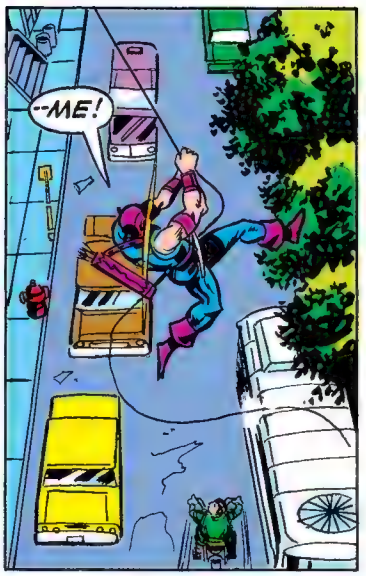
...AND THEN RUPTURES!
THOOM!
GOOD LORD! IT'S STILL FLARING.
THOSE CRAZY PUNKS HAVE STARTED A CHAIN REACTION IN THE ATOMIC CHAMBER!
EVACUATE THE AREA!
NO--LOOK! IT'S STOPPED SEETHING! INSTEAD OF EXPLODING--IT'S EXPANDING!
THERE'S SOMETHING--FORMING OUT OF THE HOLOCAUST!
BUT THAT'S INSANE--UNLESS ALL THAT UNCONTROLLED POWER HAS BEGUN SOME UNKNOWN FORM OF FUSION!
IT CAN'T BE--IT MAKES NO SENSE!
DON'T SPOUT BACK WHAT YOU LEARNED IN SCHOOL! USE YOUR EYES, CRAIG!
SOMETHING'S ALIVE IN THERE--AND IT'S COMING TOWARD US!
HELP ME! OH LORD IT BURNS! HELP!!
BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO AGAINST THIS FORMLESS VIOLENCE....
...THAT NOW BEGINS TO TAKE A FORM...

...AND WORSE, TO TAKE A VOICE?!!
ZZZAX-- ME!
CAN THINK-- WITH ENERGY FROM HUMANZZ' BRAINZZ!
MUZZT HAVE MORE! MUZZT!
ME ZZZAX!!
NO! NO!! AIIIEEEEEEE
IT'S ABSORBING THE ELECTRICITY FROM THOSE GUYS' MINDS FOR ITS OWN THOUGHTS!
THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP IT!
RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!


THAT'S WHAT'S MAKING TODAY UNIQUE ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND--BUT ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE, WHICH IS SERVED BY A TOTALLY DIFFERENT POWER SYSTEM, IT'S BEEN PRETTY DULL.
AT LEAST, SO THINKS...
...HAWKEYE, THE ARCHER!
SO, BIG BOY--YOU CUT OUT TA THE AVENGERS TO PROVE YOU COULD BE A HERO ON YOUR OWN.*
LOOKS TO ME, LIKE ALL YOU'VE DONE SINCE YOU CAME BACK TO THE CITY IS SUB-LET AN APARTMENT.
* IN AVENGERS #109, EFFENDI.--'RITHMATIC ROY.
WELL, CAN I HELP IT IF CRIME'S TAKEN A HOLIDAY? IT WAS A WARM WINTER--MAYBE THE MAD SCIENTIST'S UNION HAS A THING FOR SNOW AND HELD A CONVENTION IN ALASKA!
WE INTERRUPT OUR AFTERNOON MOVIE, THE ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN, FOR AN IMPORTANT BULLETIN!
HO HUM.
OUR MOBILE NEWS VAN IS FLASHING YOU LIVE PICTURES OF A MONSTER NOW LOOSE IN THE AREA AROUND UNION SQUARE!
WE HAVE NO INFORMATION AT THIS TIME AS TO THE ORIGIN OF THE BEHEMOTH, BUT AUTHORITIES--
CLICK!
-- SAY THEY HAVE A PLAN TO CAPTURE AND CONTROL IT!
SURE THEY DO--THEY DON'T WANT THE WHOLE CITY TO FREAK OUT!

BUT, FROM WHAT I SAW, THE CAGE TO HOLD THAT BABY IS STILL WAITIN' TO BE BUILT!
I WANTED A CHANCE--I GOT A CHANCE! IF I CAN STOP SPARKLE PLENTY THERE, I'LL BE A STAR!

NOT TO SOUND CORNY, BUT THIS IS A JOB FOR--

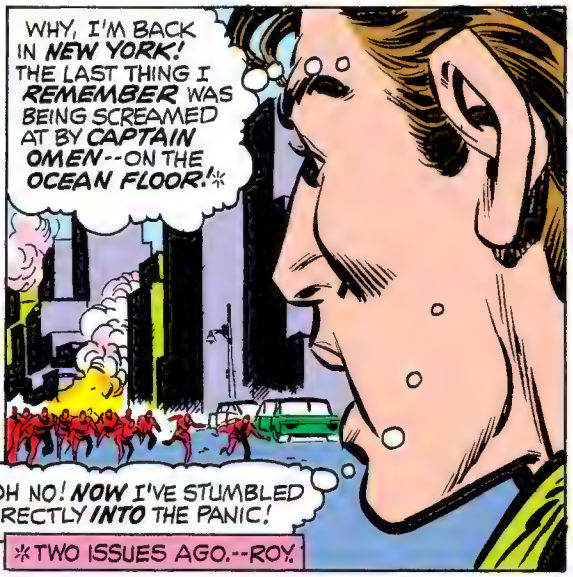

--ME!

AND JUST THEN, BACK WHERE WE BEGAN...
MONSTER! MONSTER!
MONSTER... HULK...HULK IS LOOSE AGAIN...
HE'LL KILL...I'LL KILL...

KILL! KILL! KI---
WHAT? OH...IT WAS-- ONLY A DREAM...
...MY USUAL DREAM...

HEY, YOU BUM! AIN'T YOU GOT EARS?
CLEAR OUT THERE'S A MONSTER ON THE STREETS!

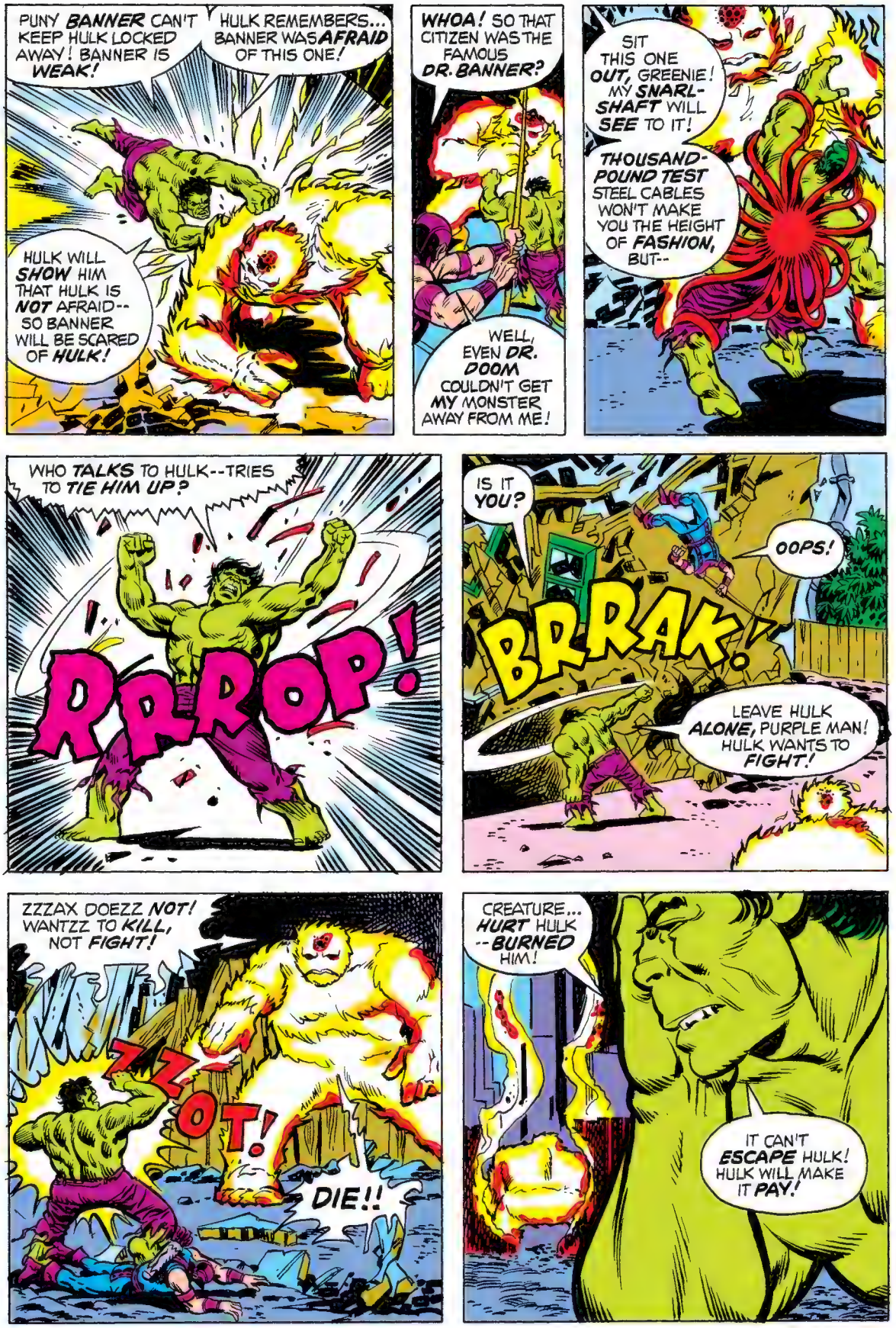
THEN I WASN'T DREAMING! SOMETHING IS OUT HERE--BUT FOR ONCE IT ISN'T ME!
I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE-- OR ANY EXCITEMENT! I'D BETTER---

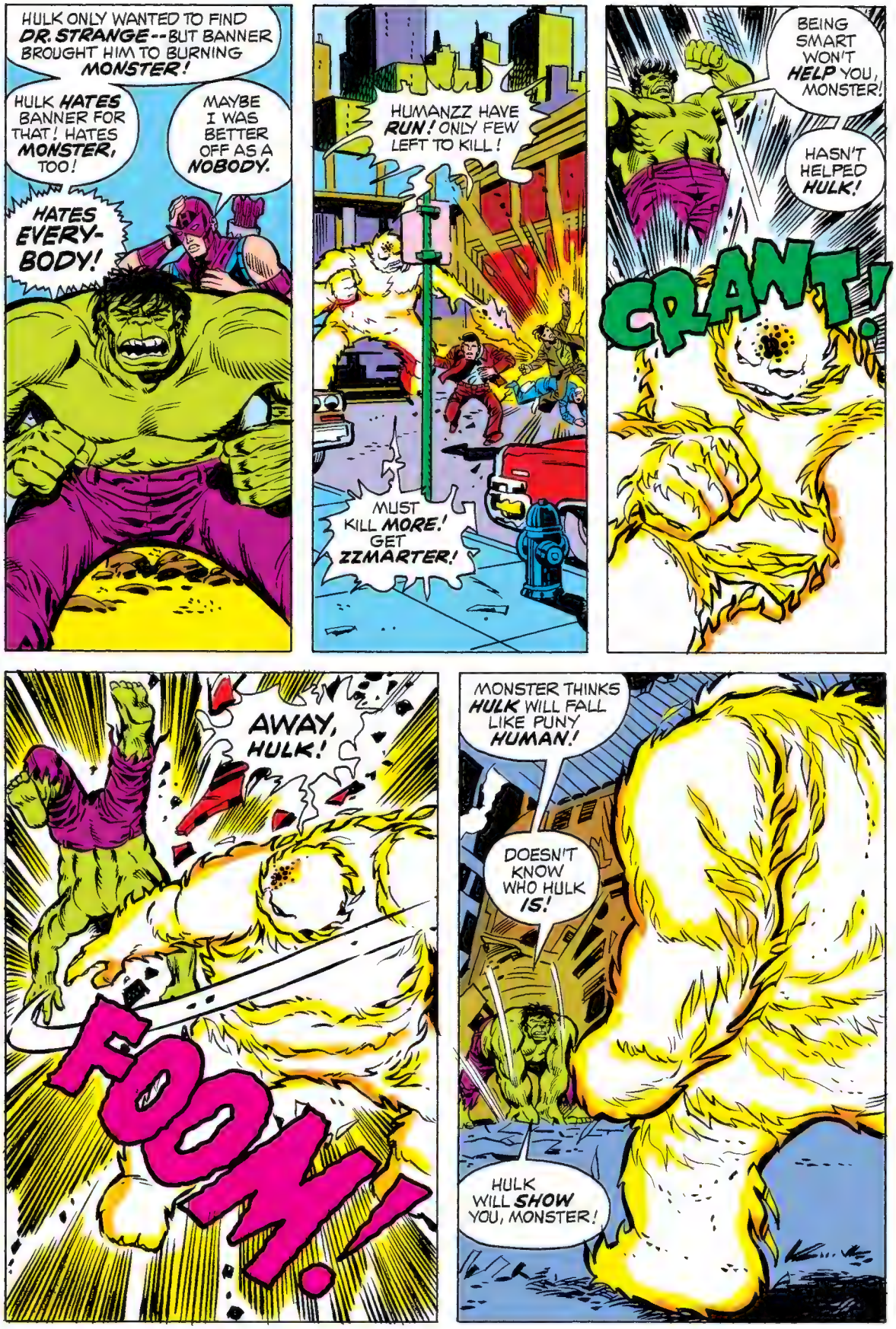

WHY, I'M BACK IN NEW YORK! THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS BEING SCREAMED AT BY CAPTAIN OMEN--ON THE OCEAN FLOOR!*
OH NO! NOW I'VE STUMBLED DIRECTLY INTO THE PANIC!
*TWO ISSUES AGO.--ROY.

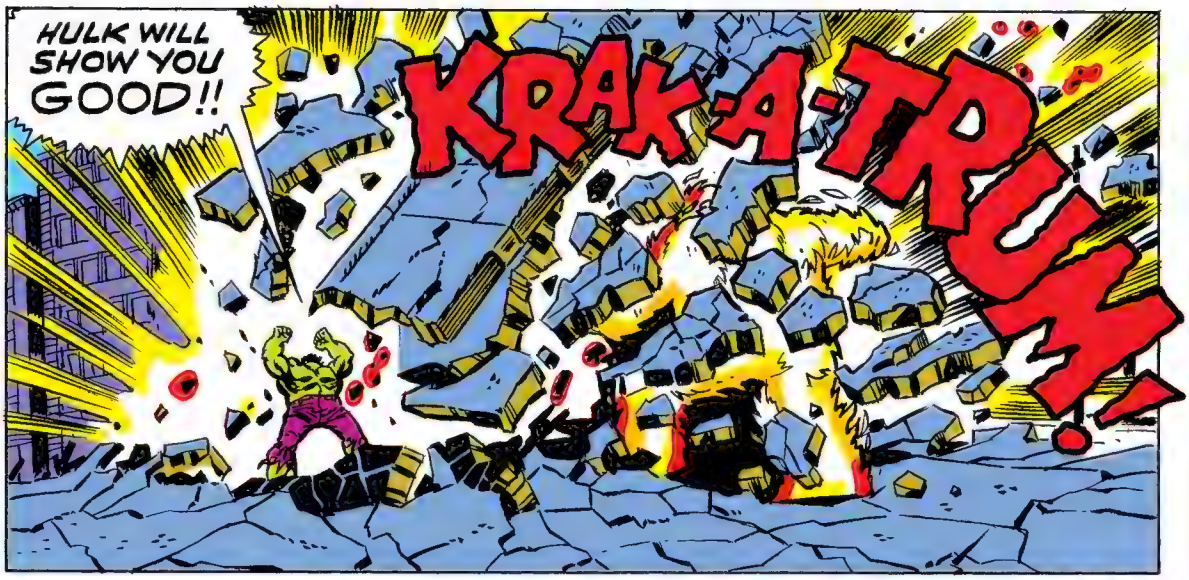
GOT TO ESCAPE DOWN THIS ALLEY!
IF I GET CAUGHT IN THE CROWD AND PANIC WITH THEM, IT WOULD BE--
--DISASTROUS!
MY LORD IN HEAVEN IT CAN'T BE!!
HOT
PERZZON! ZZZAX WILL FEAZZT!
BUT NOW, TO PUT AN END TO THE CLAIM THAT NEW YORK IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE ANYTHING HAPPENS...
...LET US DESERT BRUCE BANNER FOR A MOMENT, TO OBSERVE EVENTS TRANSPIRING HALF A WORLD AWAY, IN A SECRET U.S. JET HURTLING LOW OVER THE FROZEN RUSSIAN STEPPES!

IN THIS JET ARE COLONEL JOHN D. ARMBRUSTER--- COMMANDING, AND MAJOR GLENN TALBOT, VOLUNTEER!
ARMBRUSTER HERE, PILOT! COUNT FIVE AND LET 'ER RIP!
A HANDFUL OF SECONDS LATER, SIX TUBES BURST FROM THE BIG SHIP'S BELLY IN A VERTICAL DESCENT LAUNCH--
--AND, WELL BELOW SOVIET RADAR SCREENS, SIX SOLDIERS SINK TOWARD SOVIET SOIL!
THEN, WHEN THEIR CLANDESTINE LANDING HAS BEEN COMPLETED...
THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW, MEN!
AS OFFICERS IN PROJECT: GREENSKIN, HAVING VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS MISSION, YOU'VE ALL AGREED TO LAY YOUR LIVES ON THE LINE--
--TO TRY TO FREE YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER, GENERAL ROSS, FROM THE RUSSKIES--AND I KNOW YOU'LL DO YOUR VERY BEST!
HOLD IT! THAT MAY BE OUR AGENT!
THE PASS-WORD IS DALLAS.
THE COUNTERSIGN IS FT. WORTH.
RIGHT! LEAD ON!
IT WILL BE PERILOUS, COLONEL. YOUR PIPE MIGHT GIVE US AWAY.
MY PIPE IS MY TRADEMARK, MISTER! LEAD ON!
WHADDAYA THINK, TALBOT? HE'S YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW!
WELL, SIR, I'M THANKFUL THE GENERAL'S NOT YET IN MOSCOW.
THIS SMALLER CITY WILL MAKE OUR JOB EASIER.
CAN ANYTHING ABOUT A COMMANDO RAID INSIDE MODERN RUSSIA--TO STEAL A PRISONER FROM SOVIET INTELLIGENCE--BE EASY?
WE SHALL SEE...

...AFTER WE RETURN TO THE FALLEN BRUCE BANNER...
THERE'S THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA FRY--
--ABOUT TO PUT THE BITE ON A CITIZEN!
HE LOOKS LIKE LIVING ELECTRICITY!
SO LET'S TRY ONE OF MY ELECTRICALLY OPERATED ARROWS AND SEE IF IT CAN DISRUPT HIS BODY!
WHAT? ATTACKED?
WELL, IT WAS A NOBLE EXPERIMENT!
ZA TAM
UHHHH...FEEL LIKE A PIECE OF TOAST... LEFT TO COOK TOO LONG...
NOW I REMEMBER! THE ELECTRICAL CREATURE TRIED TO KILL M--
NO! I DON'T DARE THINK ABOUT IT!
IT'LL MAKE MY ADRENALIN FLOW--MAKE ME CHANGE!
DON'T THINK! DON'T WORRY BRUCE!
DON'T...
D--
D---
HA!


PUNY BANNER CAN'T KEEP HULK LOCKED AWAY! BANNER IS WEAK!
HULK REMEMBERS... BANNER WAS AFRAID OF THIS ONE!
HULK WILL SHOW HIM THAT HULK IS NOT AFRAID-- SO BANNER WILL BE SCARED OF HULK!
WHOA! SO THAT CITIZEN WAS THE FAMOUS DR. BANNER?
WELL, EVEN DR. DOOM COULDN'T GET MY MONSTER AWAY FROM ME!
SIT THIS ONE OUT, GREENIE! MY SNARL-SHAFT WILL SEE TO IT!
THOUSAND-POUND TEST STEEL CABLES WON'T MAKE YOU THE HEIGHT OF FASHION, BUT--
WHO TALKS TO HULK--TRIES TO TIE HIM UP?
RRROP!
IS IT YOU?
OOPS!
BRRAK!
LEAVE HULK ALONE, PURPLE MAN! HULK WANTS TO FIGHT!
ZZZAX DOEZZ NOT! WANTZZ TO KILL, NOT FIGHT!
ZZZOT!
DIE!!
CREATURE... HURT HULK --BURNED HIM!
IT CAN'T ESCAPE HULK! HULK WILL MAKE IT PAY!


HULK ONLY WANTED TO FIND DR. STRANGE--BUT BANNER BROUGHT HIM TO BURNING MONSTER!
HULK HATES BANNER FOR THAT! HATES MONSTER, TOO!
MAYBE I WAS BETTER OFF AS A NOBODY.
HATES EVERY-BODY!
HUMANZZ HAVE RUN! ONLY FEW LEFT TO KILL!
MUST KILL MORE! GET ZZMARTER!
BEING SMART WON'T HELP YOU, MONSTER!
HASN'T HELPED HULK!
CRANT!
AWAY, HULK!
FOOK!
MONSTER THINKS HULK WILL FALL LIKE PUNY HUMAN!
DOESN'T KNOW WHO HULK IS!
HULK WILL SHOW YOU, MONSTER!


HULK WILL SHOW YOU GOOD!!
KRAK-A-TUK!

MONSTER IS STRONG, BUT HULK IS STRONGER!
YOU HEAR HULK, MONSTER! YOU SEE HULK?

BLAM!
YOU SEE WHAT HULK CAN DO?

ZZZAX ZZEEZZ! ZZZAX HEARZZ!
BUT ZZZAX IZZ ZZTRONG, TOO!
AND HE KILLZZ!

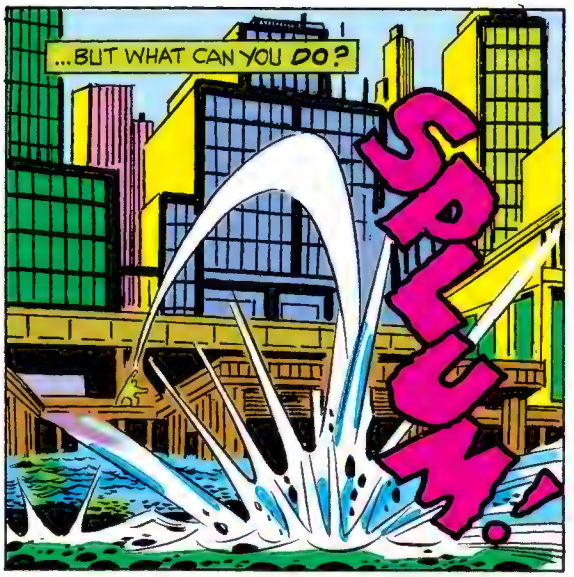
ZZZAX IZZ POWER!!
UNNHHH!

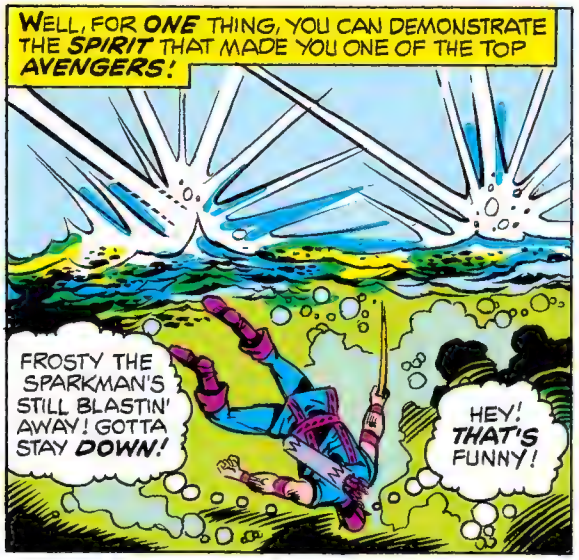
LISTEN UP NOW! THE CAPER'S PLANNED TO THE SECOND!
WE'VE GOT NINETY OF 'EM TO GET OUT ONCE I BLOW ROSS'S CELL!
ONCE WE SHINNY UP THIS WALL, WE'RE COMMITTED! ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS NOW!
LET'S JUST GO, SIR!
ARMBRUSTER SNORTS ONCE ON HIS MEERSCHAUM, THEN FLUIDLY HURLS HIS GRAPPLE.
IT CATCHES ON THE FIRST TRY. THE COLONEL WOULD HAVE BEEN ASTONISHED IF IT HADN'T.
YOU SEE, FOR COL. ARMBRUSTER, LIFE IS A MOVIE... IN WHICH NO ONE MISSES A CUE AND NO RETAKES ARE EVER NEEDED.
AND THE GOOD GUYS ALWAYS WIN.
STAND BACK! I'VE PLANTED THE CHARGES!
WHOOM!
WHAT IN BLAZES--?
BY GADFREY! FLYBOYS-- AND GLENN'S WITH THEM!
AMERICA COULDN'T LEAVE YOU IN RUSSIA, SIR!
NAME'S ARM-BRUSTER, HEAD HONCHO.
COLONEL—BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY IT'S A PLEASURE!
COLONEL, MAY I REMIND YOU ABOUT THE TIME?
RIGHT YOU ARE, TALBOT! LET'S SCRAMBLE!

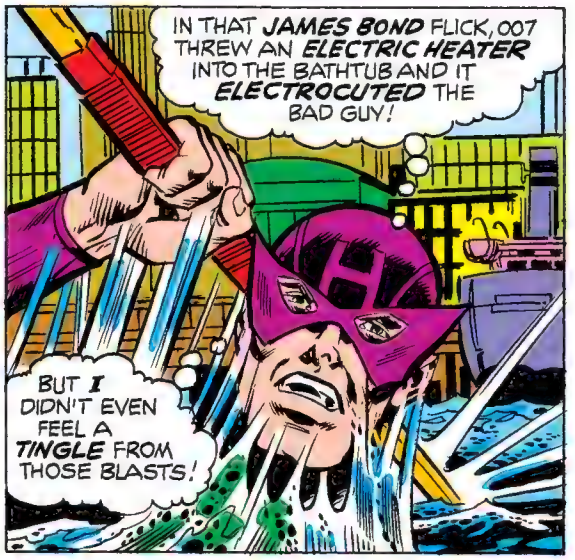
THE HULK'S DOWN, BUT NOT FOR GOOD-- AND AFTER WATCHIN' HIM WORK, I KNOW I'LL NEVER STOP HIM, EITHER!
MY JOB'S GOT TO BE STOPPIN' ZZZAX BEFORE THE HULK GETS A CHANCE!
THAT WAY, I'LL SHOW THE WORLD THAT MY ARROWS ARE BETTER THAN GREENIE'S BRUTE FORCE--
--REALLY PROVE WHAT I CAN DO!
HUH? PURPLE MAN IS BACK!
UCHH! FLYING STICK SHOOTS OUT BAD SMELL!
MAKES HULK'S NOSE WANT TO CLOSE!
THAT'S IT, BRAINLESS!
GET AWAY FROM THE HULK AN' CHARGE RIGHT INTO MY SIGHTS--
--IF I HAD ANY SIGHTS--
--SO YOU CAN WIN A FOAM ARROW--
--RIGHT IN THE KISSER!
FOAM, GRUESOME, IS WHAT THEY USE TO PUT OUT ELECTRICAL FIRES!
YET ELECTRICAL FIRES DO NOT POSSESS THE ELUSIVE SPARK OF LIFE, ARCHER!
THIS ONE STAGGERS AND SLOWS--BUT IT DOES NOT DIE!

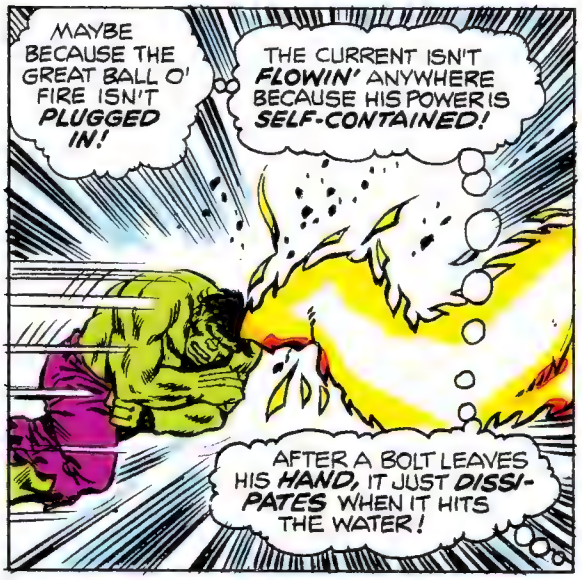
ALMOST BEFORE ITS WEAKNESS CAN BE NOTICED, IT IS SHAKING OFF THE FOAM LIKE A DRENCHED DOG, RETURNING TO THE ATTACK!
BUT THE HULK HAS NOTICED--
--AND HE ALSO RETURNS TO THE ATTACK!
CREATURE'S FIRE HURTS HULK, BUT--
HE ISN'T GONNA BACK DOWN! SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY, HE'LL TAKE THAT WALKIN' POWER PLANT--
--AND HAPLESS OLD HAWKEYE GETS THE SHORT END AGAIN!
ONE OF YOUR PROBLEMS, ARCHER, IS THAT YOU'RE PRONE TO CALCULATE YOUR CAPONS 'WAY TOO EARLY. FOR EXAMPLE--
--THE HULK MIGHT NOT EMERGE VICTORIOUS FROM THIS FRAY.
BAM!
BUT EITHER WAY, YOU DO SEEM TO BE RIGHT ABOUT YOUR FUTURE!
ZOK!

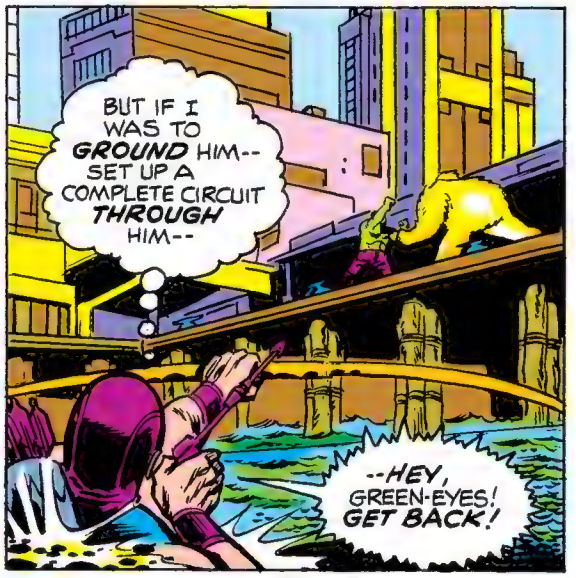
IT'S TOO BAD, REALLY--WE WERE ROOTING FOR YOU...

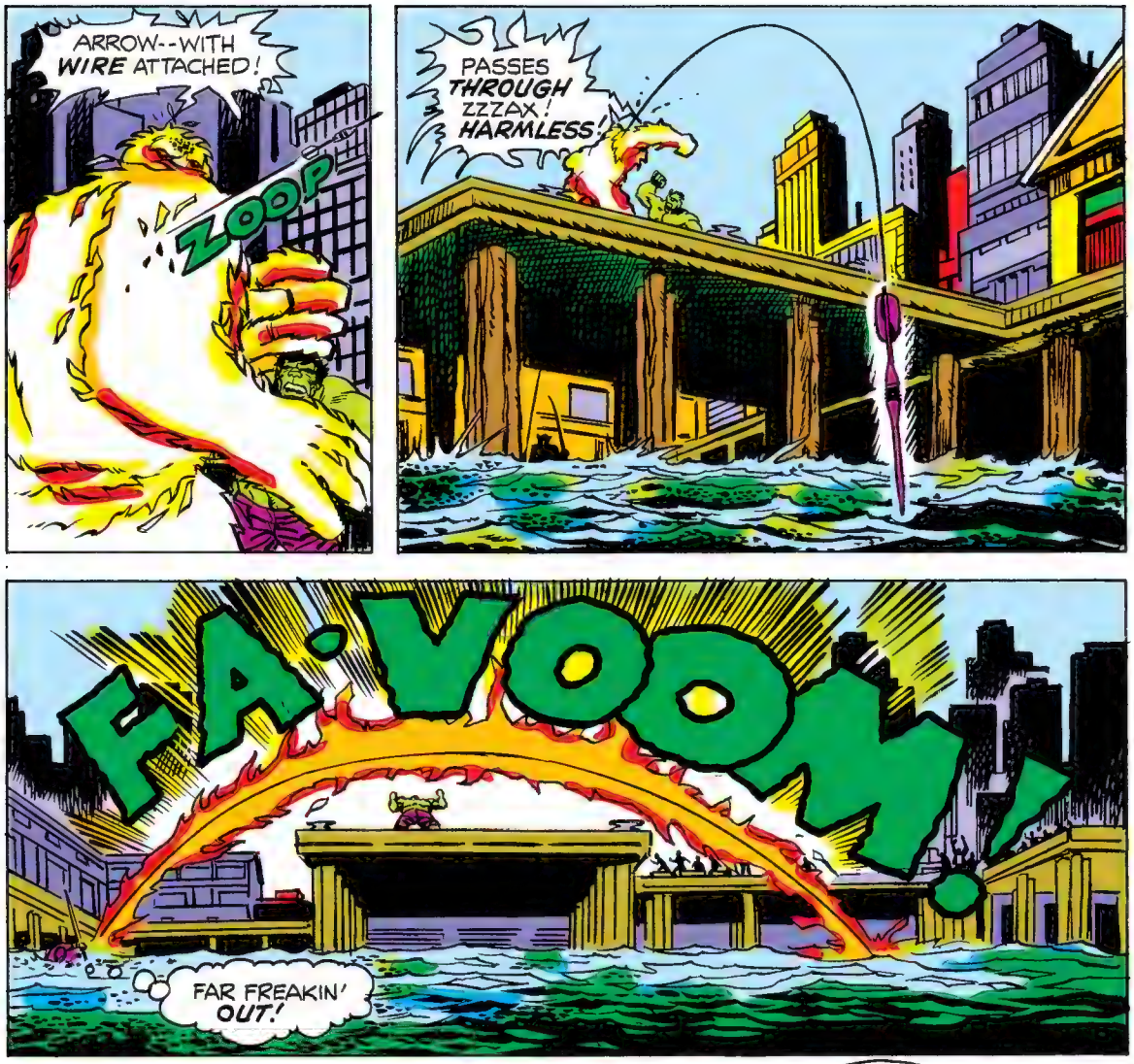

...BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO?
SPLUK!

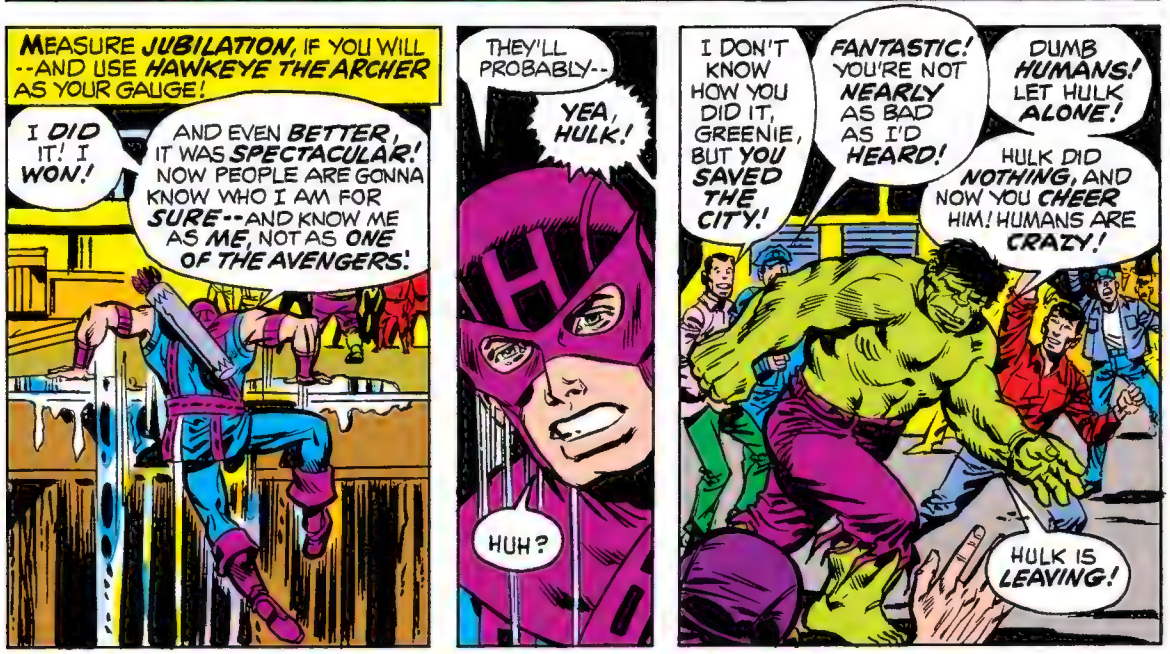

WELL, FOR ONE THING, YOU CAN DEMONSTRATE THE SPIRIT THAT MADE YOU ONE OF THE TOP AVENGERS!
FROSTY THE SPARKMAN'S STILL BLASTIN' AWAY! GOTTA STAY DOWN!
HEY! THAT'S FUNNY!


IN THAT JAMES BOND FLICK, 007 THREW AN ELECTRIC HEATER INTO THE BATHTUB AND IT ELECTROCUTED THE BAD GUY!
BUT I DIDN'T EVEN FEEL A TINGLE FROM THOSE BLASTS!


MAYBE BECAUSE THE GREAT BALL O' FIRE ISN'T PLUGGED IN!
THE CURRENT ISN'T FLOWIN' ANYWHERE BECAUSE HIS POWER IS SELF-CONTAINED!
AFTER A BOLT LEAVES HIS HAND, IT JUST DISSI-PATES WHEN IT HITS THE WATER!


BUT IF I WAS TO GROUND HIM-- SET UP A COMPLETE CIRCUIT THROUGH HIM--
--HEY, GREEN-EYES! GET BACK!


ARROW--WITH WIRE ATTACHED!
ZOOP
PASSES THROUGH ZZZAX! HARMLESS!
FA-VOOM!
FAR FREAKIN' OUT!


MEASURE JUBILATION, IF YOU WILL --AND USE HAWKEYE THE ARCHER AS YOUR GAUGE!
I DID IT! I WON!
AND EVEN BETTER, IT WAS SPECTACULAR! NOW PEOPLE ARE GONNA KNOW WHO I AM FOR SURE--AND KNOW ME AS ME, NOT AS ONE OF THE AVENGERS!
THEY'LL PROBABLY--
YEA, HULK!
HUH?
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, GREENIE, BUT YOU SAVED THE CITY!
FANTASTIC! YOU'RE NOT NEARLY AS BAD AS I'D HEARD!
DUMB HUMANS! LET HULK ALONE!
HULK DID NOTHING, AND NOW YOU CHEER HIM! HUMANS ARE CRAZY!
HULK IS LEAVING!

AND AT THAT SAME FATEFUL MOMENT--
SIR! WE'RE DISCOVERED!
GET GENERAL ROSS TO SAFETY!
KPOW
I'LL COVER YOU 'TILL YOU'RE CLEAR!
KPOW KRAK
A-OK, MAJOR! WE'RE DOWN!
COME ON, TALBOT! GET OUT OF THERE! YOU--
KRAK
THAT FINISHED HIM, COMRADE!
GLENN! GLENN!!
SNAP OUT OF IT, ROSS! THE MAN'S GONE --BUT WE'VE STILL GOT TO MOVE!
SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND FOLLOW ME!
HOW DO YOU JUSTIFY A FALLEN FRIEND?
WITH THE LEGEND OF HEROISM HE HAS CARVED-- WITH THE LIFE OF THE MAN HE HELPED SAVE--WITH THE BRIDE TO WHOM HE SO BRIEFLY BROUGHT JOY?
OR IS THERE NO JUSTIFICATION FOR FRIENDS FALLING IN UNKNOWN PLACES, AT THE HANDS OF DRIVEN MEN?
THESE ARE QUESTIONS THESE MEN WILL LIVE WITH IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS AHEAD, AS THEY REMEMBER THEIR FRIEND--
MAJOR GLENN TALBOT, REST IN...
COMRADE, THIS MAN IS STILL ALIVE!
NEXT: A NEW KIND OF MENACE FROM MODOK!
PLUS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK & HAWKEYE CONTINUE THEIR CONFLICT IN THE DEFENDERS #7, ON SALE NOW!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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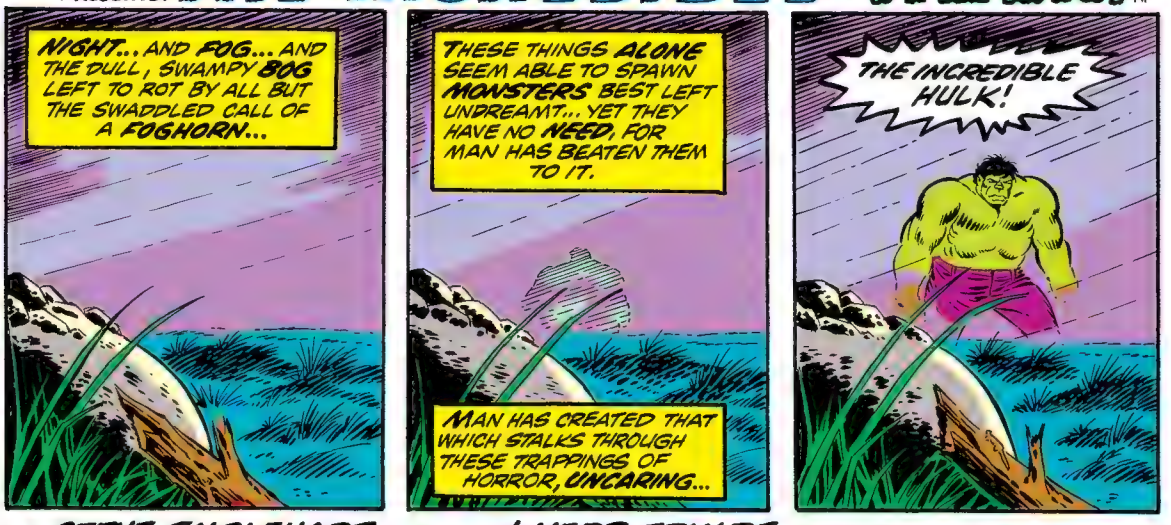
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
YOU MAY FRIGHTEN THOSE WHIMPERING MORTALS, HULK--
BUT TO MODOK YOU'RE JUST ONE MORE ANT TO BE CRUSHED!
TRIMPE
"DESTROY!" CRIES THE MONSTER!

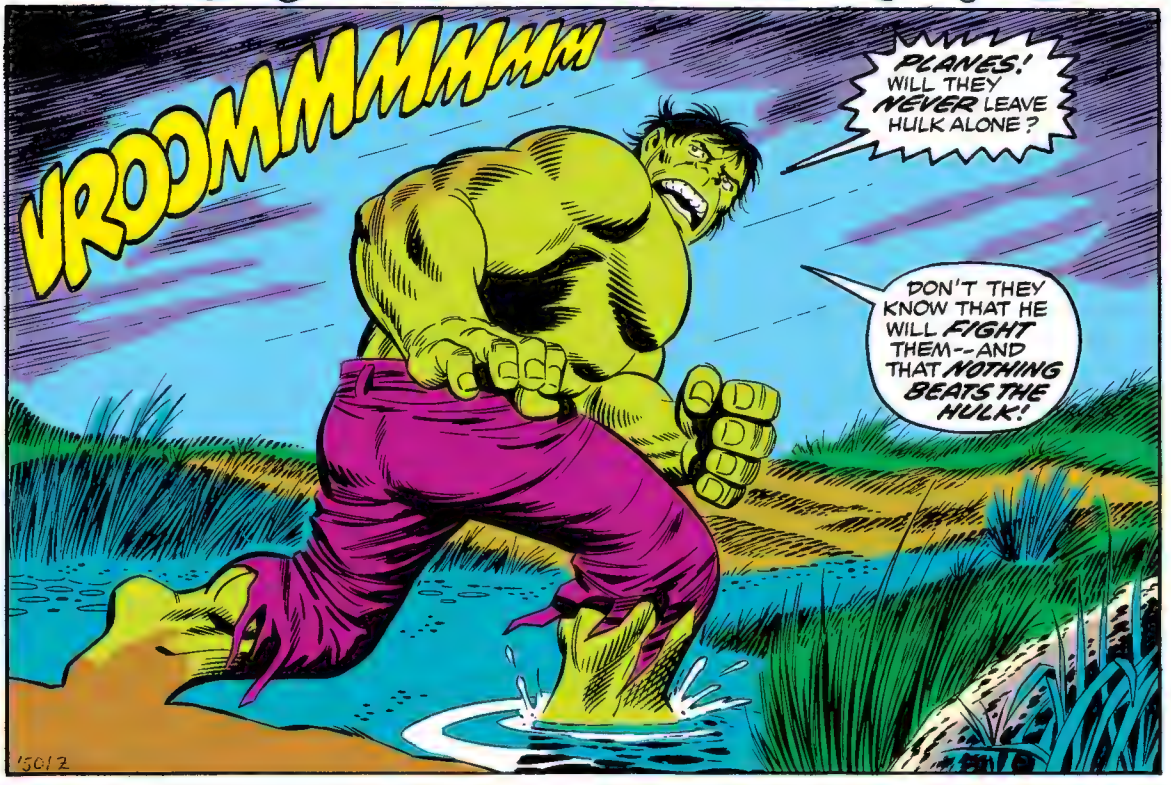
STan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

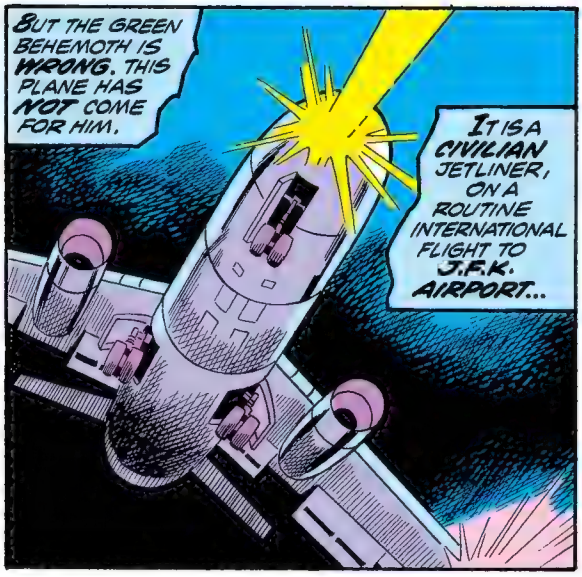

NIGHT... AND FOG... AND THE DULL, SWAMPY BOG LEFT TO ROT BY ALL BUT THE SWADDLED CALL OF A FOGHORN...
THESE THINGS ALONE SEEM ABLE TO SPAWN MONSTERS BEST LEFT UNDREAMT... YET THEY HAVE NO NEED, FOR MAN HAS BEATEN THEM TO IT.
MAN HAS CREATED THAT WHICH STALKS THROUGH THESE TRAPPINGS OF HORROR, UNCARING...
THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

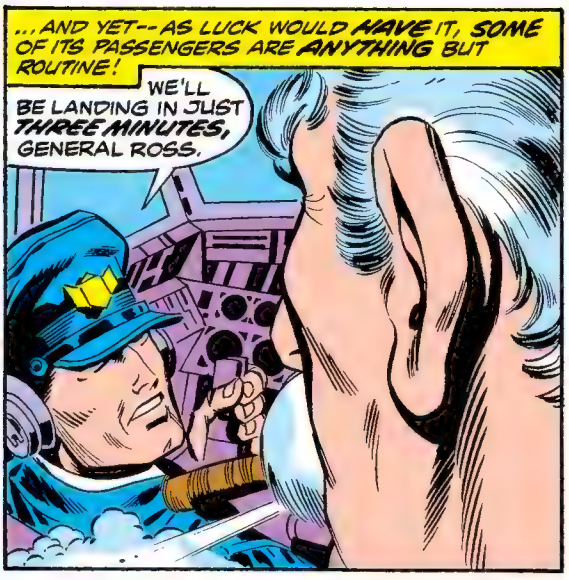
A STEVE ENGLEHART, AUTHOR / HERB TRIMPE, ARTIST TOGETHERNESS TRIUMPH!

JACK ABEL, INKER / JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER / P. GOLDBERG, COLORIST / ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

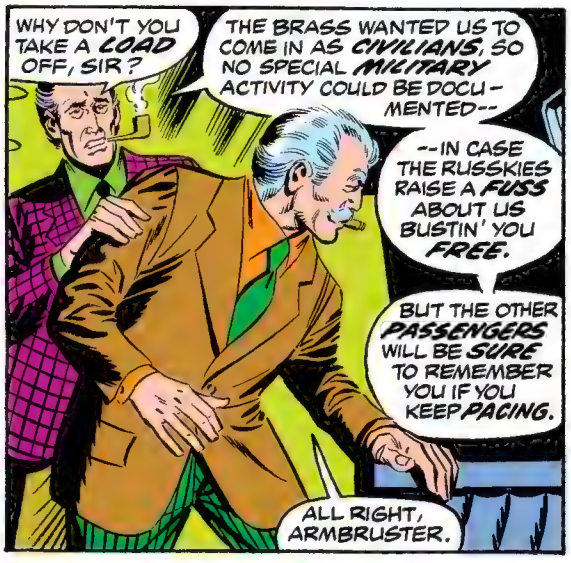
TO DESTROY THE MONSTER!


VROOMMMMMM
PLANES! WILL THEY NEVER LEAVE HULK ALONE?
DON'T THEY KNOW THAT HE WILL FIGHT THEM--AND THAT NOTHING BEATS THE HULK!


BUT THE GREEN BEHEMOTH IS WRONG. THIS PLANE HAS NOT COME FOR HIM.
IT IS A CIVILIAN JETLINER, ON A ROUTINE INTERNATIONAL FLIGHT TO J.F.K. AIRPORT...


...AND YET--AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, SOME OF ITS PASSENGERS ARE ANYTHING BUT ROUTINE!
WE'LL BE LANDING IN JUST THREE MINUTES, GENERAL ROSS.

THREE MINUTES--AND I'LL BE BACK IN AMERICA. I THOUGHT I'D CASHED IN MY CHIPS, SPENDING THE REST OF MY DAYS A PRISONER OF THE RUSSIANS--*
--AND NOW I'M ONLY THREE MINUTES FROM HOME.
*SEE HULK #163 AND ONWARD. --ROY.


WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A LOAD OFF, SIR?
THE BRASS WANTED US TO COME IN AS CIVILIANS, SO NO SPECIAL MILITARY ACTIVITY COULD BE DOCUMENTED--
--IN CASE THE RUSSKIES RAISE A FUSS ABOUT US BUSTIN' YOU FREE.
BUT THE OTHER PASSENGERS WILL BE SURE TO REMEMBER YOU IF YOU KEEP PACING.
ALL RIGHT, ARMBRUSTER.

PACING? BLAST IT, WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?
IN THREE MINUTES, I HAVE TO FIND WORDS TO TELL MY DAUGHTER HER HUSBAND IS DEAD--
--SHOT WHILE SAVING HER FUMBLING FATHER.*
MAYBE... I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO GO HOME...
*BUT WE KNOW--EVEN IF NO ONE ELSE DOES--THAT GLENN TALBOT SURVIVED!--STEVE.

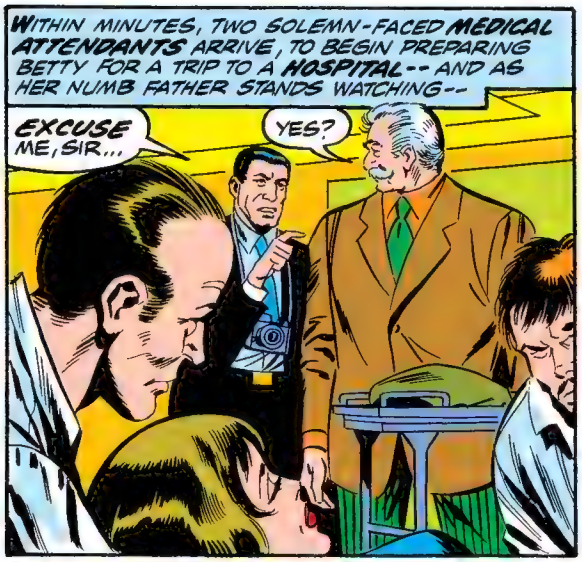
PLANE COMES OUT OF CLOUD!
NOW HULK SEES--IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE PLANES THAT ATTACK HIM--

--BUT HULK MUST JUMP CLOSER TO BE SURE!
THERE IS NO MALICE IN THE MONSTER NOW-- ONLY THE CURIOSITY OF A CHILD.
HE SOARS THROUGH THE THUNDERING SKY--
SEES THAT HE IS NOT THREAT-ENED--
--AND PASSES HARMLESSLY ON.
DID I SEE--?
NO... I COULDN'T HAVE...!
BUT IT SURE LOOKED LIKE...
AND THEN THE PLANE TOUCHES DOWN.
DISEMBARKING IS SWIFT -- AND ONCE INSIDE THE TERMINAL...
I'LL RAMROD US THROUGH CUSTOMS, SIR.
YOU GO ON AHEAD. THERE'S SOMEONE... WAITING FOR YOU.
A FATHER AND HIS DAUGHTER. WITH NO MOTHER, NO BROTHERS OR SISTERS TO SHARE THEIR LOVE, THEY HAVE FACED AN UNCERTAIN LIFE ALONE BUT TOGETHER FOR MANY YEARS, FORGING A BOND MOST OF US CAN ONLY PRAY FOR.
BETTY!
DAD!
NOW THEY ARE REUNITED -- AND FOR A VERY LONG TIME, THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE IN A VERY WARM AND WONDERFUL WORLD.

BUT THEN--THE INEVITABLE!
DAD, WHERE'S--WHERE'S GLENN?
ISN'T HE WITH YOU?
BETTY--THERE'S NO WAY TO SAY IT THAT CAN SOFTEN THE FACTS. I'D SELL MY SOUL FOR IT IF THERE WERE, GOD KNOWS.
BETTY... HE'S DEAD.
HE WAS PROTECTING ME... IT WAS THE BRAVEST ACT--
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
WE--WERE JUST BACK FROM OUR HONEYMOON! WE NEVER EVEN SET UP HOUSE-KEEPING!
I NEVER COOKED A MEAL FOR HIM! HOW CAN HE BE DEAD?
IT'S THOSE FINAL WORDS--TWISTING SUDDENLY INTO A SCREAM--THAT GIVE THE ONLY WARNING BEFORE BETTY ROSS TALBOT BREAKS!
YOU!
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT CAUSED THIS! YOU!
YOU PLAYED YOUR STUPID SOLDIER GAMES--AND YOU MADE MY HUSBAND PLAY THEM!
HE IDOLIZED YOU, AND YOU LED HIM TO HIS DEATH!
I HATE YOU!!
SLAP!
GLENN! GLENN!
WHERE ARE YOU, LAMB? I'M COMING!
IF YOU'RE DEAD, I DON'T WANT TO LIVE, EITHER!

HOLD UP THERE, LITTLE LADY!
THAT SCREAMIN'S SURE AS SHOOTIN' GONNA BLOW OUR COVER!
LET ME GO! LET ME--
MEN
GATES 3-4-5

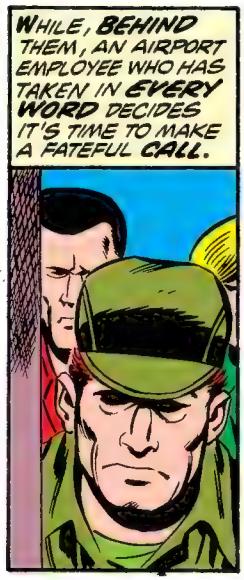
I'LL BE DOUBLE-DIPPED! SHE FAINTED!
CALL... A DOCTOR, ARMBRUSTER.
PLEASE, I CAN'T.
MEN

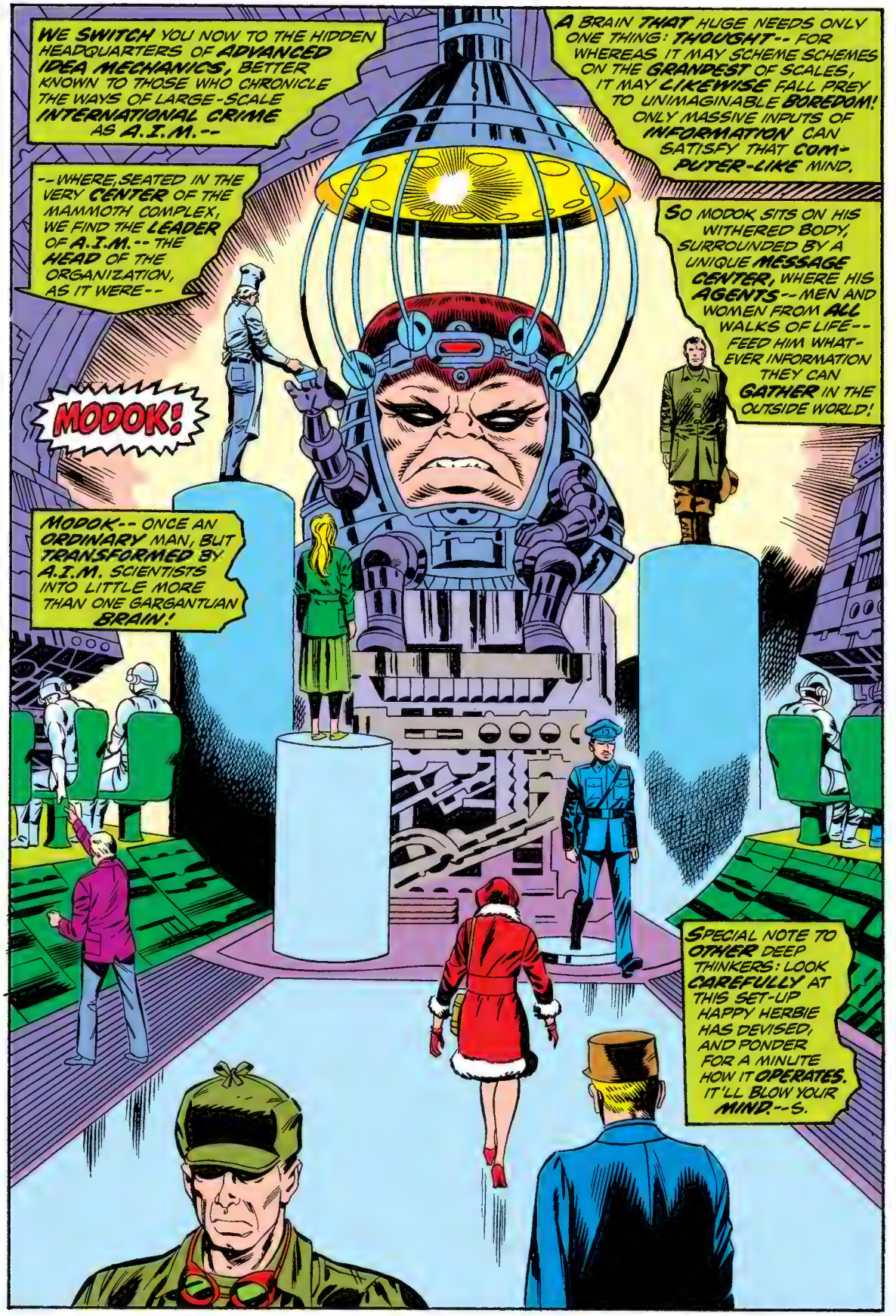

WITHIN MINUTES, TWO SOLEMN-FACED MEDICAL ATTENDANTS ARRIVE, TO BEGIN PREPARING BETTY FOR A TRIP TO A HOSPITAL -- AND AS HER NUMB FATHER STANDS WATCHING--
EXCUSE ME, SIR...
YES?

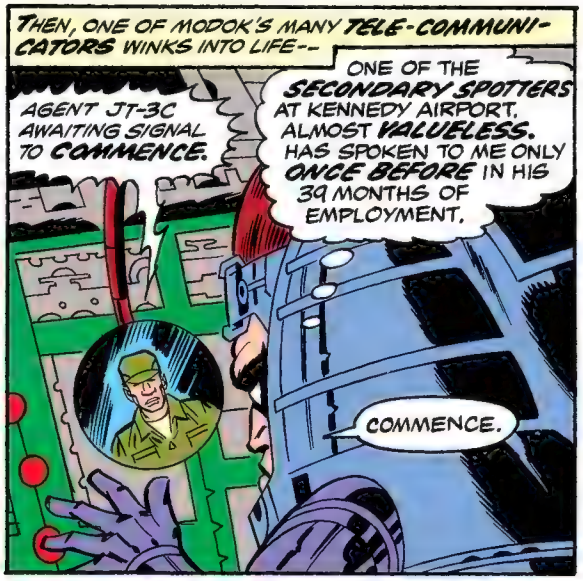
YOU'RE THUNDERBOLT ROSS, AREN'T YOU? MY PAPER MUST HAVE RUN YOUR PICTURE AT LEAST A HUNDRED TIMES.
LISTEN, GENERAL: WHAT'S WITH THE CIVVIES? AND WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS OVER THE NUTTY CHICK?

POW!

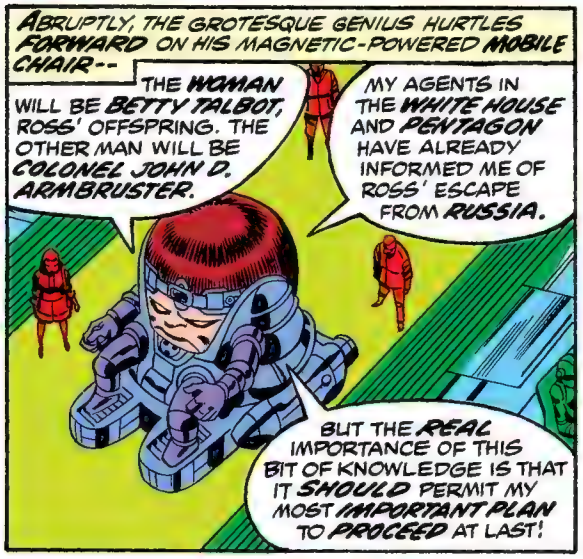
YOU CRUMMY MILITARY TYPES ARE ALL ALIKE, TRYING TO PUT A LID ON EVERYTHING!
WELL, IT WON'T WORK, SEE! I'M GONNA PLAY THIS UP BIG!

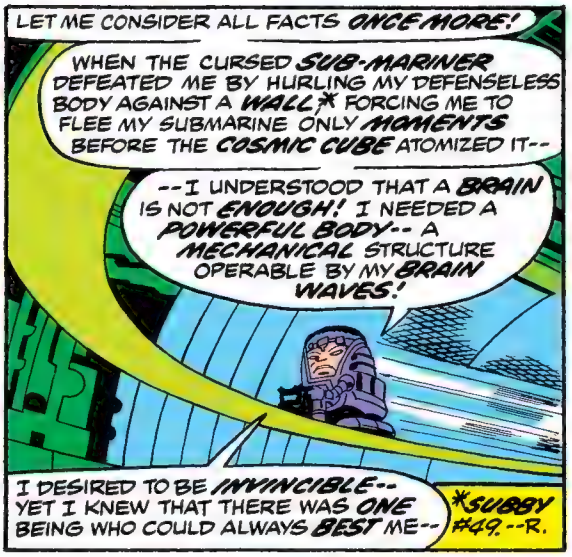

WHILE, BEHIND THEM, AN AIRPORT EMPLOYEE WHO HAS TAKEN IN EVERY WORD DECIDES IT'S TIME TO MAKE A FATEFUL CALL.

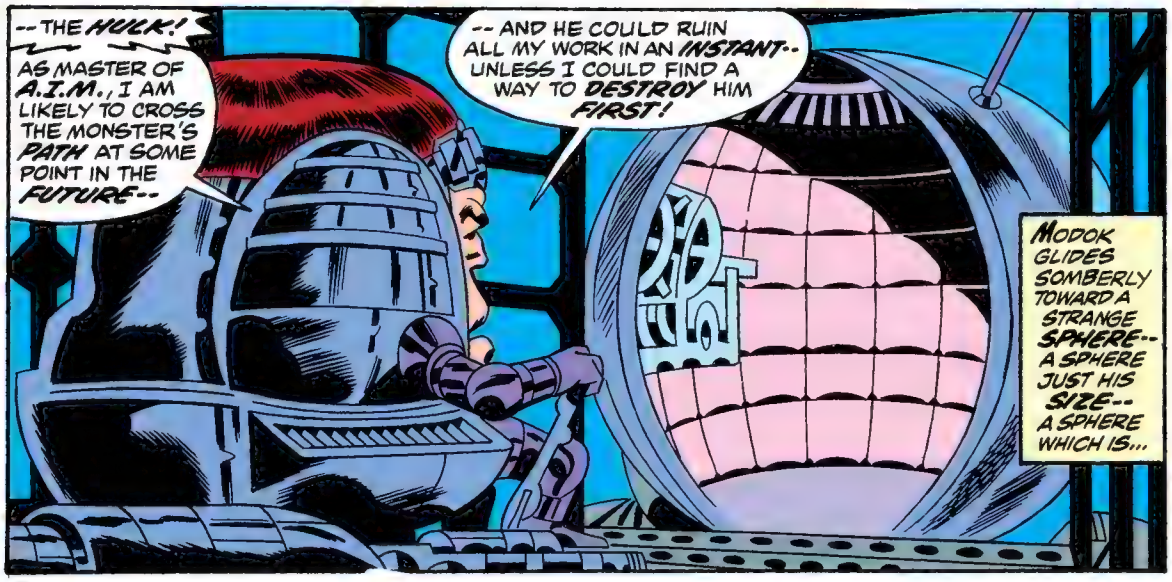

WE SWITCH YOU NOW TO THE HIDDEN HEADQUARTERS OF ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS, BETTER KNOWN TO THOSE WHO CHRONICLE THE WAYS OF LARGE-SCALE INTERNATIONAL CRIME AS A.I.M.--
--WHERE, SEATED IN THE VERY CENTER OF THE MAMMOTH COMPLEX, WE FIND THE LEADER OF A.I.M.-- THE HEAD OF THE ORGANIZATION, AS IT WERE--
MODOK!
MODOK-- ONCE AN ORDINARY MAN, BUT TRANSFORMED BY A.I.M. SCIENTISTS INTO LITTLE MORE THAN ONE GARGANTUAN BRAIN!
A BRAIN THAT HUGE NEEDS ONLY ONE THING: THOUGHT-- FOR WHEREAS IT MAY SCHEME SCHEMES ON THE GRANDEST OF SCALES, IT MAY LIKEWISE FALL PREY TO UNIMAGINABLE BOREDOM! ONLY MASSIVE INPUTS OF INFORMATION CAN SATISFY THAT COM-PUTER-LIKE MIND.
SO MODOK SITS ON HIS WITHERED BODY, SURROUNDED BY A UNIQUE MESSAGE CENTER, WHERE HIS AGENTS-- MEN AND WOMEN FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE-- FEED HIM WHAT-EVER INFORMATION THEY CAN GATHER IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD!
SPECIAL NOTE TO OTHER DEEP THINKERS: LOOK CAREFULLY AT THIS SET-UP HAPPY HERBIE HAS DEVISED, AND PONDER FOR A MINUTE HOW IT OPERATES. IT'LL BLOW YOUR MIND.--S.

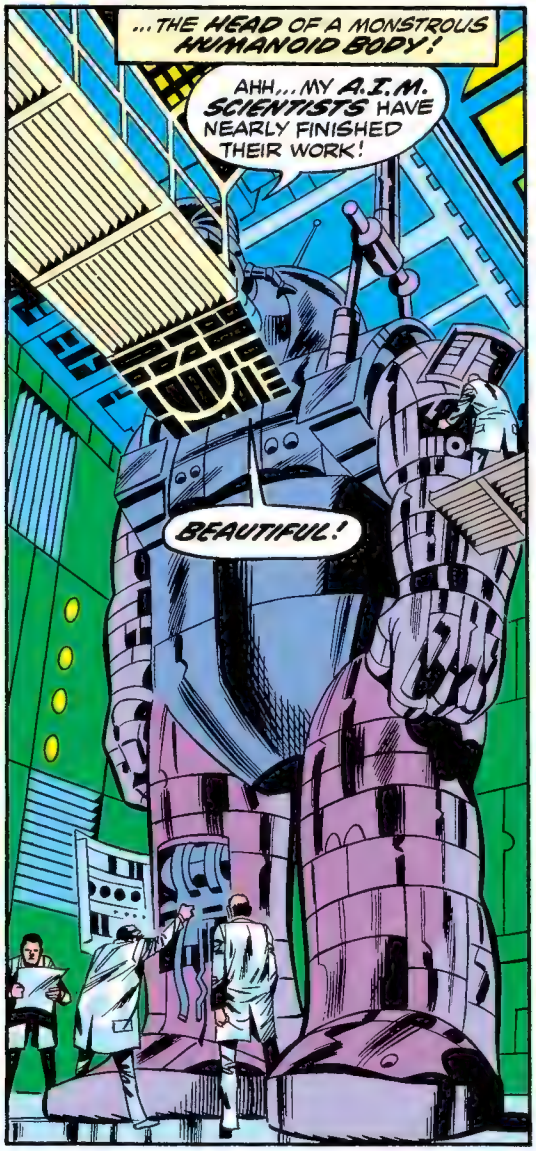

THEN, ONE OF MODOK'S MANY TELE-COMMUNI-CATORS WINKS INTO LIFE--
AGENT JT-3C AWAITING SIGNAL TO COMMENCE.
ONE OF THE SECONDARY SPOTTERS AT KENNEDY AIRPORT, ALMOST VALUELESS, HAS SPOKEN TO ME ONLY ONCE BEFORE IN HIS 39 MONTHS OF EMPLOYMENT.
COMMENCE.

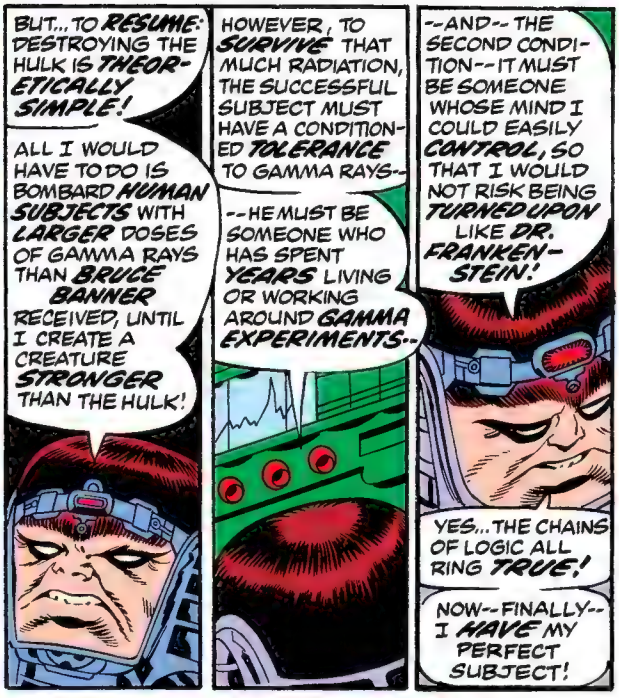
MASTER, AT 20:49 STANDARD TIME, A HYSTERICAL WOMAN, APPROXIMATE AGE 27, BROWN HAIR, WAS REMOVED FROM MY STATION BY MEDICAL PERSONNEL.
A SECOND MAN, APPROXIMATE AGE 40, ASSISTED ROSS BUT TOOK CARE TO STAY IN THE BACKGROUND. ALL WERE DRESSED AS CIVILIANS.
A MAN, APPROXIMATE AGE 55, IDENTIFIED AS "THUNDER-BOLT" ROSS, APPEARED DAZED AND UPSET OVER THIS ACTION.
FINISH.

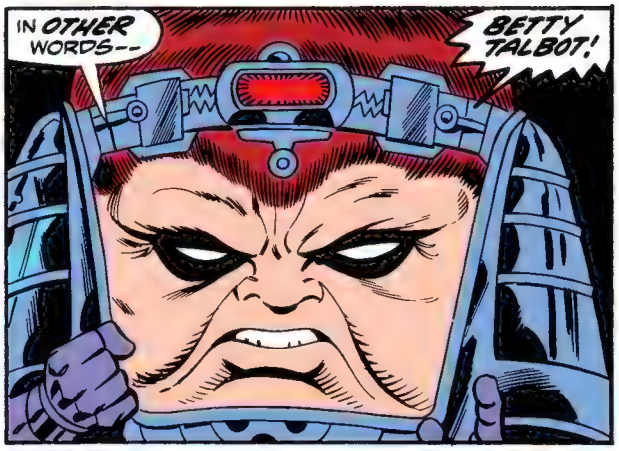

ABRUPTLY, THE GROTESQUE GENIUS HURTLES FORWARD ON HIS MAGNETIC-POWERED MOBILE CHAIR--
THE WOMAN WILL BE BETTY TALBOT, ROSS' OFFSPRING. THE OTHER MAN WILL BE COLONEL JOHN D. ARMBRUSTER.
MY AGENTS IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND PENTAGON HAVE ALREADY INFORMED ME OF ROSS' ESCAPE FROM RUSSIA.
BUT THE REAL IMPORTANCE OF THIS BIT OF KNOWLEDGE IS THAT IT SHOULD PERMIT MY MOST IMPORTANT PLAN TO PROCEED AT LAST!

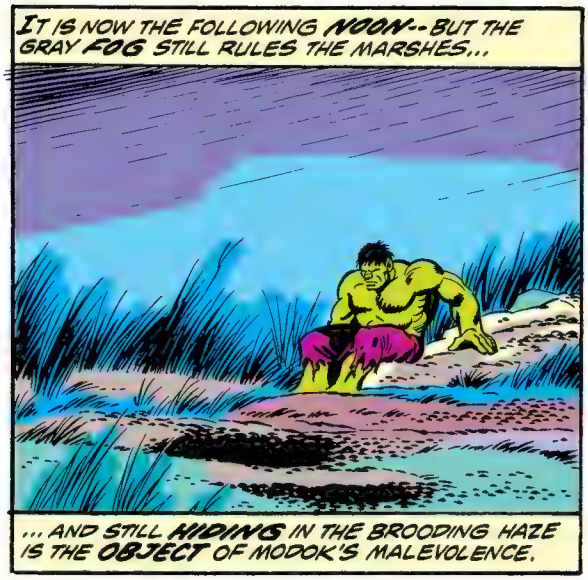

LET ME CONSIDER ALL FACTS ONCE MORE!
WHEN THE CURSED SUB-MARINER DEFEATED ME BY HURLING MY DEFENSELESS BODY AGAINST A WALL* FORCING ME TO FLEE MY SUBMARINE ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE THE COSMIC CUBE ATOMIZED IT--
--I UNDERSTOOD THAT A BRAIN IS NOT ENOUGH! I NEEDED A POWERFUL BODY-- A MECHANICAL STRUCTURE OPERABLE BY MY BRAIN WAVES!
I DESIRED TO BE INVINCIBLE-- YET I KNEW THAT THERE WAS ONE BEING WHO COULD ALWAYS BEST ME--
*SUBBY #49.--R.


--THE HULK!
AS MASTER OF A.I.M., I AM LIKELY TO CROSS THE MONSTER'S PATH AT SOME POINT IN THE FUTURE--
-- AND HE COULD RUIN ALL MY WORK IN AN INSTANT-- UNLESS I COULD FIND A WAY TO DESTROY HIM FIRST!
MODOK GLIDES SOMBERLY TOWARD A STRANGE SPHERE-- A SPHERE JUST HIS SIZE-- A SPHERE WHICH IS...

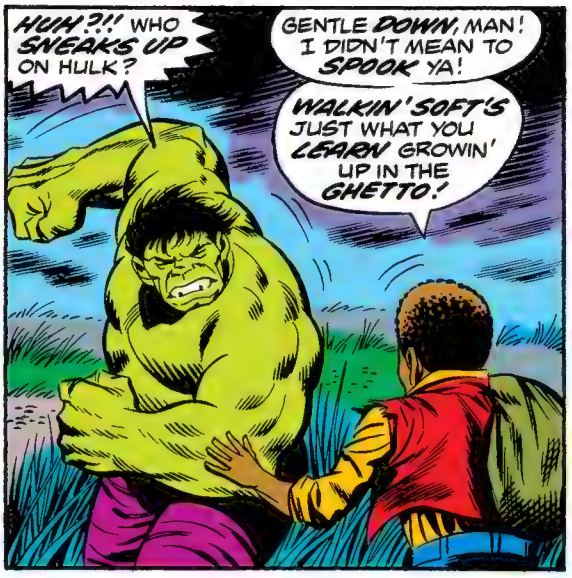

...THE HEAD OF A MONSTROUS HUMANOID BODY!
AHH... MY A.I.M. SCIENTISTS HAVE NEARLY FINISHED THEIR WORK!
BEAUTIFUL!

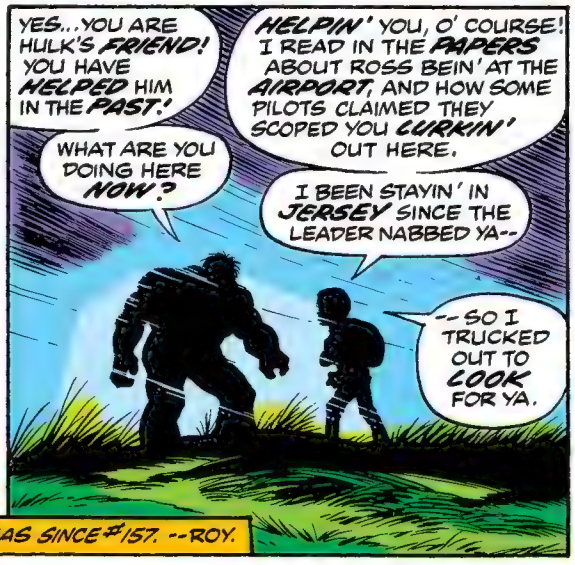

BUT... TO RESUME: DESTROYING THE HULK IS THEORETICALLY SIMPLE!
ALL I WOULD HAVE TO DO IS BOMBARD HUMAN SUBJECTS WITH LARGER DOSES OF GAMMA RAYS THAN BRUCE BANNER RECEIVED, UNTIL I CREATE A CREATURE STRONGER THAN THE HULK!
HOWEVER, TO SURVIVE THAT MUCH RADIATION, THE SUCCESSFUL SUBJECT MUST HAVE A CONDITIONED TOLERANCE TO GAMMA RAYS--
--HE MUST BE SOMEONE WHO HAS SPENT YEARS LIVING OR WORKING AROUND GAMMA EXPERIMENTS--
--AND-- THE SECOND CONDITION--IT MUST BE SOMEONE WHOSE MIND I COULD EASILY CONTROL, SO THAT I WOULD NOT RISK BEING TURNED UPON LIKE DR. FRANKENSTEIN!
YES... THE CHAINS OF LOGIC ALL RING TRUE!
NOW--FINALLY--I HAVE MY PERFECT SUBJECT!


IN OTHER WORDS--
BETTY TALBOT!

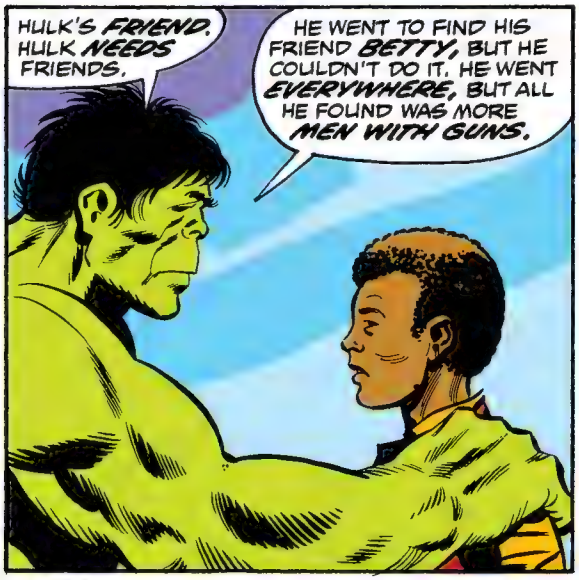

IT IS NOW THE FOLLOWING NOON--BUT THE GRAY FOG STILL RULES THE MARSHES...
... AND STILL HIDING IN THE BROODING HAZE IS THE OBJECT OF MODOK'S MALEVOLENCE.

THEN--
HULK! HULK! WHERE ARE YOU?
SOMEONE COMES!
BUT--HULK WAS HAPPY BY HIMSELF!

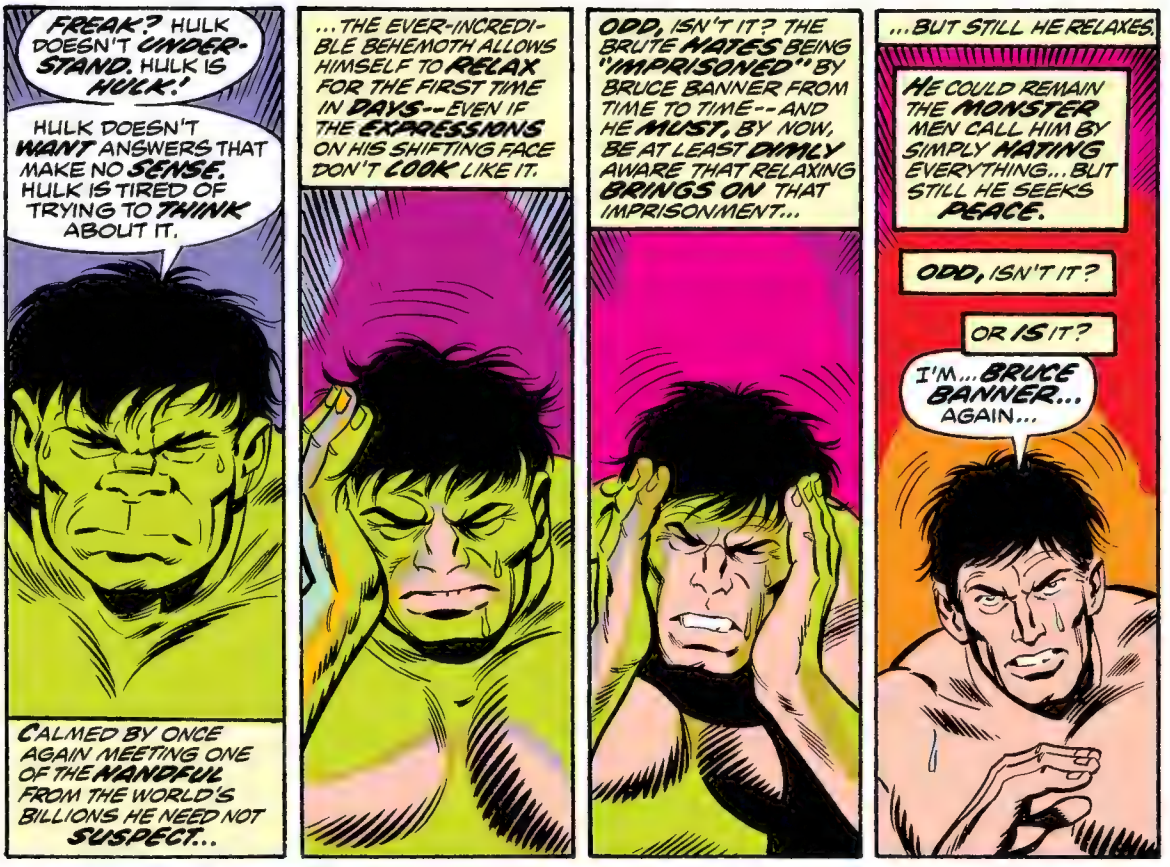



YES... YOU ARE HULK'S FRIEND! YOU HAVE HELPED HIM IN THE PAST!
HELPIN' YOU, O' COURSE! I READ IN THE PAPERS ABOUT ROSS BEIN' AT THE AIRPORT, AND HOW SOME PILOTS CLAIMED THEY SCOPED YOU LURKIN' OUT HERE.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE NOW?
I BEEN STAYIN' IN JERSEY SINCE THE LEADER NABBED YA--
--SO I TRUCKED OUT TO LOOK FOR YA.

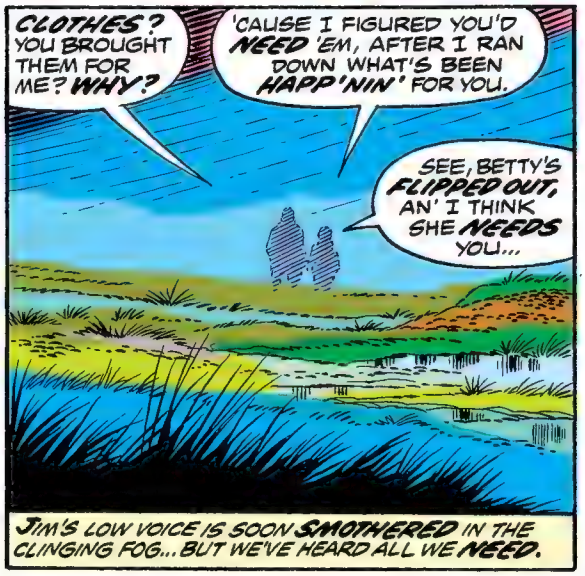
*UNSEEN IN OUR SAGAS SINCE #157. --ROY.

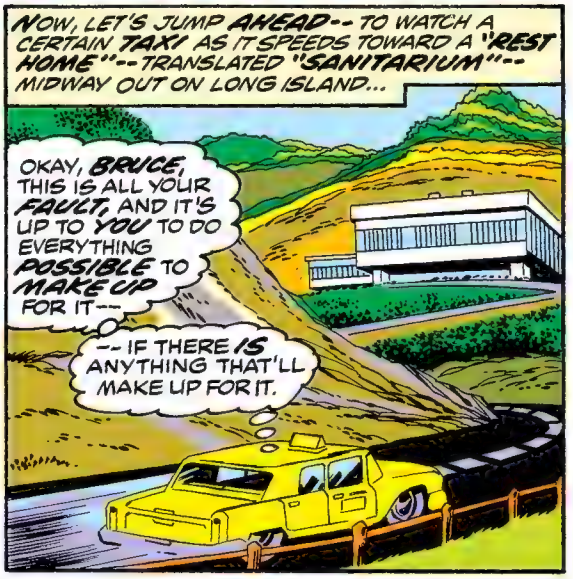

HULK'S FRIEND. HULK NEEDS FRIENDS.
HE WENT TO FIND HIS FRIEND BETTY, BUT HE COULDN'T DO IT. HE WENT EVERYWHERE, BUT ALL HE FOUND WAS MORE MEN WITH GUNS.

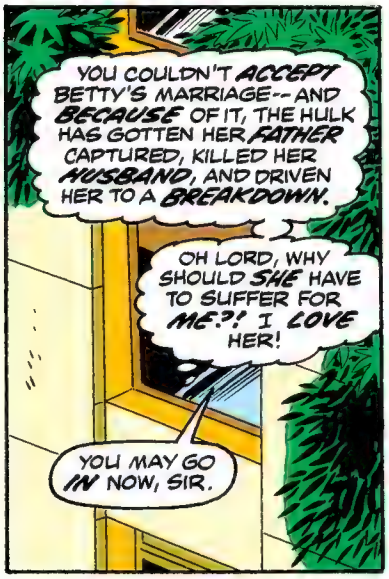
WHY IS IT ALWAYS LIKE THAT FOR HULK? HE ONLY WANTS TO BE WITH PEOPLE WHO LIKE HIM--HE DOESN'T WANT TO HURT ANYBODY.
SURE, MAN--I KNOW WHY. SO DO MORE AN' MORE DUDES ALL THE TIME.
THE GUN-GUYS HATE YOU 'CAUSE YOU'RE A FREAK-- AN' THEY FEAR YOU 'CAUSE YOU'RE A STRONG FREAK.
DOES JIM KNOW WHY? CAN HE TELL HULK?


FREAK? HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND. HULK IS HULK!
HULK DOESN'T WANT ANSWERS THAT MAKE NO SENSE. HULK IS TIRED OF TRYING TO THINK ABOUT IT.
CALMED BY ONCE AGAIN MEETING ONE OF THE HANDFUL FROM THE WORLD'S BILLIONS HE NEED NOT SUSPECT...
...THE EVER-INCREDIBLE BEHEMOTH ALLOWS HIMSELF TO RELAX FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DAYS--EVEN IF THE EXPRESSIONS ON HIS SHIFTING FACE DON'T LOOK LIKE IT.
ODD, ISN'T IT? THE BRUTE HATES BEING "IMPRISONED" BY BRUCE BANNER FROM TIME TO TIME--AND HE MUST, BY NOW, BE AT LEAST DIMLY AWARE THAT RELAXING BRINGS ON THAT IMPRISONMENT...
...BUT STILL HE RELAXES.
HE COULD REMAIN THE MONSTER MEN CALL HIM BY SIMPLY HATING EVERYTHING...BUT STILL HE SEEKS PEACE.
ODD, ISN'T IT?
OR IS IT?
I'M...BRUCE BANNER... AGAIN...

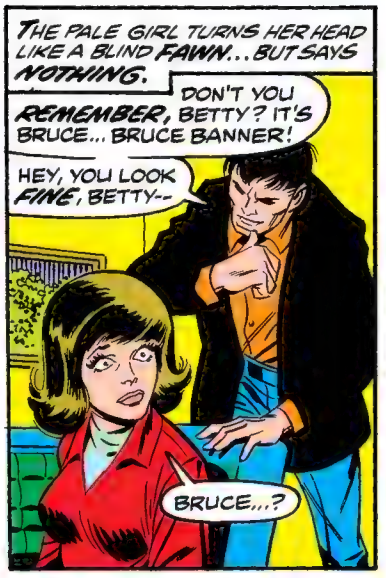
JIM!
DON'T SWEAT IT, DOC-- I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL TO YOU AGAIN IN A SEC.
FOR NOW, THOUGH --JUST SLIP INTO THESE CLOTHES.


CLOTHES? YOU BROUGHT THEM FOR ME? WHY?
'CAUSE I FIGURED YOU'D NEED 'EM, AFTER I RAN DOWN WHAT'S BEEN HAPP'NIN' FOR YOU.
SEE, BETTY'S FLIPPED OUT, AN' I THINK SHE NEEDS YOU...
JIM'S LOW VOICE IS SOON SMOTHERED IN THE CLINGING FOG...BUT WE'VE HEARD ALL WE NEED.


NOW, LET'S JUMP AHEAD-- TO WATCH A CERTAIN TAXI AS IT SPEEDS TOWARD A "REST HOME"--TRANSLATED "SANITARIUM"--- MIDWAY OUT ON LONG ISLAND...
OKAY, BRUCE, THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, AND IT'S UP TO YOU TO DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO MAKE UP FOR IT--
--IF THERE IS ANYTHING THAT'LL MAKE UP FOR IT.


YOU COULDN'T ACCEPT BETTY'S MARRIAGE-- AND BECAUSE OF IT, THE HULK HAS GOTTEN HER FATHER CAPTURED, KILLED HER HUSBAND, AND DRIVEN HER TO A BREAKDOWN.
OH LORD, WHY SHOULD SHE HAVE TO SUFFER FOR ME?! I LOVE HER!
YOU MAY GO IN NOW, SIR.

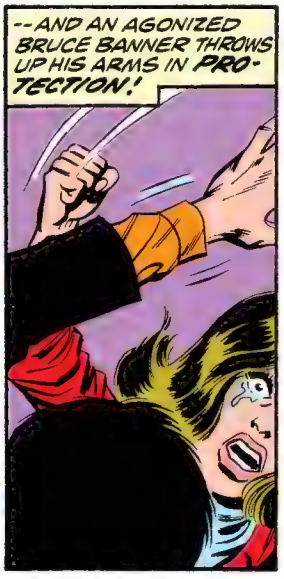
BUT I'VE GOT TO PUT THAT OUT OF MY MIND--FOREVER! IF ANYONE EVER FORFEITED HIS RIGHT TO LOVE, IT'S ME!
I JUST HOPE AN... OLD FRIEND... CAN HELP...
HI, BETTY-- HOW ARE YOU...?

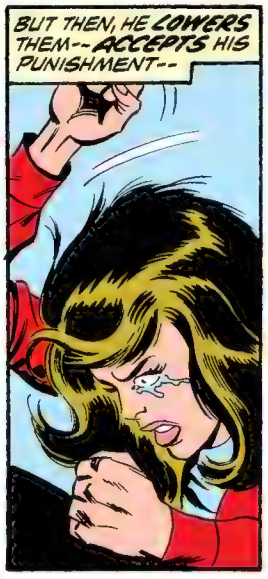

THE PALE GIRL TURNS HER HEAD LIKE A BLIND FAWN... BUT SAYS NOTHING.
DON'T YOU REMEMBER, BETTY? IT'S BRUCE... BRUCE BANNER!
HEY, YOU LOOK FINE, BETTY--
BRUCE...?

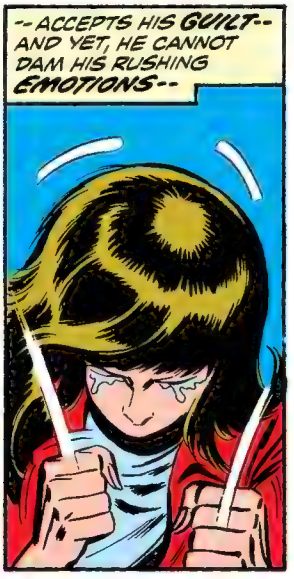
BRUCE! BRUCE!! GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE! I HATE YOU!!
I HATE YOU!!
I HATE YOU!!

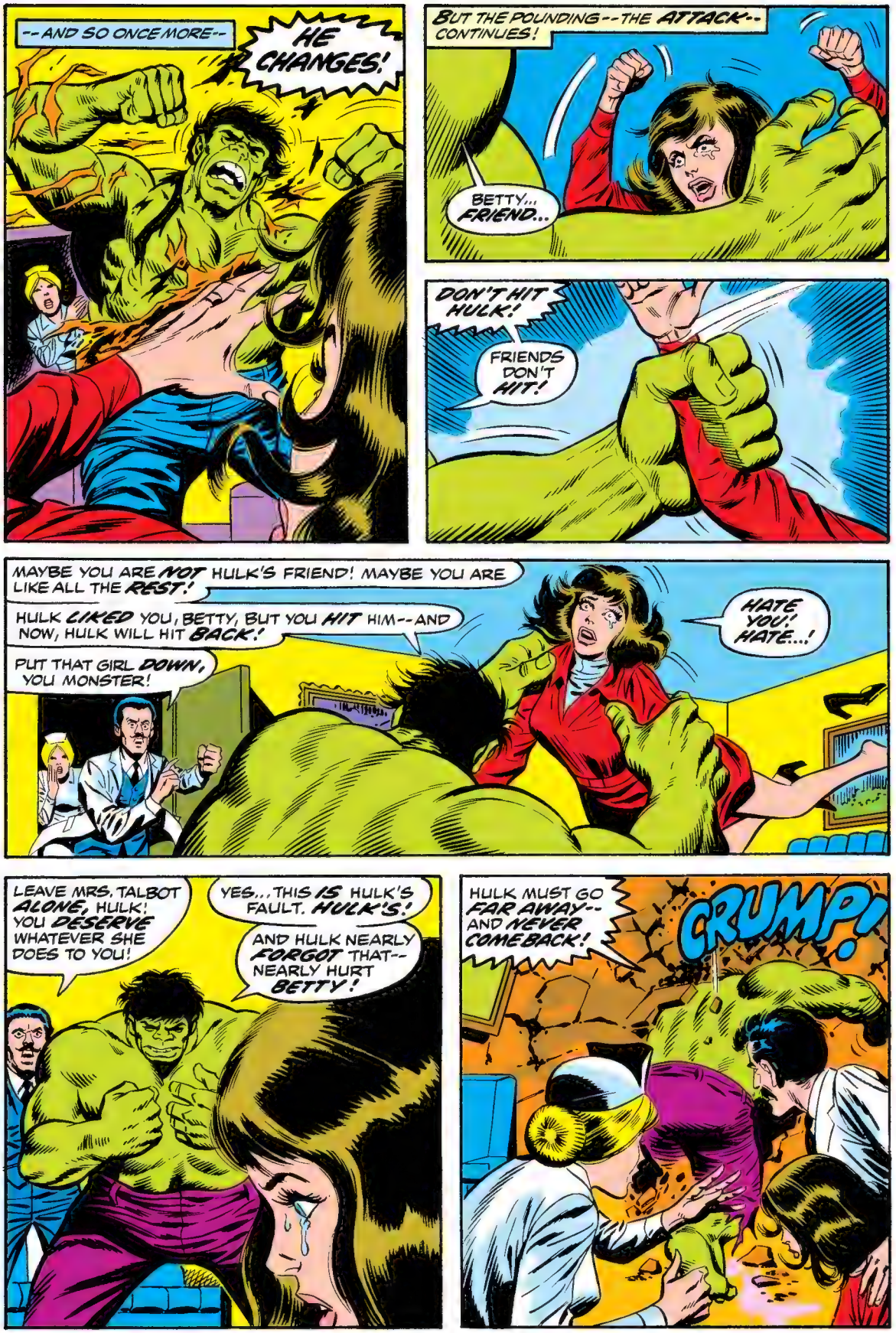
HATE YOU! HATE! HATE!
BETTY-- PLEASE! DON'T, BETTY!

BUT THE GIRL'S TINY FISTS ONLY FLAIL THE HARDER--
--BEATING OUT HER RAGING PAIN IN STACCATO FURY--

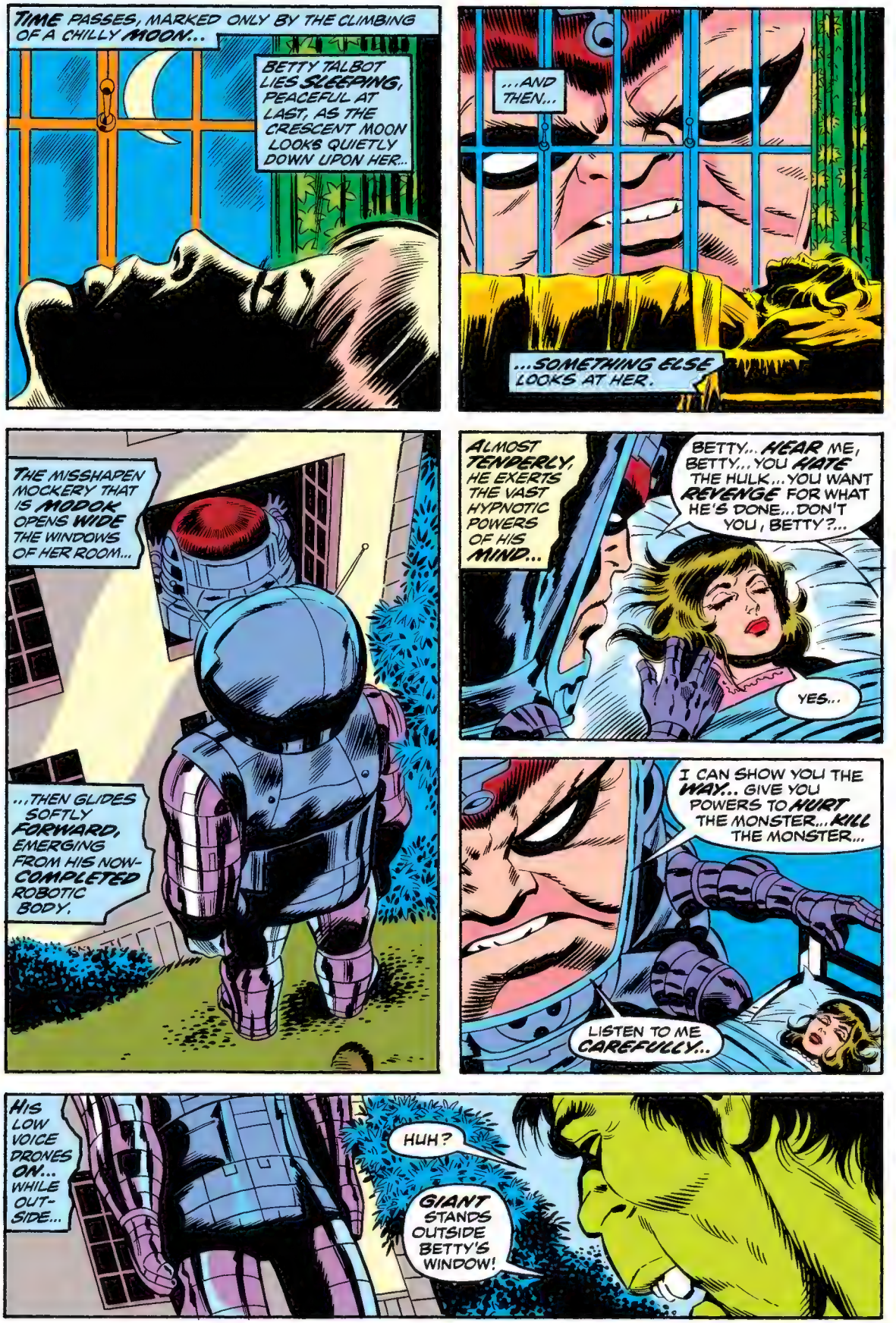

--AND AN AGONIZED BRUCE BANNER THROWS UP HIS ARMS IN PRO-TECTION!


BUT THEN, HE LOWERS THEM-- ACCEPTS HIS PUNISHMENT--

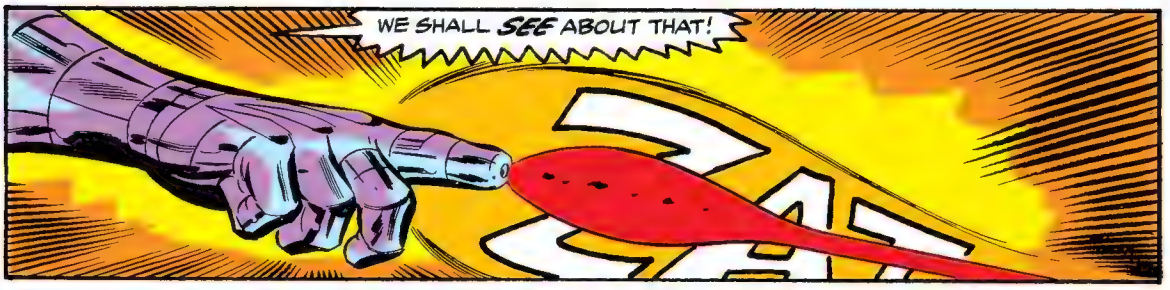

--ACCEPTS HIS GUILT-- AND YET, HE CANNOT DAM HIS RUSHING EMOTIONS--


--AND SO ONCE MORE--
HE CHANGES!
BUT THE POUNDING--THE ATTACK--CONTINUES!
BETTY,,, FRIEND..
DON'T HIT HULK!
FRIENDS DON'T HIT!
MAYBE YOU ARE NOT HULK'S FRIEND! MAYBE YOU ARE LIKE ALL THE REST!
HULK LIKED YOU, BETTY, BUT YOU HIT HIM--AND NOW, HULK WILL HIT BACK!
PUT THAT GIRL DOWN, YOU MONSTER!
HATE YOU! HATE...!
LEAVE MRS. TALBOT ALONE, HULK! YOU DESERVE WHATEVER SHE DOES TO YOU!
YES,,,THIS IS HULK'S FAULT. HULK'S!
AND HULK NEARLY FORGOT THAT--NEARLY HURT BETTY!
HULK MUST GO FAR AWAY--AND NEVER COME BACK!
CRUMP!

THEY HUSTLE BETTY INTO BED THEN, THE DOCTOR INWARDLY FEARING MORE THAN EVER FOR HIS PATIENT'S HOPES OF RECOVERY. BUT THE NURSE...?
LET ME SPEAK TO THE MASTER!
--AFTER THAT, I SNEAKED OUT TO CALL YOU.
FINISH.
EXCELLENT! BETTY HATES THE HULK, EH?
THERE IS NO NEED FOR FURTHER DELAY! THE GIRL COULD NOT BE MORE VULNERABLE TO MY SCHEMES!
AND I WILL NOT RUN THE RISK OF MEETING THE BEHEMOTH!
THE TIME TO STRIKE HAS COME!
THUS, AS THE MYRIAD STRANDS OF OUR STORY BEGIN TO TANGLE EVER MORE TIGHTLY--
--WE RETURN TO THE HULK, NOW MANY MILES AWAY FROM THE HOSPITAL.
HULK MUST GO BACK TO JIM-- ASK HIM WHAT TO DO. JIM IS HULK'S ONLY FRIEND NOW.
BUT... HULK USED TO HAVE MORE FRIENDS! WHY IS IT DIFFERENT?
WHAT DID HULK DO WRONG?
SOMETIMES, HE DOES THINGS THAT PEOPLE DON'T LIKE, BECAUSE HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.
MAYBE THAT IS WHAT HAPPENED.
HULK WILL TAKE FLOWERS TO BETTY-- SHOW HER HE LIKES HER--
--THEN SHE WILL LIKE HIM AGAIN, AND EVERYTHING WILL BE HAPPY LIKE BEFORE!


TIME PASSES, MARKED ONLY BY THE CLIMBING OF A CHILLY MOON...
BETTY TALBOT LIES SLEEPING, PEACEFUL AT LAST, AS THE CRESCENT MOON LOOKS QUIETLY DOWN UPON HER...
...AND THEN...
...SOMETHING ELSE LOOKS AT HER.
THE MISSHAPEN MOCKERY THAT IS MODOK OPENS WIDE THE WINDOWS OF HER ROOM...
...THEN GLIDES SOFTLY FORWARD, EMERGING FROM HIS NOW-COMPLETED ROBOTIC BODY.
ALMOST TENDERLY, HE EXERTS THE VAST HYPNOTIC POWERS OF HIS MIND...
BETTY... HEAR ME, BETTY... YOU HATE THE HULK... YOU WANT REVENGE FOR WHAT HE'S DONE... DON'T YOU, BETTY?...
YES...
I CAN SHOW YOU THE WAY... GIVE YOU POWERS TO HURT THE MONSTER... KILL THE MONSTER...
LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY...
HIS LOW VOICE DRONES ON... WHILE OUT-SIDE...
HUH?
GIANT STANDS OUTSIDE BETTY'S WINDOW!

IT DOESN'T MOVE. HULK CAN'T TELL IF IT IS GOOD OR BAD.
GIANT! WHY ARE YOU BOTHERING HULK'S FRIEND?
CLUNG!
WHAT'S THAT SOUND? IS SOMEONE--?
THE HULK!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, GIANT? WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER HULK?
KA-
WHAM!
IT SEEMS I MUST RETURN TO MY BODY AND FACE THE BRUTE AFTER ALL!
VERY WELL! IF I ACT QUICKLY ENOUGH, I YET STAND A GOOD PROBABILITY OF BEATING HIM!
NOW HULK SEES, GIANT! YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE WHO USE BIG WORDS SO HULK WILL NOT UNDERSTAND!
THAT KIND ALWAYS TRIES TO HURT HULK, LIKE YOU DID!
BUT HULK CAN'T BE HURT!


WE SHALL SEE ABOUT THAT!

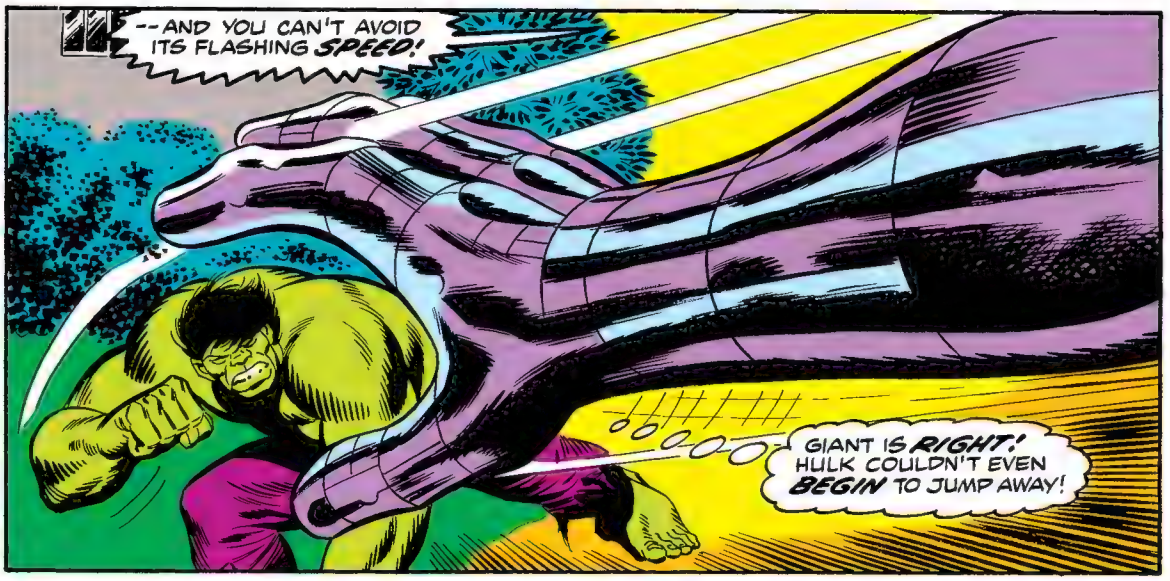
PTAH!

THESE ARE HYDRO-ROCKET "MUSCLES," MONSTER--POWERED BY THE WORLD'S STRONGEST WILL POWER!
I'LL GRIND YOU TO DUST!
KROD!

BAH! NOTHING IS STRONGER THAN HULK!

MODOK TOPPLES LIKE A FELLED TREE--AND TOPPLES REAL TREES IN SO DOING, SO MASSIVE IS HIS FORM. FROM BEYOND HIS ADAMANTIUM-AND-STEEL CHEST, HE GLARES AT HIS APPROACHING FOE--AND BEYOND THE GLARE, DEEP IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS SHADOWED EYES, LURK THE FIRST FAINT GLIMMERS OF VIRGIN FEAR!

BUT THEY ARE ONLY GLIMMERS!
IT WILL TAKE MUCH MORE BEFORE THEY GROW--SO HE ATTACKS ONCE MORE!
YET EVEN THE HULK'S FEEBLE MEMORY IS GOOD OVER SHORT PERIODS--PARTICULARLY UNDER PRESSURE--
FOOM!
--AND HE HAS THEREFORE LEARNED TO AVOID MODOK'S SEARING RAY!
AND ONE THING HE HAS NEVER FORGOTTEN--
--IS TO ALWAYS TAKE THE OFFENSIVE!
HIS DRIVING LEGS HURL HIM TOWARD HIS FOE!
BRAINLESS BUFFOON!
I'LL SWAT YOU LIKE A MOSQUITO!
WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU--
RRRIP!
HA! GIANT WON'T SWAT HULK WITH THIS ARM!
IT'S TRUE! HE CAN DESTROY ANYTHING!
BUT I STILL HAVE MY OTHER ARM--


--AND YOU CAN'T AVOID ITS FLASHING SPEED!
GIANT IS RIGHT! HULK COULDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO JUMP AWAY!

HAND--IS STRONG! EACH FINGER CRUSHES HULK'S BODY!
THIS IS YOUR FINISH, BRUTE! YOU HAVE NO LEVERAGE WITH WHICH TO BREAK MY HOLD!
YOU'RE HELPLESS!

HULK--IS NEVER-- HELPLESS--!
HULK--WILL TRY--HARDER-- HARDER--

GOOD LORD!
HE BURST MY HAND-- JUST BY FLEXING HIS MUSCLES!

YES! NOW YOU HAVE NO HANDS TO GRAB HULK!
NOW HULK WILL END FIGHT--HIS WAY--
--BY KNOCKING UGLY HEAD OFF BODY!
AND LO AND BEHOLD--
BLAM!
--HE DOES!
BUT TO THE HULK'S ALMOST LAUGHABLE STUPEFACTION, THE HEAD JUST ZIPS AWAY INTO THE SAFETY OF A SABLE SKY!
THE BATTLE IS NOT YET DONE, BRUTE
YOU'VE BROKEN MY BODY, AS MY SCIENTISTS WARNED--BUT NEXT TIME WE MEET, YOU WILL DIE MOST HORRIBLY--
--BECAUSE THE INSTRUMENT OF MY REVENGE IS ALREADY PREPARING ITSELF!
HULK HAS BEATEN GIANT!
NOW BETTY WILL BE GLAD TO SEE HIM!
NEXT
THE GREEN GOLIATH LOSES--IN MORTAL COMBAT WITH THE ONLY FOE HE CANNOT KILL
THE HARPY!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
YOU HURT HULK--WITH RAYS! YOU LET HULK GO, OR ELSE--
BRAINLESS BRUTE! IF I DROP YOU, YOU'RE FINISHED!
EITHER WAY, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST-- THE HARPY!
TRIMPE

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! TM

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THE HATE OF THE HARPY!

BETTY ROSS TALBOT HAS **FLIPPED OUT!** TRYING TO FIND BETTY AT THE **SANITARIUM** SHE HAS BEEN SENT TO, OLD GREENSKIN STUMBLED UPON THE MURDEROUS MASTER-MIND CALLED **MODOK,** ENCASED IN A GIANT ROBOTIC **BODY,** STANDING OUTSIDE HER **WINDOW.** A BOMBASTIC **BATTLE** ENSUED, IN WHICH THE GREEN GOLIATH **DEFEATED** HIS FOE, BUT **NOW--**

POLICE! EVERYBODY WANTS TO KEEP HULK AWAY FROM HIS *FRIEND--*

--BUT HULK **CANNOT** BE STOPPED!

POW!

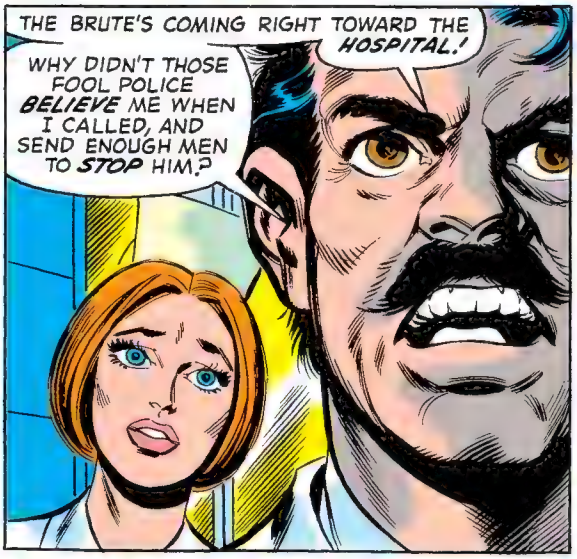
KRAK!

SHOOT 'IM, JOE! KILL 'IM!

POLICE

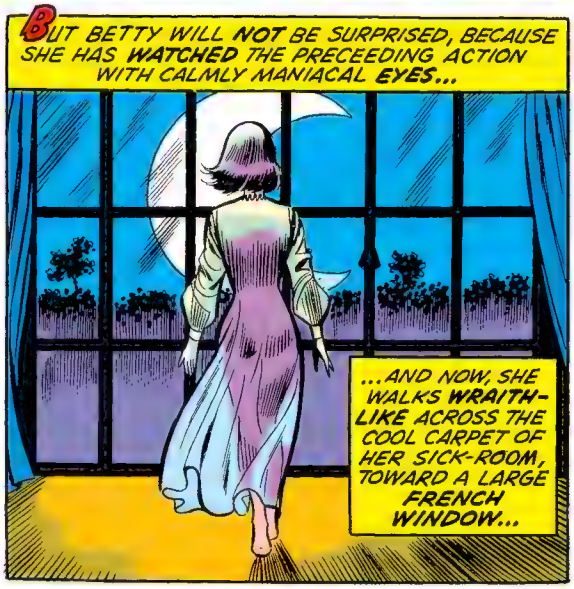
HULK WILL SHOW YOU WHAT HE THINKS OF PUNY MEN WITH PUNY GUNS!
SCRAMBLE!
BLASH-O

ALL HULK WANTS TO DO IS SEE BETTY--MAKE HER LIKE HIM AGAIN.*
SEE, HUMANS--HULK HAS BROUGHT HER FLOWERS.
*SHE BLAMES HIM FOR THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, BUT GREENIE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND. --ROY.


THE BRUTE'S COMING RIGHT TOWARD THE HOSPITAL!
WHY DIDN'T THOSE FOOL POLICE BELIEVE ME WHEN I CALLED, AND SEND ENOUGH MEN TO STOP HIM?

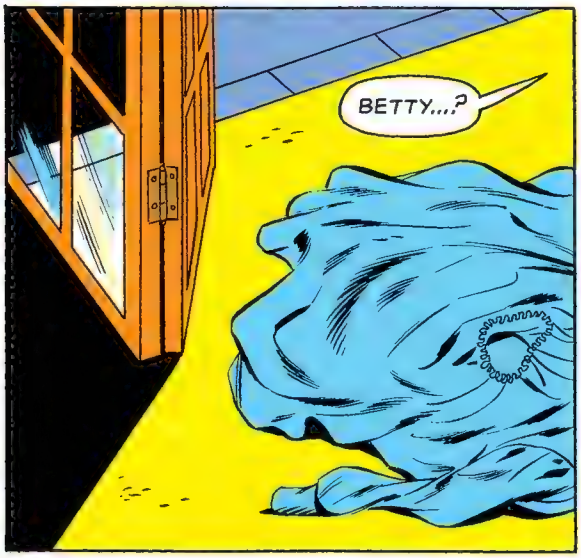
GET AWAY FROM HERE! YOU'LL UPSET MY PATIENTS!
BLAST IT, VISITING HOURS ARE OVER!
HULK IS ONLY GOING TO SEE FRIEND...

GET OUT OF HULK'S WAY!
HULK WILL GIVE HER HAPPY SURPRISE!


BUT BETTY WILL NOT BE SURPRISED, BECAUSE SHE HAS WATCHED THE PRECEEDING ACTION WITH CALMLY MANIACAL EYES...
...AND NOW, SHE WALKS WRAITH-LIKE ACROSS THE COOL CARPET OF HER SICK-ROOM, TOWARD A LARGE FRENCH WINDOW...

WHILE BELOW--
SO YOU WORKED UP THE NERVE TO TACKLE HIM AGAIN, DID YOU?
WELL, HE'S GONE UPSTAIRS--BUT DON'T USE YOUR GUNS IN THIS HOSPITAL!
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, DOC!

THIS IS BETTY'S ROOM. HULK REMEMBERS FROM BEFORE.
BETTY...?


BETTY...?

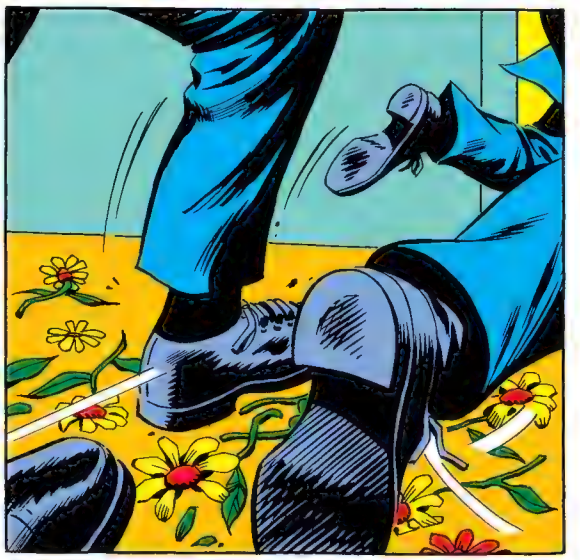
NO ONE IS HERE--ONLY THIS--THIS FLIMSY STUFF MUST BE BETTY'S!
DOESN'T MATTER! WHY IS IT HERE IF BETTY IS NOT? WHERE IS SHE?

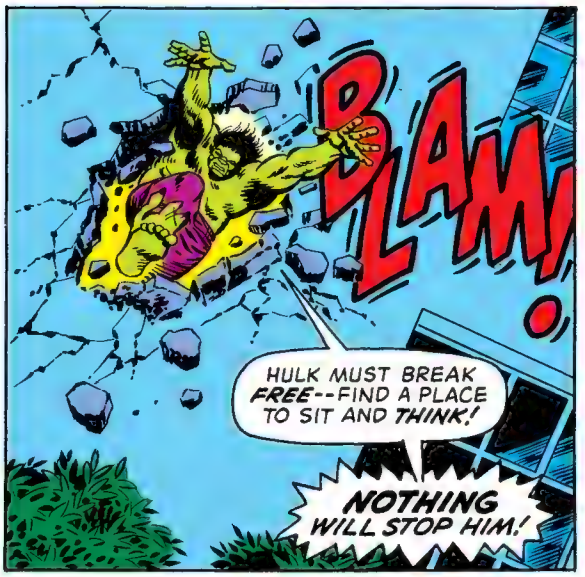
BUT IT WOULD TAKE THE BESTIAL BEHEMOTH'S TINY MIND ANOTHER MINUTE TO SPOT THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE OPEN WINDOW--A MINUTE HE HASN'T GOT!
THERE HE IS!

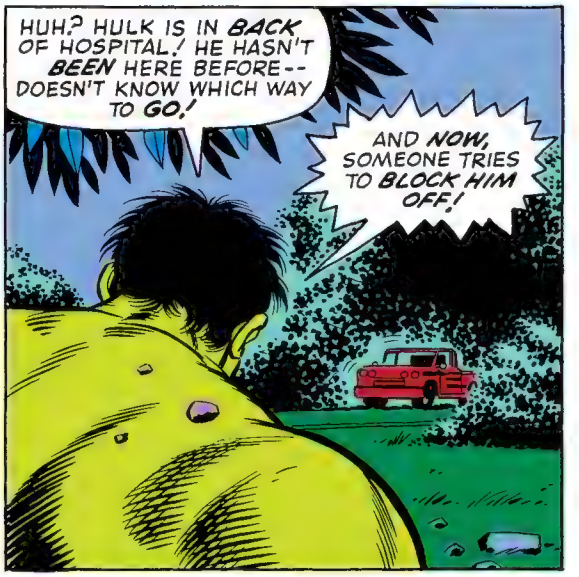
YOU MONSTER! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MRS. TALBOT?

TALBOT?
TALBOT?!!
WHY DO YOU CALL BETTY THAT? WHY DO YOU CHASE HULK WHEN HE WANTS TO MAKE FRIENDS? WHY CAN'T HULK UNDERSTAND?
STOP HOUNDING HULK!!

HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
FIRE AT WILL-- AND SHOOT TO KILL!




BLAM!
HULK MUST BREAK FREE--FIND A PLACE TO SIT AND THINK!
NOTHING WILL STOP HIM!

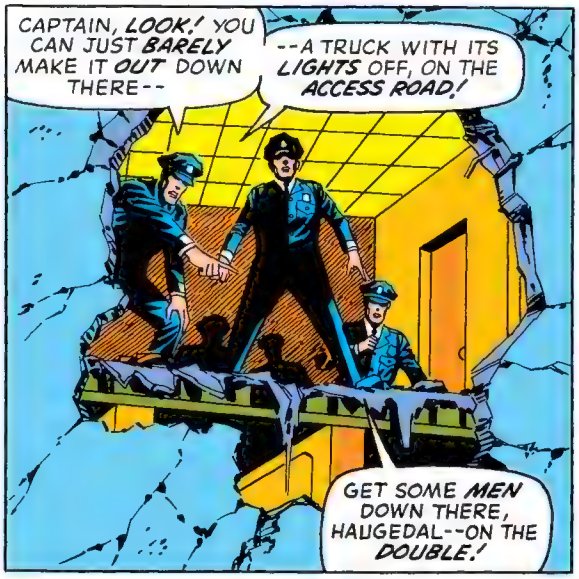

HUH? HULK IS IN BACK OF HOSPITAL! HE HASN'T BEEN HERE BEFORE-- DOESN'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO!
AND NOW, SOMEONE TRIES TO BLOCK HIM OFF!

BAH! FOR THAT, HULK WILL GO THROUGH TRUCK!
GREEN'S
ERVICE
TION
7043
HULK CAN GO ANYWHERE! HE IS NOT AFRAID!

WAIT, HULK! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
IT'S JIM--JIM WILSON!

JIM? HULK LEFT YOU FAR AWAY! THIS IS A TRICK!
NO, MAN! I HEARD WHAT WAS COMIN' DOWN HERE--
--SO I GRABBED MY GIRL'S OLD MAN'S WHEELS AND HUSTLED OVER!
GET IN! I'LL GETCHA OUTTA HERE!

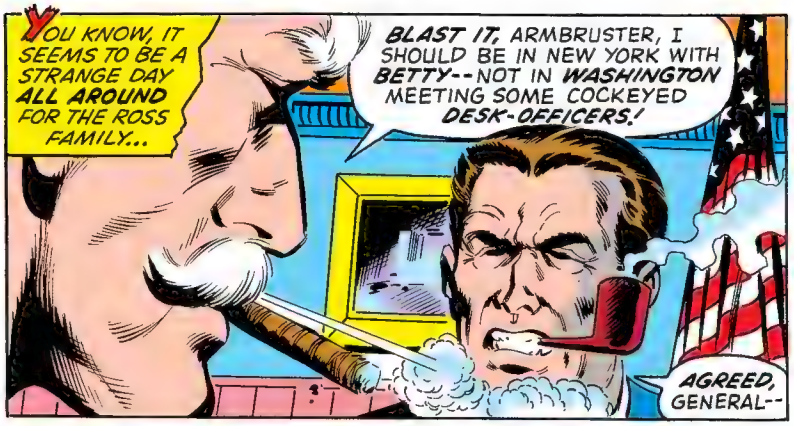
WHY SHOULD HULK GO WITH YOU? HULK DOES WHAT HULK WANTS, AND IF PUNY HUMANS DON'T LIKE IT, HULK CAN SMASH THEM!
JEEZ, GREENIE--THEY'VE REALLY TICKED YOU OFF THIS TIME!
BUT YOU GOTTA TRUST ME--LISTEN TO ME--!
DOC!

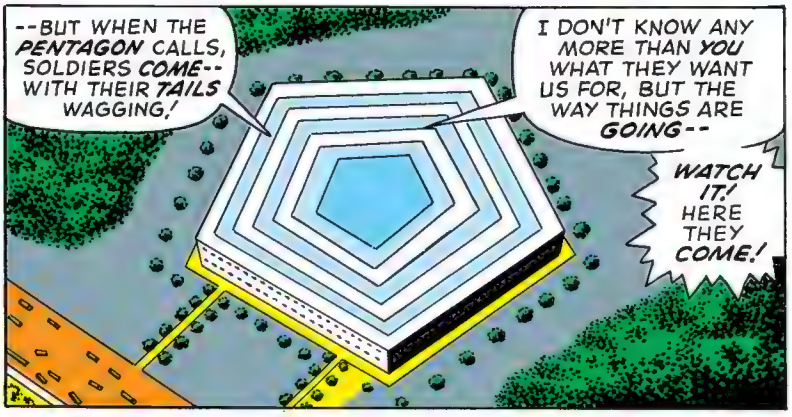

CAPTAIN, LOOK! YOU CAN JUST BARELY MAKE IT OUT DOWN THERE--
--A TRUCK WITH ITS LIGHTS OFF, ON THE ACCESS ROAD!
GET SOME MEN DOWN THERE, HAUGEDAL--ON THE DOUBLE!

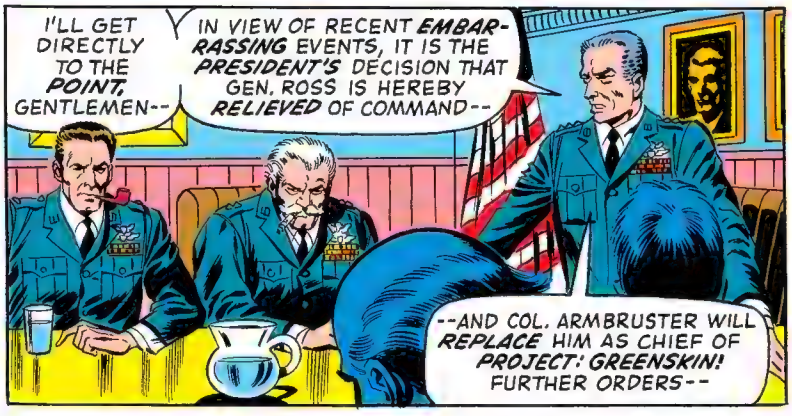
WHAT IS IT, OFFICERS?
COME OFF IT, SON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?
JUST SCOUTIN' UP A PARKIN' SPOT TO BRING MY LADY TO LATER.
DRF-147
WITH YOUR LIGHTS OFF?

HOW ELSE DO YA GO PARKIN', MAN?
ALL RIGHT, SON--HAVE YOUR LAUGH ON US DUMB COPS, OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TRYING TO CAPTURE A PUBLIC MENACE. WE DON'T MIND.
BUT GET ON OUT OF HERE. THIS PLACE IS DANGEROUS.
DON'T TAKE ANY BRASS KNUCKLES, MEN!
SAY, SARGE--WE NEVER LOOKED UNDER THAT TARP--
FORGET IT. THAT KID'S JUST A SMART-ALECK. HE'S NO REAL DANGER.
MEANWHILE, GLIDING SLOWLY ACROSS A DREAM-LIT LANDSCAPE LIKE A LOST GHOST...
...BETTY TALBOT WANDERS SHE KNOWS NOT WHERE.
UNTIL...
BETTY...YOU KNOW MY VOICE... COME TO ME...
YES... I KNOW YOU...
THIS WAY, BETTY... COME... AS WE AGREED...
YES...AS WE AGREED...
STILL ENTRANCED, SHE PADS EAGERLY TOWARD A STRANGE, GLOWING ELLIPSOID...

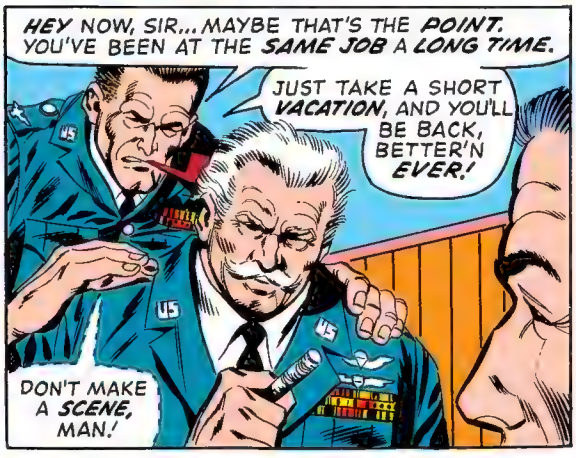
...SHE STEPS INTO THE PULSATING DARKNESS OF THE CRAFT'S INTERIOR--
FA-VOOM!
--AND WITH A ROAR LIKE A TRIUMPHANT LION, IT BLASTS AWAY INTO THE BLOOD-RED SKY OF DAWN!


YOU KNOW, IT SEEMS TO BE A STRANGE DAY ALL AROUND FOR THE ROSS FAMILY...
BLAST IT, ARMBRUSTER, I SHOULD BE IN NEW YORK WITH BETTY--NOT IN WASHINGTON MEETING SOME COCKEYED DESK-OFFICERS!
AGREED, GENERAL--

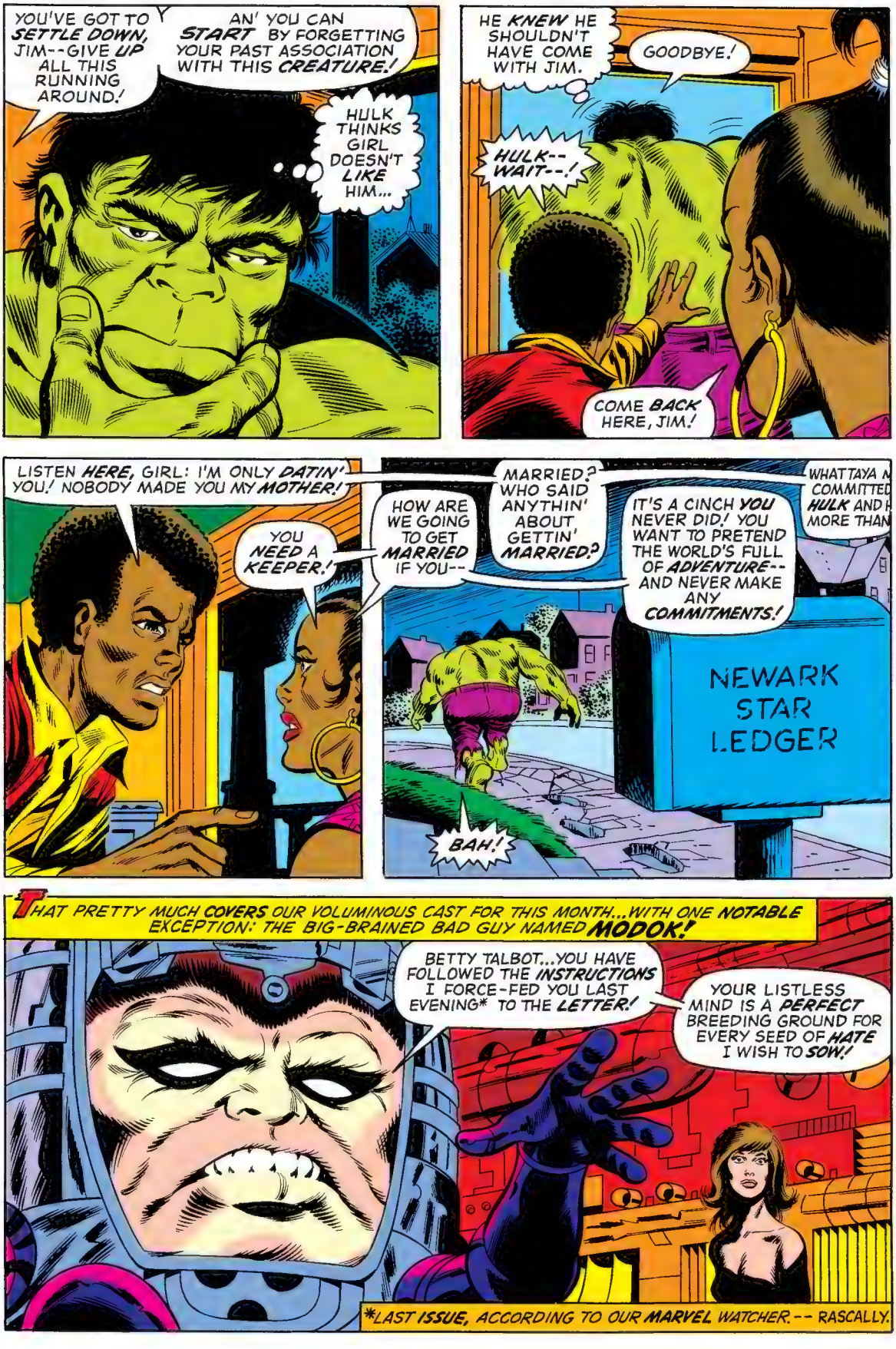

--BUT WHEN THE PENTAGON CALLS, SOLDIERS COME--WITH THEIR TAILS WAGGING!
I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN YOU WHAT THEY WANT US FOR, BUT THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING--
WATCH IT! HERE THEY COME!

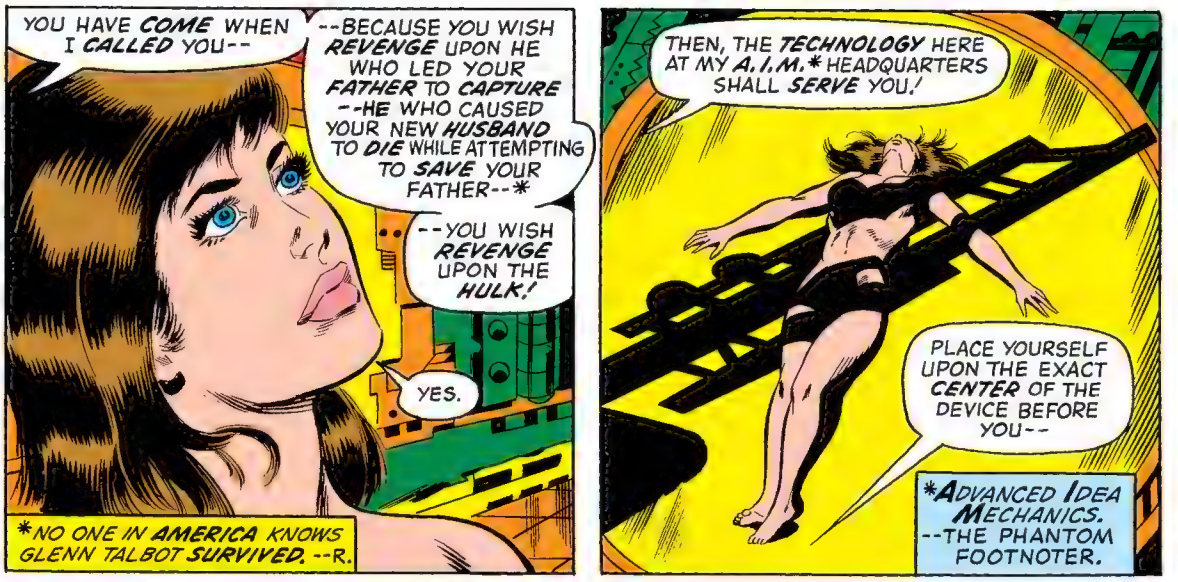

I'LL GET DIRECTLY TO THE POINT, GENTLEMEN--
IN VIEW OF RECENT EMBARRASSING EVENTS, IT IS THE PRESIDENT'S DECISION THAT GEN. ROSS IS HEREBY RELIEVED OF COMMAND--
--AND COL. ARMBRUSTER WILL REPLACE HIM AS CHIEF OF PROJECT: GREENSKIN! FURTHER ORDERS--

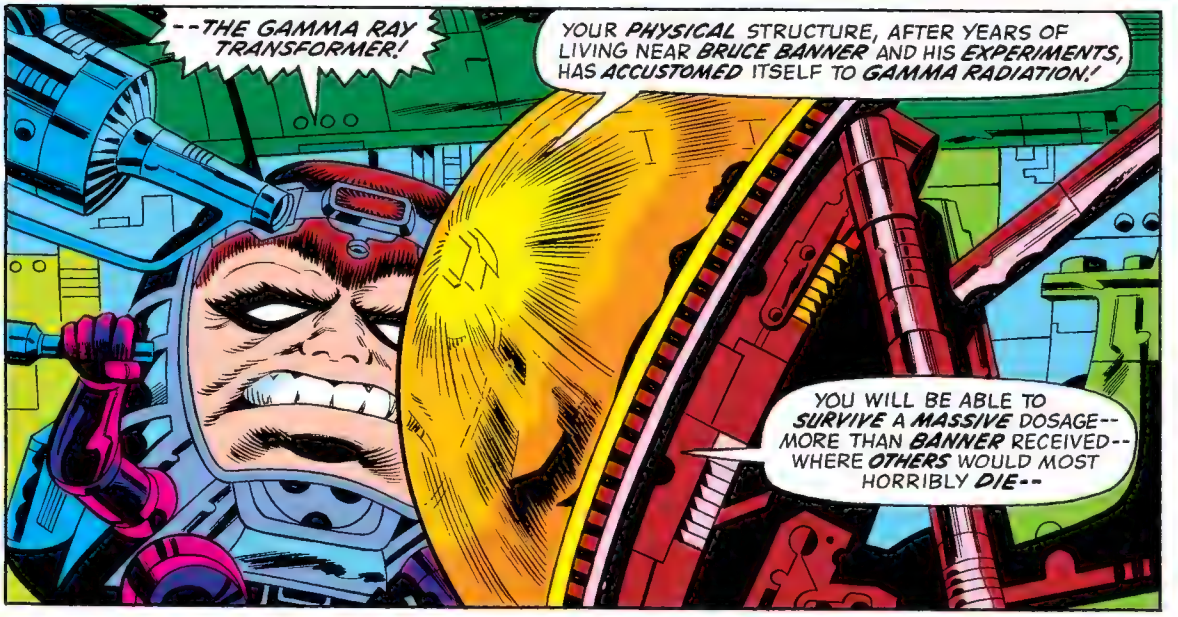
WHAT?!! ARE YOU SAYING I'M UNFIT?
I'VE HEADED THE HULKBUSTERS SINCE BEFORE THEY EVEN HAD THE NAME! I'VE ALWAYS DONE MY BEST!
THIS IS CRAZY!

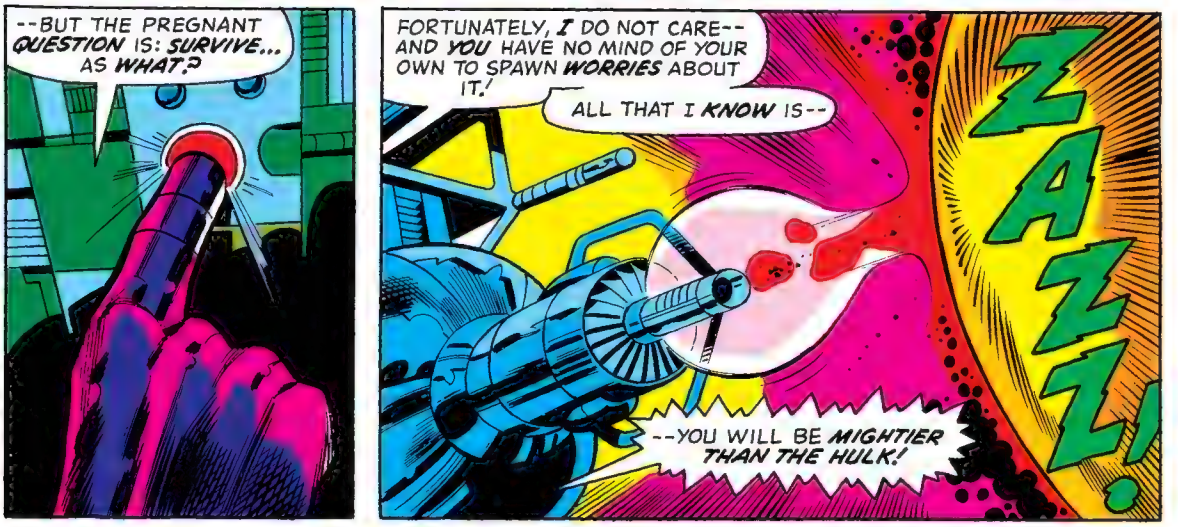

HEY NOW, SIR... MAYBE THAT'S THE POINT. YOU'VE BEEN AT THE SAME JOB A LONG TIME.
JUST TAKE A SHORT VACATION, AND YOU'LL BE BACK, BETTER'N EVER!
DON'T MAKE A SCENE, MAN!

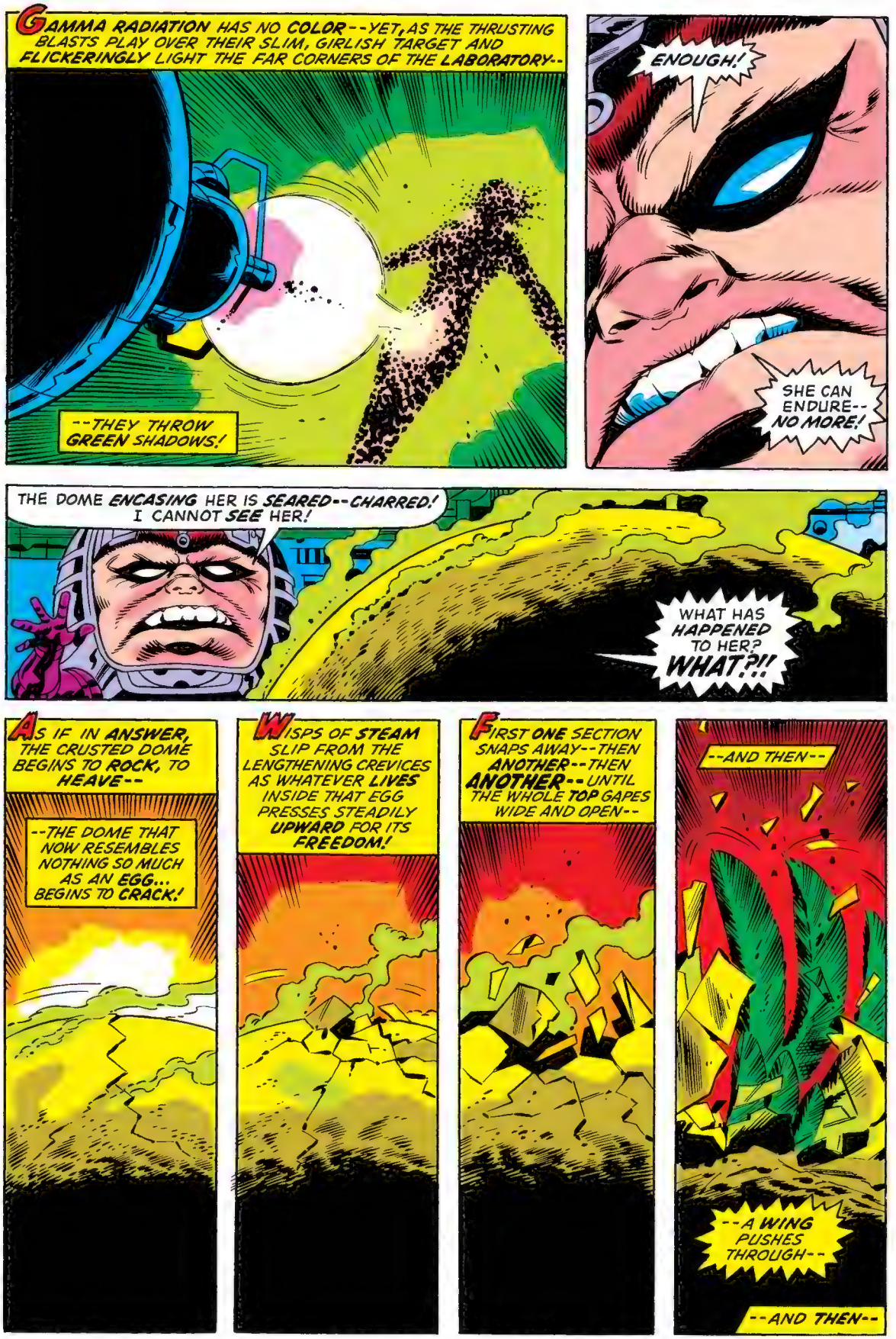
MOMENTARILY, THE FIRE FLASHES ONCE MORE IN THE OLD MAN'S EYES...BUT THEN DIES.
OF COURSE... YOU'RE RIGHT, ARMBRUSTER! CONGRATULATIONS!
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE SOLDIER, SIR!
AGAIN, LET ME SAY THAT I KNEW NOTHING OF THIS--
GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN!
GOOD... DAY...
BACK, NOW, TO THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN AREA...THIS TIME IN THE SUBURBS OF SCENIC NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.
WELL, WE MADE IT, GREENIE!
JUST HANG TIGHT A SEC WHILE I GREASE YOUR GRAND ENTRANCE.
JIM! YOU'VE BEEN GONE ALL NIGHT! I WAS STARTING TO WORRY!
UH...YEAH, TALIA. HOPE YOUR OLD MAN DIDN'T NEED HIS TRUCK.
HAD SOME BUSINESS-- WITH AN OLD FRIEND--
HELLO.
--THE HULK.
GOOD LORD IN HEAVEN ABOVE!
HAVE YOU GONE COMPLETELY OUT OF YOUR SKULL, JIM WILSON? HOW DARE YOU BRING THAT--THAT MONSTER HERE?
BUT, BABY-- THE MAN'S ON HIS TAIL! I FIGURED TO HIDE 'IM IN YOUR BASEMENT!
YOU DID, HUH? WELL, YOU LISTEN TO ME: MY FATHER WORKED HARD TO PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE ON THIS HOUSE!
YOU'RE NOT COMING IN HERE WITH SOMETHING THAT CAN KNOCK IT DOWN BY BREATHING HARD!


YOU'VE GOT TO SETTLE DOWN, JIM--GIVE UP ALL THIS RUNNING AROUND!
AN' YOU CAN START BY FORGETTING YOUR PAST ASSOCIATION WITH THIS CREATURE!
HULK THINKS GIRL DOESN'T LIKE HIM...
HE KNEW HE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME WITH JIM.
GOODBYE!
HULK--WAIT--!
COME BACK HERE, JIM!
LISTEN HERE, GIRL: I'M ONLY DATIN' YOU! NOBODY MADE YOU MY MOTHER!
YOU NEED A KEEPER!
HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET MARRIED IF YOU--
MARRIED? WHO SAID ANYTHIN' ABOUT GETTIN' MARRIED?
IT'S A CINCH YOU NEVER DID! YOU WANT TO PRETEND THE WORLD'S FULL OF ADVENTURE--AND NEVER MAKE ANY COMMITMENTS!
NEWARK STAR LEDGER
BAH!
THAT PRETTY MUCH COVERS OUR VOLUMINOUS CAST FOR THIS MONTH...WITH ONE NOTABLE EXCEPTION: THE BIG-BRAINED BAD GUY NAMED MODOK!
BETTY TALBOT...YOU HAVE FOLLOWED THE INSTRUCTIONS I FORCE-FED YOU LAST EVENING* TO THE LETTER!
YOUR LISTLESS MIND IS A PERFECT BREEDING GROUND FOR EVERY SEED OF HATE I WISH TO SOW!
*LAST ISSUE, ACCORDING TO OUR MARVEL WATCHER.--RASCALLY.


YOU HAVE COME WHEN I CALLED YOU--
--BECAUSE YOU WISH REVENGE UPON HE WHO LED YOUR FATHER TO CAPTURE --HE WHO CAUSED YOUR NEW HUSBAND TO DIE WHILE ATTEMPTING TO SAVE YOUR FATHER--*
--YOU WISH REVENGE UPON THE HULK!
YES.
*NO ONE IN AMERICA KNOWS GLENN TALBOT SURVIVED. --R.
THEN, THE TECHNOLOGY HERE AT MY A.I.M.* HEADQUARTERS SHALL SERVE YOU!
PLACE YOURSELF UPON THE EXACT CENTER OF THE DEVICE BEFORE YOU--
*ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS. --THE PHANTOM FOOTNOTER.


--THE GAMMA RAY TRANSFORMER!
YOUR PHYSICAL STRUCTURE, AFTER YEARS OF LIVING NEAR BRUCE BANNER AND HIS EXPERIMENTS, HAS ACCUSTOMED ITSELF TO GAMMA RADIATION!
YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SURVIVE A MASSIVE DOSAGE-- MORE THAN BANNER RECEIVED-- WHERE OTHERS WOULD MOST HORRIBLY DIE--


--BUT THE PREGNANT QUESTION IS: SURVIVE... AS WHAT?
FORTUNATELY, I DO NOT CARE-- AND YOU HAVE NO MIND OF YOUR OWN TO SPAWN WORRIES ABOUT IT!
ALL THAT I KNOW IS--
ZAZZ!
--YOU WILL BE MIGHTIER THAN THE HULK!


GAMMA RADIATION HAS NO COLOR--YET, AS THE THRUSTING BLASTS PLAY OVER THEIR SLIM, GIRLISH TARGET AND FLICKERINGLY LIGHT THE FAR CORNERS OF THE LABORATORY--
--THEY THROW GREEN SHADOWS!
ENOUGH!
SHE CAN ENDURE-- NO MORE!
THE DOME ENCASING HER IS SEARED--CHARRED! I CANNOT SEE HER!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HER? WHAT?!!
AS IF IN ANSWER, THE CRUSTED DOME BEGINS TO ROCK, TO HEAVE--
--THE DOME THAT NOW RESEMBLES NOTHING SO MUCH AS AN EGG... BEGINS TO CRACK!
WISPS OF STEAM SLIP FROM THE LENGTHENING CREVICES AS WHATEVER LIVES INSIDE THAT EGG PRESSES STEADILY UPWARD FOR ITS FREEDOM!
FIRST ONE SECTION SNAPS AWAY--THEN ANOTHER--THEN ANOTHER--UNTIL THE WHOLE TOP GAPES WIDE AND OPEN--
--AND THEN--
--A WING PUSHES THROUGH--
--AND THEN--

SO IT APPEARS!
IT--FOR WHICH THE ASTONISHED, WIDE-EYED MODOK CAN ONLY FIND ONE WORD:
HARPY!

HARPY: THE HALF-BIRD/HALF-WOMAN HARBINGER OF HIDEOUS DEATH IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY!
--A PERFECT NAME!
WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS BRUCE BANNER--? THE HULK--
--THE MAN I WILL DESTROY!
KRAKK!
FOOM!
GENTLY, MY DEAR--GENTLY! YOU WILL HAVE AMPLE TIME TO SEEK YOUR VENGEANCE!
SHE IS ALL I HAD HOPED FOR--AND MORE! THE BLASTS FROM HER HANDS ARE AS POWERFUL AS NUCLEAR WEAPONS!
AND HER MIND, THOUGH STILL SUFFUSED WITH PURE HATRED FOR THE HULK, HAS BECOME MORE LUCID!
WHERE IS HE? TELL ME, MODOK--I CRAVE HIS DEATH!
MY SPIES ARE EVERYWHERE, WOMAN. I SHALL KNOW AS SOON AS HE REAPPEARS!
MASTER, A REPORT FROM THE HOLLAND TUNNEL!
YOUR QUARRY IS JUST ENTERING MANHATTAN!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

QUICKLY, HARPY--TO THE ROOF! I SHALL POINT YOU IN THE PROPER DIRECTION--
--THEN FLY UNTIL YOU FIND YOUR FOE--AND FINISH HIM!
AND ONLY MINUTES LATER... DEATH IS ON THE WING!
TO QUOTE SMILIN' STAN FROM TALES TO ASTONISH #90: "AS WE HAVE SEEN, THE MYSTERIOUS GAMMA RAYS AFFECT EVERYONE THEY TOUCH IN A DIFFERENT MANNER! MANY MONTHS AGO, THEY GAVE THE LEADER THE MOST BRILLIANT MIND ON EARTH! WHEN THEY TRANSFORMED BRUCE BANNER INTO THE HULK, THEY SUBSTITUTED INTELLIGENCE FOR POWER!"
THEN, THEY CREATED THE ABOMINATION--AND NOW, THE HARPY!
DOWNTOWN...
HULK SHOULD NOT HAVE LISTENED TO JIM--SHOULD NOT HAVE GONE AWAY FROM HOSPITAL!
HOW WILL HE FIND BETTY AGAIN?
SWOOSH!
WHAT WAS THAT?
SOUNDED LIKE SOMETHING FLEW OVER HULK--TOO FAST FOR HIM TO SEE!
HOW--
KRIII!
ARRGH!

DIE, HULK!
SSTOM!
YOU MAY HAVE BRUTE STRENGTH--BUT I HAVE THE UNBRIDLED POWER OF THE HARPY'S HELLBOLTS--
--GAMMA-RAY-BORN POWER EVEN GREATER THAN YOURS--
--AND I HAVE THE SOARING POWER OF FLIGHT!
NOW, WHILE YOU'RE STILL STUNNED FROM MY BLAST--
PUT HULK DOWN, MONSTER!
OH YES, HULK--I'LL PUT YOU DOWN!
A LONG, LONG WAY DOWN!

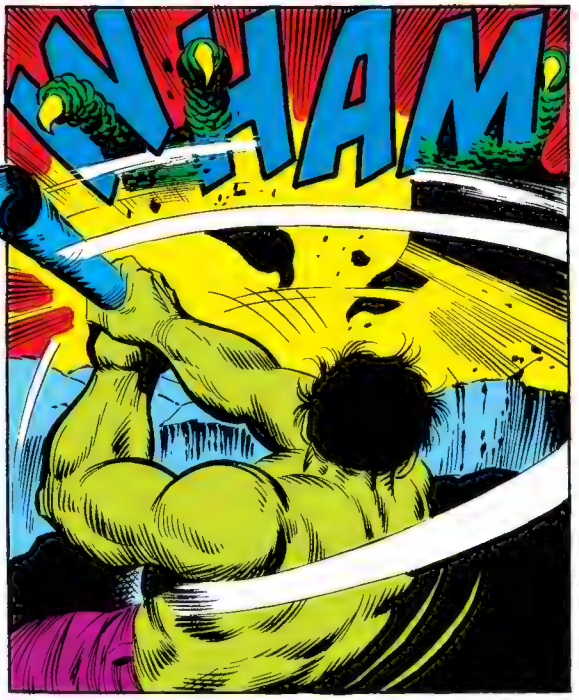
BLA-DAM!

BIRD-THING THINKS THIS CAN HURT HULK!
NOTHING CAN HURT HULK! NOTHING!
NOW HULK STRIKES BACK!

SSKROD!
YOU FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER GET THE CHANCE!
BACK INTO YOUR HOLE-- YOUR GRAVE!

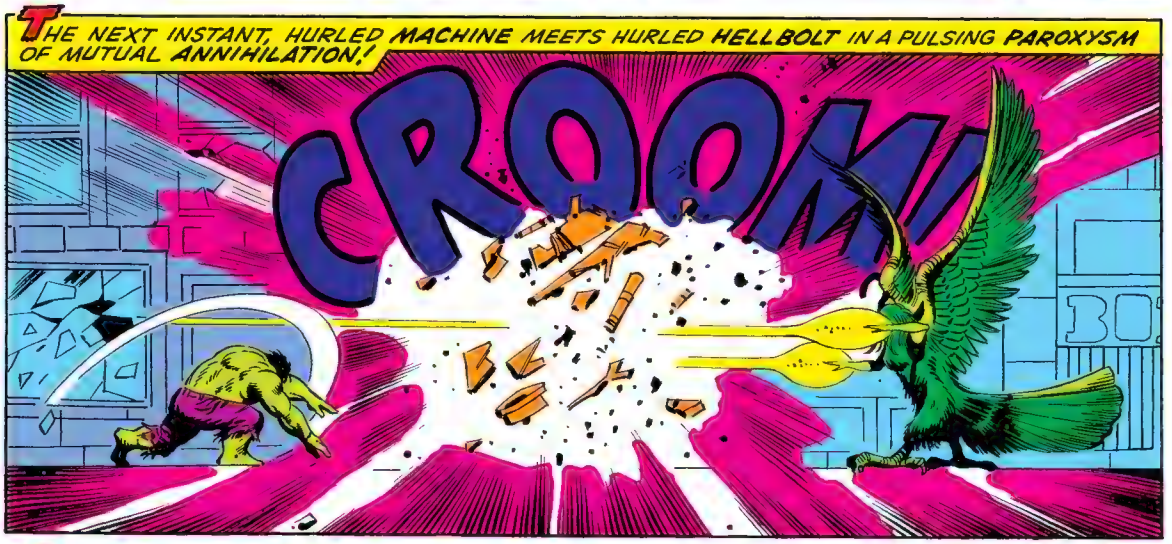
CREATURE'S BLASTS WEAKEN HULK! HIS STRENGTH MELTS WHEN BLASTS HIT HIM! WHAT CAN HE DO?
HULK MUST BE SMART-- TRICK CREATURE!

HE LIES SO SILENT! HE COULD NOT STAND BEFORE THE RIGHTEOUS REVENGE OF THE HARPY!
ONE LAST HELLBOLT WILL BURY HIM FOR ALL TIME! THEN--


N'HAM

HULK WILL NOT DIE TODAY, CREATURE!
NO--YOU WILL!

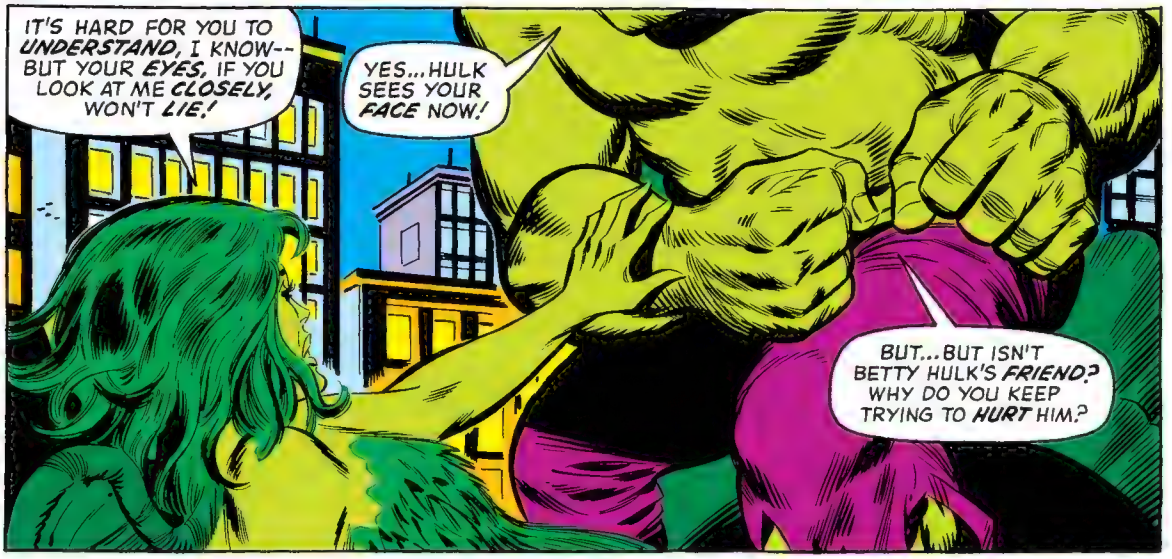
HE LIFTED A CAR--WITHOUT EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT!
GOT TO DEFEND MYSELF!


THE NEXT INSTANT, HURLED MACHINE MEETS HURLED HELLBOLT IN A PULSING PAROXYSM OF MUTUAL ANNIHILATION!
CROOM!

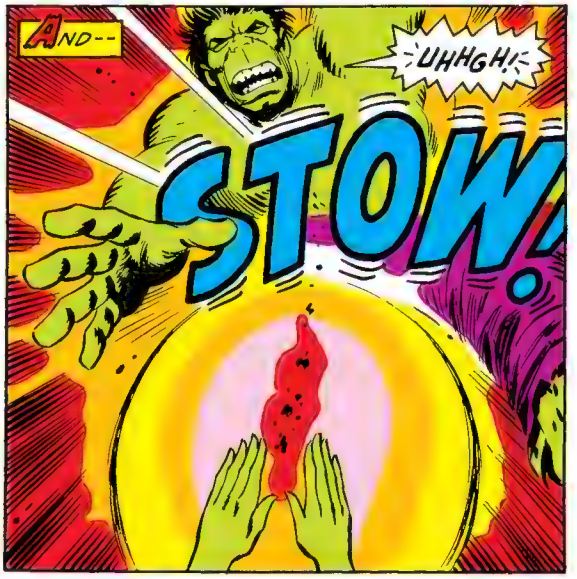
BUT AS THE HARPY STANDS QUIVERING, RECOVERING FROM THE SHOCK WAVES--SHE FINDS THAT THE HULK DOESN'T NEED TO RECOVER!
NOW, BIRD-THING--HULK WILL PAY YOU BACK!

HULK WILL CRUSH YOU INTO STREET LIKE YOU TRIED TO CRUSH HIM!
NO! DON'T! WAIT!

CAN'T YOU SEE WHO I AM, HULK?
I'M-- BETTY!
BETTY?
BETTY?


IT'S HARD FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND, I KNOW-- BUT YOUR EYES, IF YOU LOOK AT ME CLOSELY, WON'T LIE!
YES... HULK SEES YOUR FACE NOW!
BUT... BUT ISN'T BETTY HULK'S FRIEND? WHY DO YOU KEEP TRYING TO HURT HIM?

POOR THING-- YOU'RE SO CONFUSED.
HELP ME UP. I'LL EXPLAIN.
WONDERINGLY, THE BRUTE REACHES OUT--

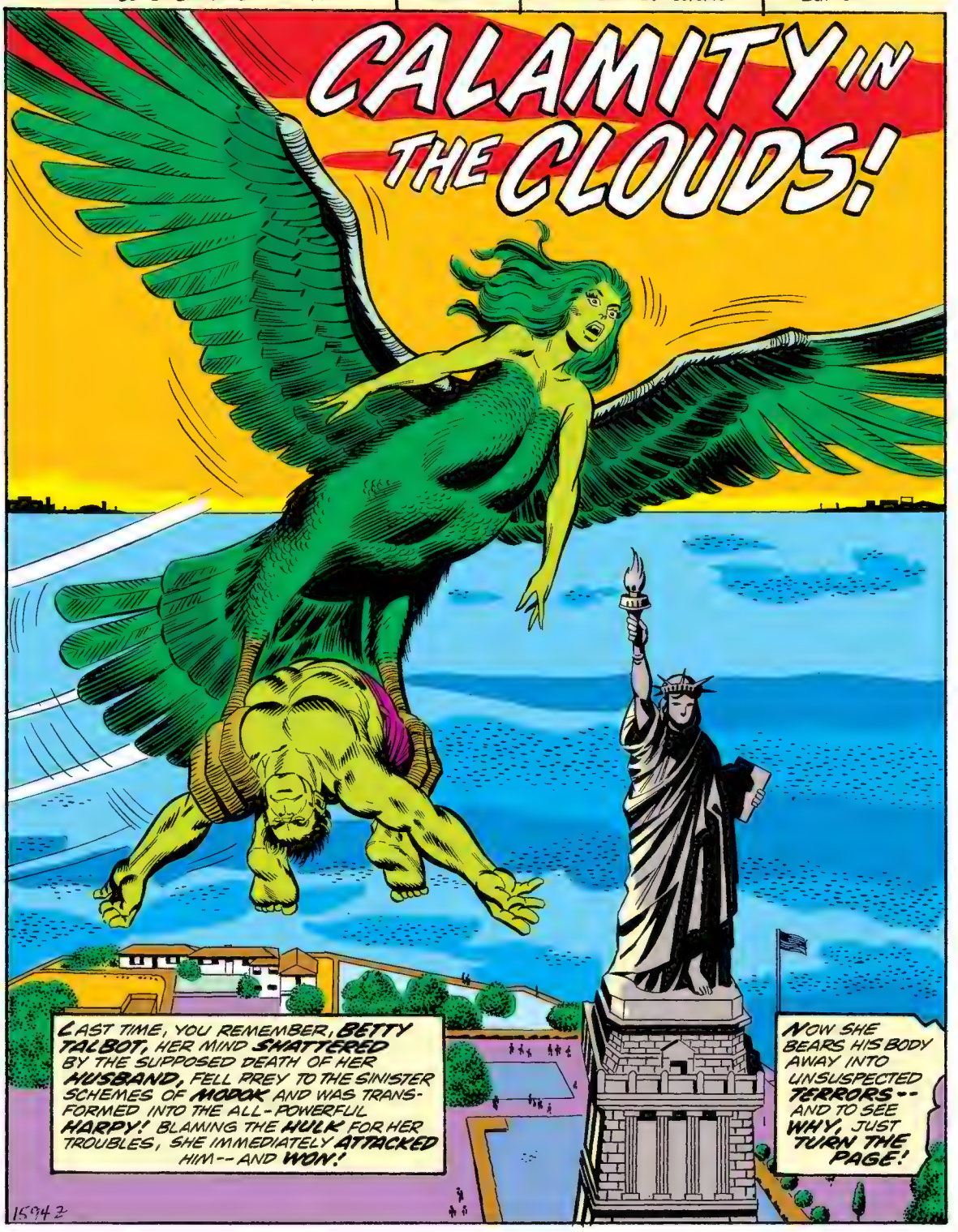

AND--
UHHGH!
STOW!

A HELLBOLT-- AT POINT-BLANK RANGE-- DIRECTLY INTO HIS CHEST!
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT NOW! THE HARPY HAS WON, AND THE WORLD WILL NEVER FORGET:
THIS IS THE DAY THE HULK DIED!
DARE WE SAY IT?
TO BE HULK-INUED!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢ 169 NOV 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
NO! IT'S NOT FAIR-- NOT FAIR!
HULK COULD FIGHT THAT MONSTER HULK COULD WIN!
BUT-- BRUCE BANNER CAN ONLY--
--DIE!
DISASTER EIGHT MILES HIGH!
TRIMPE

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! TM

STEVE ENGLEHART Author | HERB TRIMPE Artist CO-CREATORS | JACK ABEL Inker | JOHN COSTANZA, letterer P. GOLDBERG, Colorist | ROY THOMAS Editor


CALAMITY IN THE CLOUDS!
LAST TIME, YOU REMEMBER, BETTY TALBOT, HER MIND SHATTERED BY THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, FELL PREY TO THE SINISTER SCHEMES OF MODOK AND WAS TRANSFORMED INTO THE ALL-POWERFUL HARPY! BLAMING THE HULK FOR HER TROUBLES, SHE IMMEDIATELY ATTACKED HIM -- AND WON!
NOW SHE BEARS HIS BODY AWAY INTO UNSUSPECTED TERRORS -- AND TO SEE WHY, JUST TURN THE PAGE!
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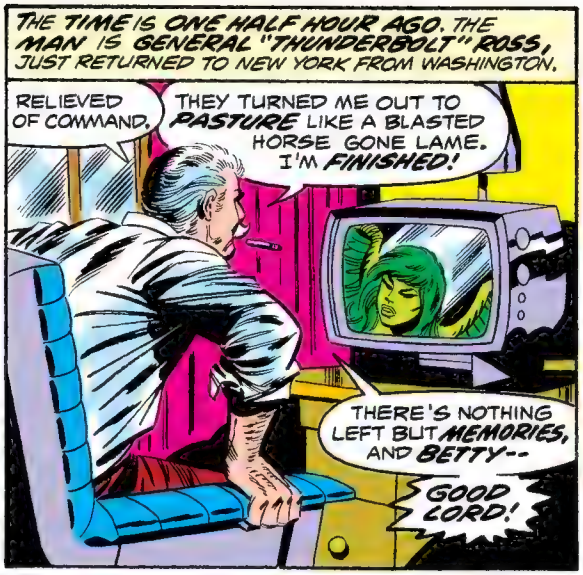

THE TIME IS ONE HALF HOUR AGO. THE MAN IS GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS, JUST RETURNED TO NEW YORK FROM WASHINGTON.
RELIEVED OF COMMAND.
THEY TURNED ME OUT TO PASTURE LIKE A BLASTED HORSE GONE LAME. I'M FINISHED!
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT MEMORIES, AND BETTY--
GOOD LORD!

--LIVE COVERAGE OF THIS MONSTER-BIRD'S BATTLE WITH THE HULK HERE AT THE HOLLAND TUNNEL!
SO FAR, WE DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS, BUT--
BETTY! SHE'S BETTY-- MY DAUGHTER!

TAXI!
THAT FACE! GREEN--FANGED-- BUT THERE'S NO MISTAKING IT!
HOW CAN THIS HAVE HAPPENED?

THE CAB RIDE TO LOWER MANHATTAN IS A BLUR-- LIKE BEING IN A LONG TUNNEL. ALL GENERAL ROSS CAN SEE IS WHAT WAITS AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL: BETTY!
CAN'T DRIVE ANY FARTHER-- BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH!

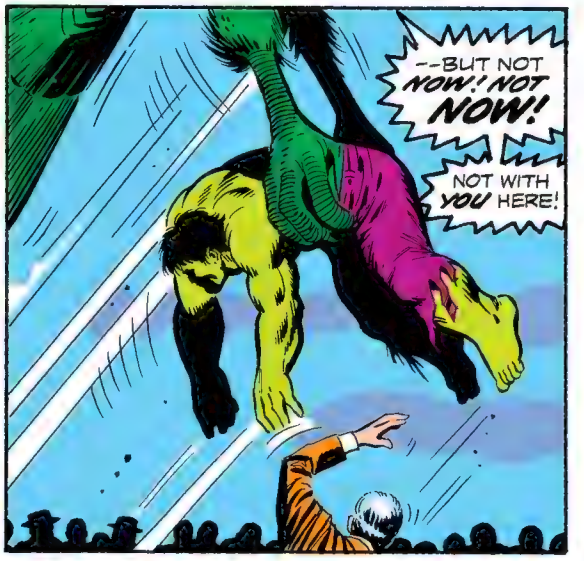
BETTY! BETTY!
WHAT? ANOTHER HATED ONE!
THE ONE GLENN WAS TRYING TO SAVE WHEN HE DIED!

BUT I HAVEN'T FINISHED WITH THE HULK YET! I MUST BLAST HIM TO ATOMS!
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

BAH! THE MONSTER IS NO THREAT AT THE MOMENT!
IF NOT ALREADY DEAD, HE CAN'T SURVIVE ANOTHER HELLBOLT--AND HE CAN'T STOP MY GIVING IT TO HIM!
BUT THE MAN--

HOWEVER, EVEN AS THE HALF-BIRD/HALF-WOMAN HORROR COILS TO LAUNCH HER GAMMA-RAY SPAWNED POWER BURST--
BETTY...WHAT'S BROUGHT YOU TO THIS? GOD KNOWS YOU'VE SUFFERED --BUT YOU'RE STILL MY LITTLE GIRL!
I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN, BETTY! I KNOW YOU BETTER THAN ANY OTHER MAN ALIVE! YOU'RE GENTLE...KIND...!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

NO! YOU'RE TRYING TO CONFUSE ME!
I'M--I'M THE HARPY! AND I KILL!

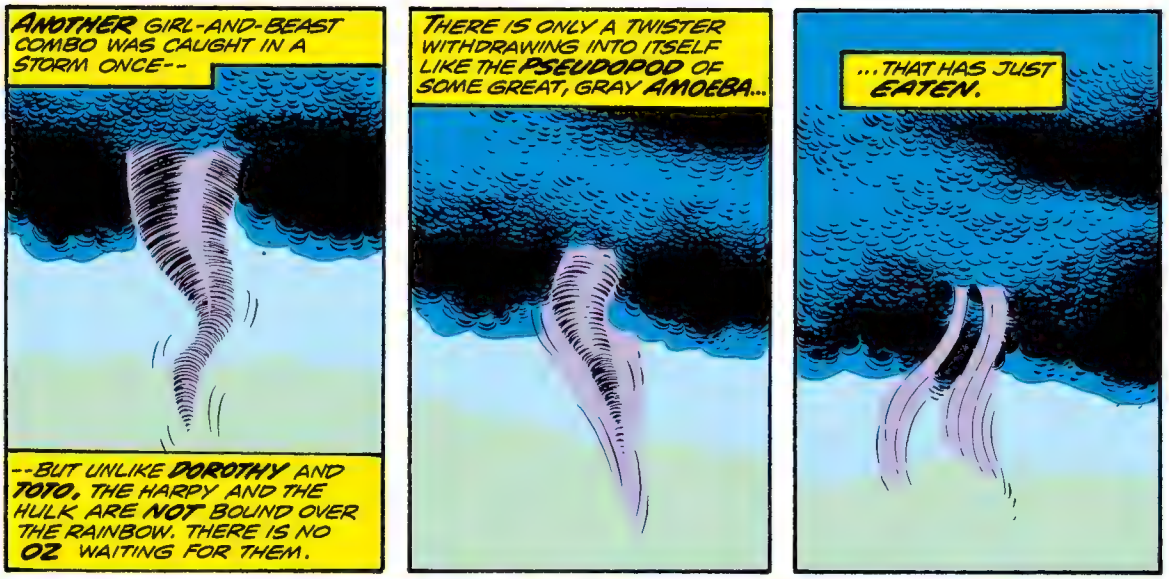

--BUT NOT NOW! NOT NOW!
NOT WITH YOU HERE!

BETTY--COME BACK! DON'T LEAVE!
BETTYYYYYY

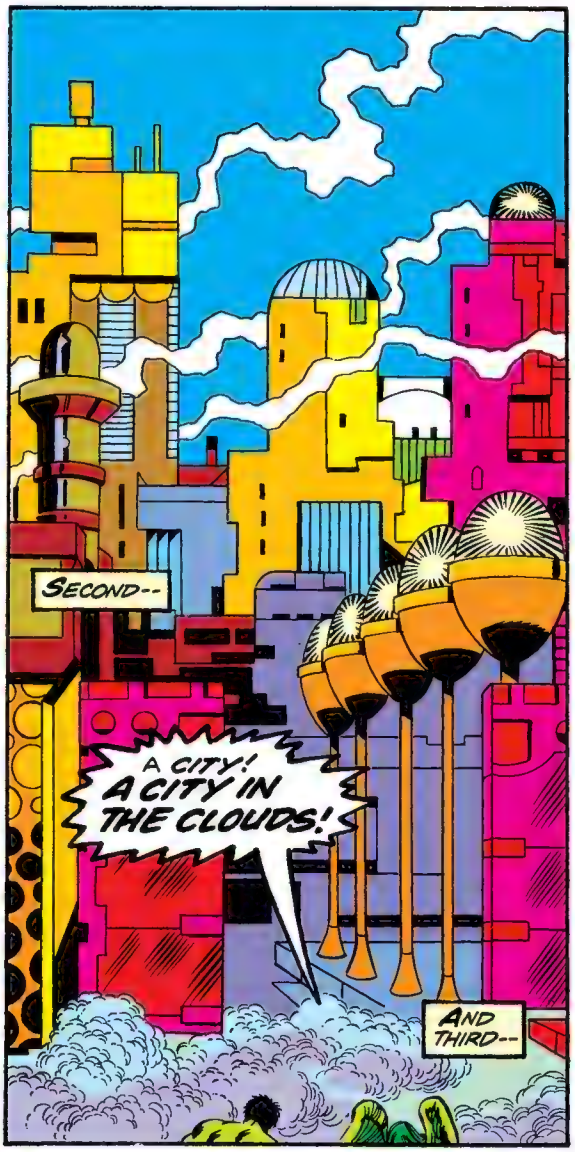
BUT SHE DOES NOT ANSWER AS HER BEATING WINGS CARRY HER HIGH AND AWAY WITH HER PREY...
...UNLESS YOU COUNT THE HARSH GREEN TEARS THAT SPLATTER ACROSS THE CONCRETE BELOW.

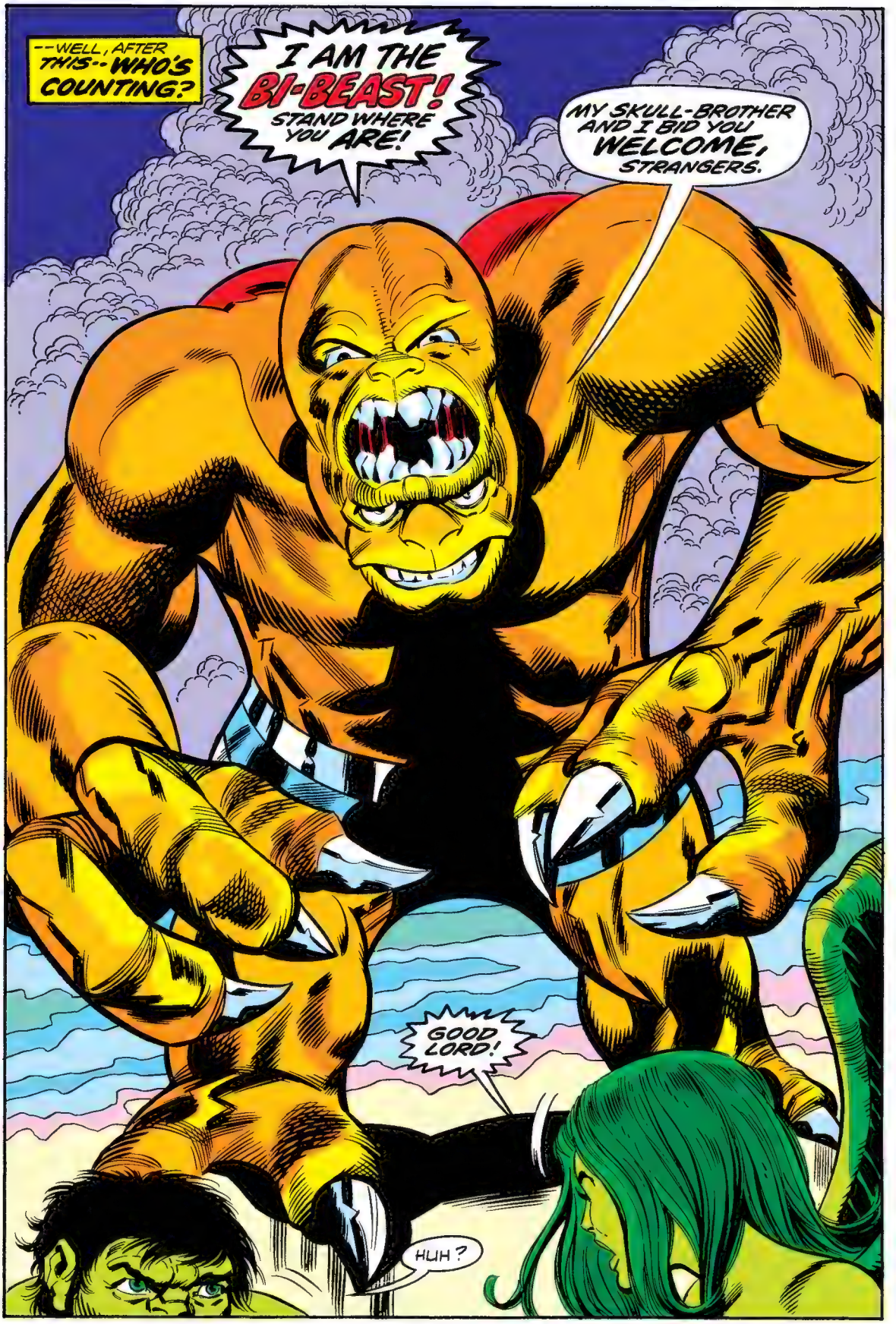
AT THAT MOMENT, HOWEVER...
...WITH A TRUMPETING ROAR, THE MODERN DAY CAVALRY ARRIVES!
FOXTROT ONE TO SQUADRON LEADER: I'VE GOT A READING AT FOUR O'CLOCK!
MAKE COURSE CORRECTION TO INVESTIGATE, FOXTROT-ONE!
IF IT'S THAT FLYING MONSTER THE NEW YORK AUTHORITIES REPORTED, BE READY TO SHOOT TO KILL!
RRAMM!
FAMOUS FACTS #422: JETS MOVING FASTER THEN SOUND ARE HARD TO HEAR AS THEY APPROACH...
...BUT WHEN THEY PASS YOU,
YOU KNOW IT!
ROOM
THAT'S HER, FOXTROT-ONE!

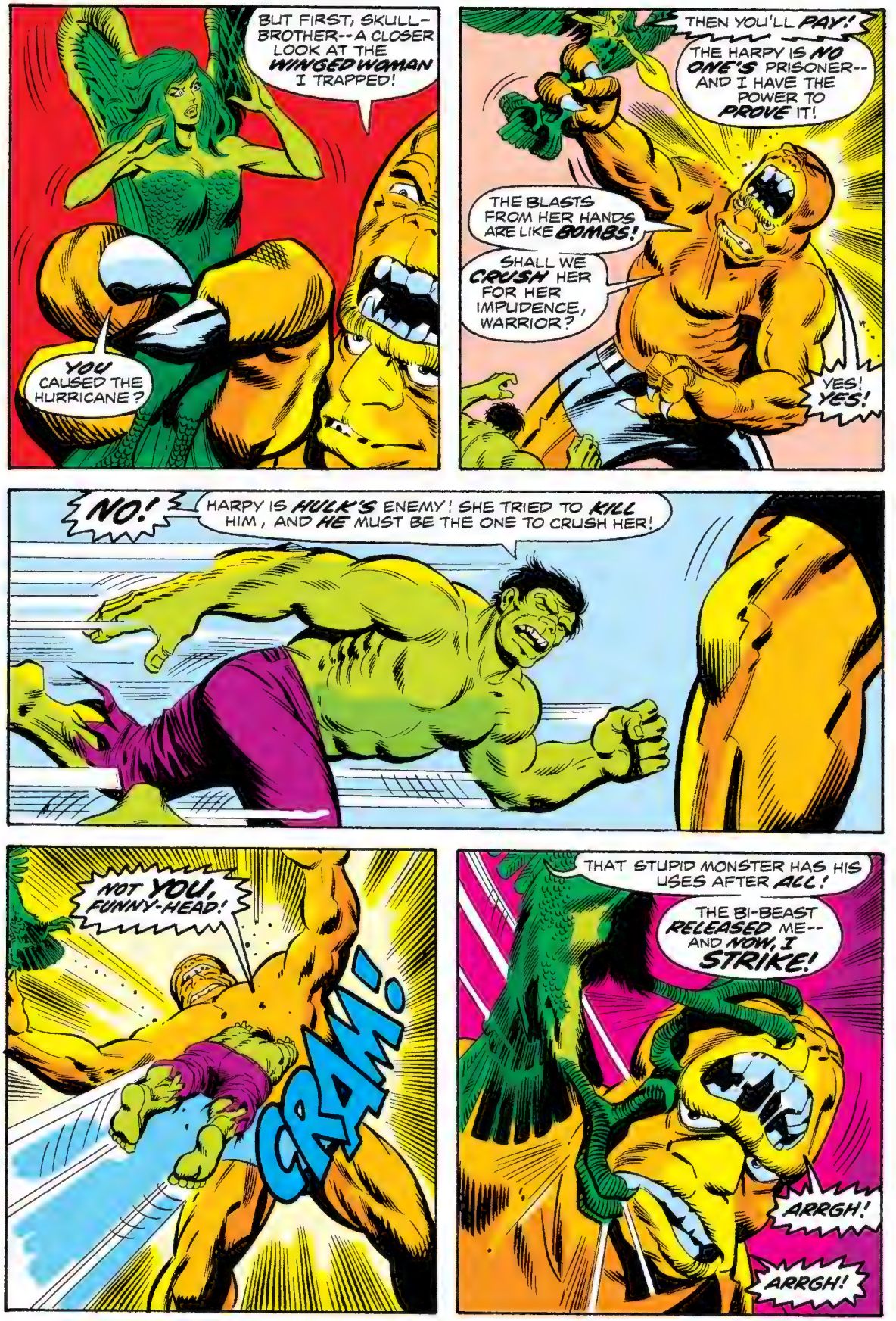
FOOLS! YOU THINK THE HARPY'S WEAKNESS AND CONFUSION ABOUT HER ENEMIES EXTENDS TO YOU--
--BUT YOU'RE WRONG!
I HATE SOLDIERS!
BTAM!
I HATE WEAPONS!
CLIMBING OUT OF RANGE, FOXTROT-1! WE'LL ATTACK AGAIN FROM ABOVE!
BUT AS THE JETS SCRAMBLE FOR THE SKY--
--THAT SKY SUDDENLY LOSES ITS BLUE--
--AND TURNS BLACK!
WHAT--? A TORNADO FROM NOWHERE!
IT DROPPED FROM THAT STRANGE CLOUD--
--AND IT'S SWIRLING RIGHT TOWARD ME! CAN'T ESCAPE--
AND THEN THE GROTESQUE BIRD-WOMAN AND HER LIMP VICTIM ARE SIMPLY BLOTTED OUT!


ANOTHER GIRL-AND-BEAST COMBO WAS CAUGHT IN A STORM ONCE--
--BUT UNLIKE DOROTHY AND TOTO, THE HARPY AND THE HULK ARE NOT BOUND OVER THE RAINBOW. THERE IS NO OZ WAITING FOR THEM.
THERE IS ONLY A TWISTER WITHDRAWING INTO ITSELF LIKE THE PSEUDOPOD OF SOME GREAT, GRAY AMOEBA...
...THAT HAS JUST EATEN.

AND THE WONDERMENT HASN'T EVEN BEGUN!
WE-- WE'VE STOPPED SPINNING! WE'VE LANDED ON SOMETHING--
--BUT WHAT? HOW?
FIRST, THERE'S THE GROPING OF TWO GREEN-SKINNED HANDS BEHIND THE GIRL, AS THE MONSTER THOUGHT DEAD PROVES HE IS AS DURABLE AS EVER.
WAIT! THE MIST IS CLEARING! I THINK I CAN MAKE OUT--


SECOND--
A CITY! A CITY IN THE CLOUDS!
AND THIRD--

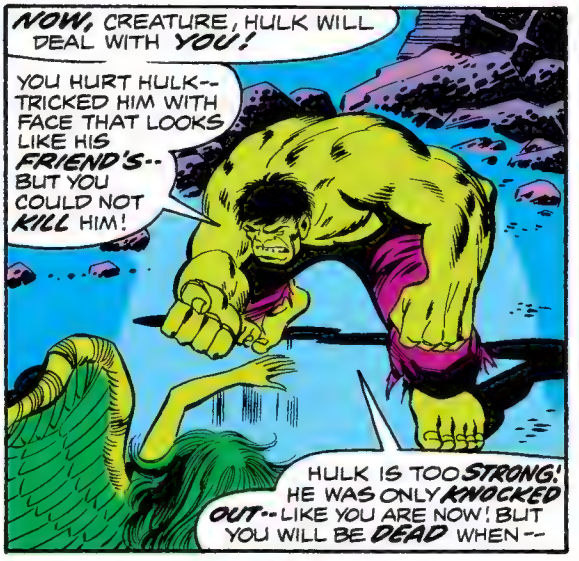

--WELL, AFTER THIS--WHO'S COUNTING?
I AM THE BI-BEAST! STAND WHERE YOU ARE!
MY SKULL-BROTHER AND I BID YOU WELCOME, STRANGERS.
GOOD LORD!
HUH?


BUT FIRST, SKULL-BROTHER--A CLOSER LOOK AT THE WINGED WOMAN I TRAPPED!
YOU CAUSED THE HURRICANE?
THEN YOU'LL PAY!
THE HARPY IS NO ONE'S PRISONER--AND I HAVE THE POWER TO PROVE IT!
THE BLASTS FROM HER HANDS ARE LIKE BOMBS!
SHALL WE CRUSH HER FOR HER IMPUDENCE, WARRIOR?
YES! YES!
NO!
HARPY IS HULK'S ENEMY! SHE TRIED TO KILL HIM, AND HE MUST BE THE ONE TO CRUSH HER!
NOT YOU, FUNNY-HEAD!
CRAK!
THAT STUPID MONSTER HAS HIS USES AFTER ALL!
THE BI-BEAST RELEASED ME--AND NOW, I STRIKE!
ARRGH!
ARRGH!

UNRULY WENCH! I BROUGHT YOU HERE FOR LOVE--
WHAM!
--BUT LOVE TURNS EASILY TO HATE!

BAH! TWO HEADS TALK TO EACH OTHER, BUT NEITHER LISTENS TO HULK!
RRUMP!
HULK TOLD YOU TO STOP FIGHTING BIRD-BETTY--

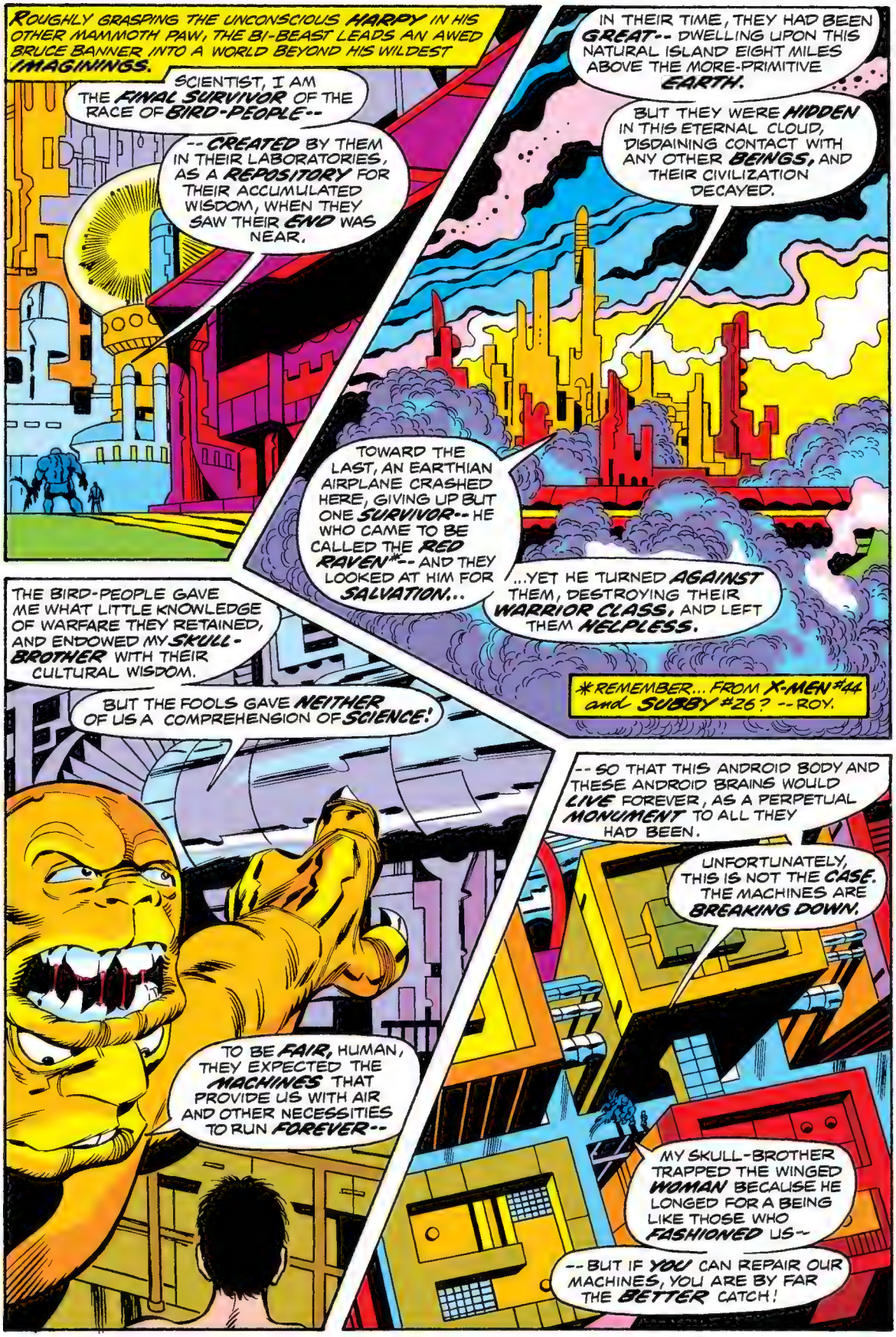
--AND HE MEANT IT!
KA-WHAM!

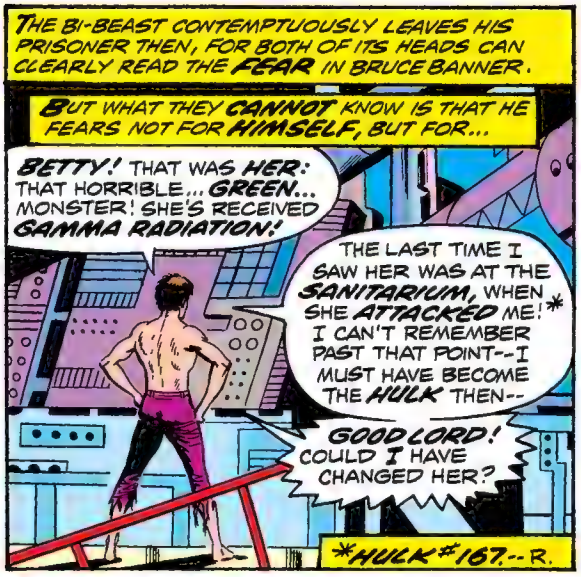

NOW, CREATURE, HULK WILL DEAL WITH YOU!
YOU HURT HULK-- TRICKED HIM WITH FACE THAT LOOKS LIKE HIS FRIEND'S-- BUT YOU COULD NOT KILL HIM!
HULK IS TOO STRONG! HE WAS ONLY KNOCKED OUT-- LIKE YOU ARE NOW! BUT YOU WILL BE DEAD WHEN--

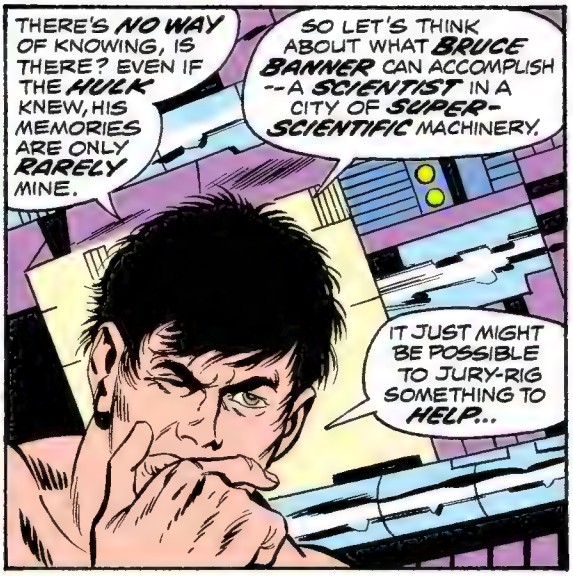
SLAM!

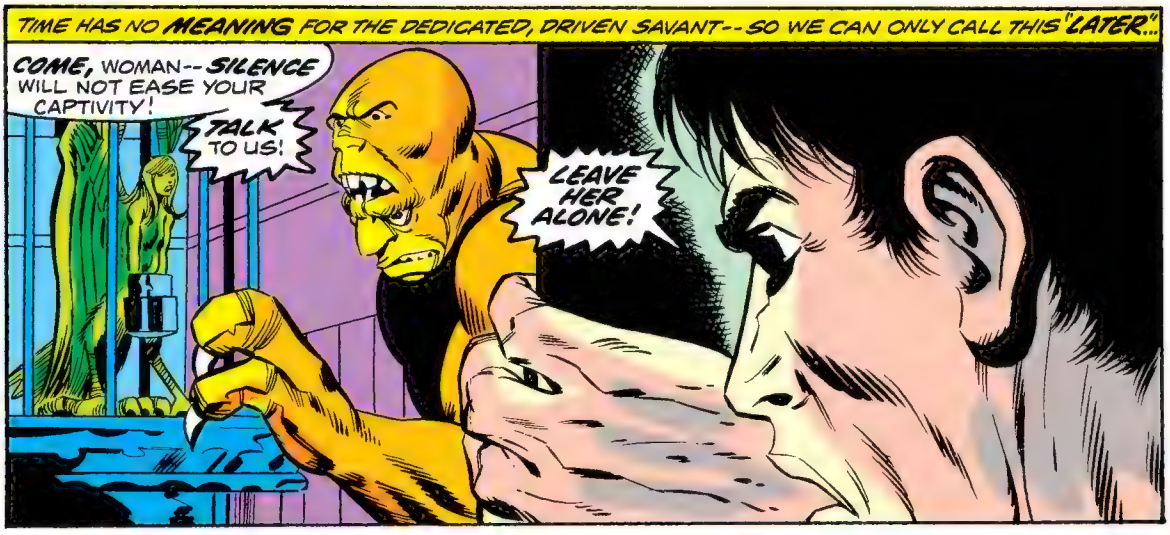
FUNNY-HEAD HIT HULK-- WHEN HE WASN'T WATCHING! EVERYONE IS AGAINST HULK!
WELL, IF HULK MUST FIGHT, HE WILL DO IT... BEST! HULK WILL... SMASH EVERYONE...
BUT... HE FEELS... SO STRANGE...

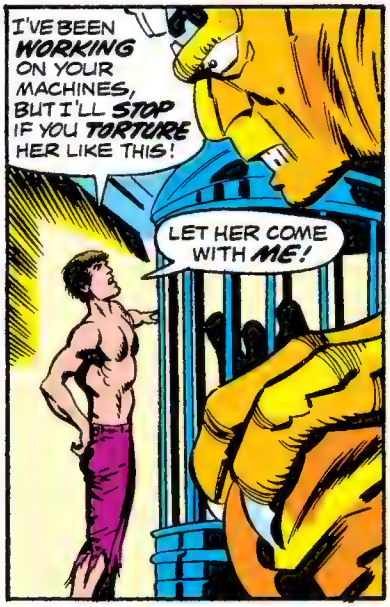
GETTING... HARD TO BREATHE.
THE MORE HULK FIGHTS... THE LESS AIR HIS CHEST... CAN FIND...
AIR... SO THIN HERE...
YES, MONSTER-- FOR YOU ARE HIGH IN THE SKY, MANY MILES FROM YOUR PLANET'S SURFACE--
NOT FAIR, HULK... COULD HAVE WON...
--IN THE TROPOSPHERE, WHERE BREATHABLE OXYGEN IS QUITE HARD TO COME BY--
--AND GIANT GREEN LUNGS CANNOT GET THE SUSTENANCE FOR A GIANT GREEN BODY.
IN TRUTH, A HUMAN WOULD FARE NO BETTER...
...EXCEPT, AS BRUCE BANNER DIMLY REALIZES WHILE HE LIES GASPING, THIS WEIRD ISLAND IN THE SKY IS SOMETHING SPECIAL!
CHANGED... AGAIN! I'M... FREE AGAIN!
BUT... WHAT IS... THIS PLACE...?
WELL, SINCE WE'VE ALL BEEN ASKING THAT VERY QUESTION... LET'S GET AN ANSWER!
THIS IS A HUMAN!
I AM AWARE OF THAT SKULL-BROTHER. I WILL QUESTION HIM.
YOU THERE! I SEE YOU MOVE-- YOU ARE NOT DECEASED!
WHO ARE YOU, AND HOW DID YOU ALTER YOUR FORM FROM THAT OF THE GREEN BEING?
I-I AM BRUCE BANNER, A SCIENTIST-- BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT! YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME WHERE--
SILENCE! IT IS OBVIOUS FROM OUR RESPECTIVE SIZES THAT YOU HAVE NO AUTHORITY HERE!
BUT IF YOU ARE A SCIENTIST, YOU HAVE A DESTINY! COME WITH ME!


ROUGHLY GRASPING THE UNCONSCIOUS HARPY IN HIS OTHER MAMMOTH PAW, THE BI-BEAST LEADS AN AWED BRUCE BANNER INTO A WORLD BEYOND HIS WILDEST IMAGININGS.
SCIENTIST, I AM THE FINAL SURVIVOR OF THE RACE OF BIRD-PEOPLE--
--CREATED BY THEM IN THEIR LABORATORIES, AS A REPOSITORY FOR THEIR ACCUMULATED WISDOM, WHEN THEY SAW THEIR END WAS NEAR.
IN THEIR TIME, THEY HAD BEEN GREAT-- DWELLING UPON THIS NATURAL ISLAND EIGHT MILES ABOVE THE MORE-PRIMITIVE EARTH.
BUT THEY WERE HIDDEN IN THIS ETERNAL CLOUD, DISDAINING CONTACT WITH ANY OTHER BEINGS, AND THEIR CIVILIZATION DECAYED.
TOWARD THE LAST, AN EARTHIAN AIRPLANE CRASHED HERE, GIVING UP BUT ONE SURVIVOR-- HE WHO CAME TO BE CALLED THE RED RAVEN*-- AND THEY LOOKED AT HIM FOR SALVATION...
...YET HE TURNED AGAINST THEM, DESTROYING THEIR WARRIOR CLASS, AND LEFT THEM HELPLESS.
*REMEMBER... FROM X-MEN #44 and SUBBY #26? --ROY.
THE BIRD-PEOPLE GAVE ME WHAT LITTLE KNOWLEDGE OF WARFARE THEY RETAINED, AND ENDOWED MY SKULL-BROTHER WITH THEIR CULTURAL WISDOM.
BUT THE FOOLS GAVE NEITHER OF US A COMPREHENSION OF SCIENCE!
TO BE FAIR, HUMAN, THEY EXPECTED THE MACHINES THAT PROVIDE US WITH AIR AND OTHER NECESSITIES TO RUN FOREVER--
-- SO THAT THIS ANDROID BODY AND THESE ANDROID BRAINS WOULD LIVE FOREVER, AS A PERPETUAL MONUMENT TO ALL THEY HAD BEEN.
UNFORTUNATELY, THIS IS NOT THE CASE. THE MACHINES ARE BREAKING DOWN.
MY SKULL-BROTHER TRAPPED THE WINGED WOMAN BECAUSE HE LONGED FOR A BEING LIKE THOSE WHO FASHIONED US--
--BUT IF YOU CAN REPAIR OUR MACHINES, YOU ARE BY FAR THE BETTER CATCH!

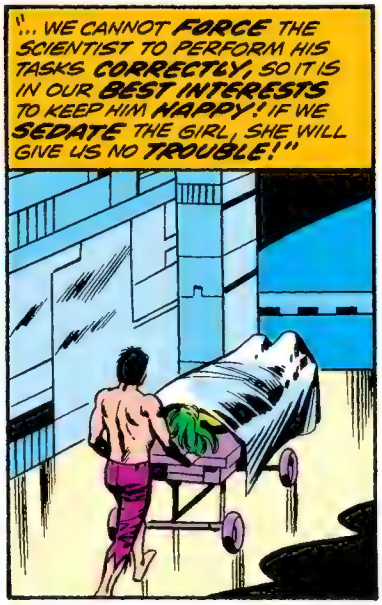

THE BI-BEAST CONTEMPTUOUSLY LEAVES HIS PRISONER THEN, FOR BOTH OF ITS HEADS CAN CLEARLY READ THE FEAR IN BRUCE BANNER.
BUT WHAT THEY CANNOT KNOW IS THAT HE FEARS NOT FOR HIMSELF, BUT FOR...
BETTY! THAT WAS HER: THAT HORRIBLE... GREEN... MONSTER! SHE'S RECEIVED GAMMA RADIATION!
THE LAST TIME I SAW HER WAS AT THE SANITARIUM, WHEN SHE ATTACKED ME! * I CAN'T REMEMBER PAST THAT POINT--I MUST HAVE BECOME THE HULK THEN--
GOOD LORD! COULD I HAVE CHANGED HER?
*HULK #167--R.

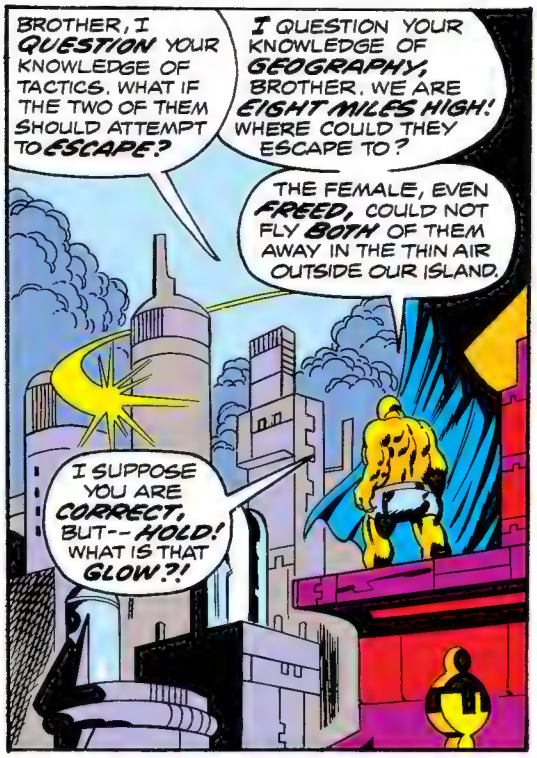

THERE'S NO WAY OF KNOWING, IS THERE? EVEN IF THE HULK KNEW, HIS MEMORIES ARE ONLY RARELY MINE.
SO LET'S THINK ABOUT WHAT BRUCE BANNER CAN ACCOMPLISH --A SCIENTIST IN A CITY OF SUPER-SCIENTIFIC MACHINERY.
IT JUST MIGHT BE POSSIBLE TO JURY-RIG SOMETHING TO HELP...

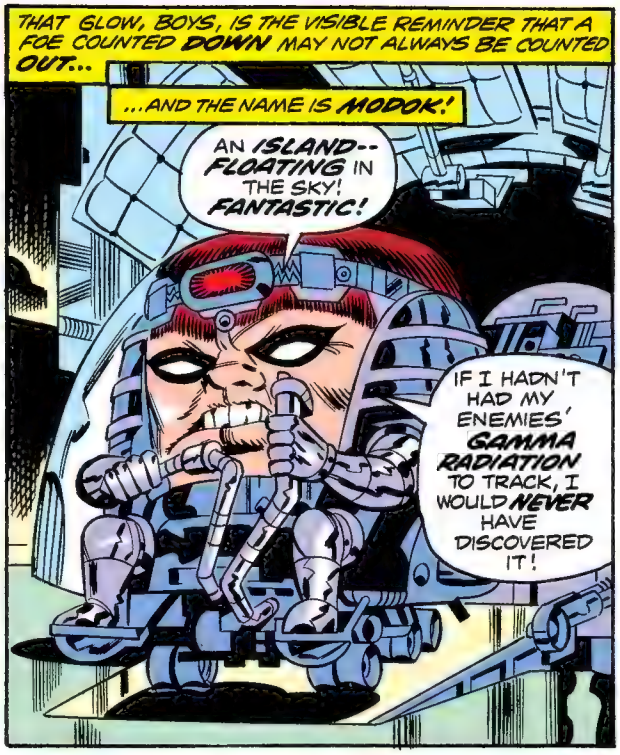

TIME HAS NO MEANING FOR THE DEDICATED, DRIVEN SAVANT--SO WE CAN ONLY CALL THIS "LATER"...
COME, WOMAN--SILENCE WILL NOT EASE YOUR CAPTIVITY!
TALK TO US!
LEAVE HER ALONE!


I'VE BEEN WORKING ON YOUR MACHINES, BUT I'LL STOP IF YOU TORTURE HER LIKE THIS!
LET HER COME WITH ME!

YOU MUST BE JOKING! THIS FEMALE IS DANGER-OUS!
IF I HAD NOT IMPRISONED HER HANDS, SHE COULD DESTROY THE ENTIRE CITY!
STILL, SKULL-BROTHER...


"... WE CANNOT FORCE THE SCIENTIST TO PERFORM HIS TASKS CORRECTLY, SO IT IS IN OUR BEST INTERESTS TO KEEP HIM HAPPY! IF WE SEDATE THE GIRL, SHE WILL GIVE US NO TROUBLE!"

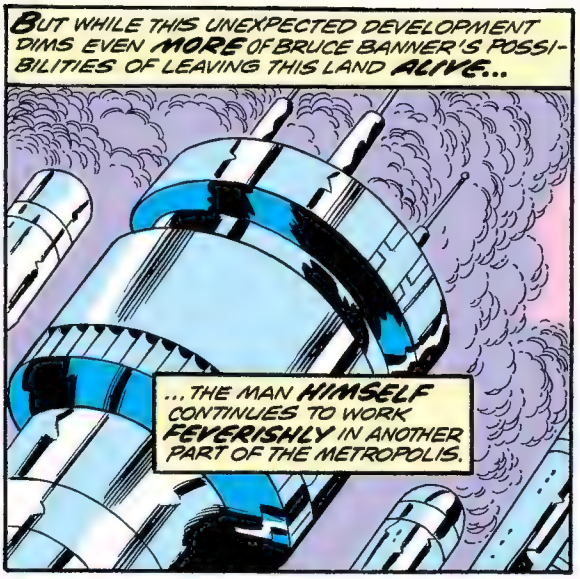

BROTHER, I QUESTION YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF TACTICS. WHAT IF THE TWO OF THEM SHOULD ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE?
I QUESTION YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF GEOGRAPHY, BROTHER. WE ARE EIGHT MILES HIGH! WHERE COULD THEY ESCAPE TO?
THE FEMALE, EVEN FREED, COULD NOT FLY BOTH OF THEM AWAY IN THE THIN AIR OUTSIDE OUR ISLAND.
I SUPPOSE YOU ARE CORRECT, BUT-- HOLD! WHAT IS THAT GLOW?!

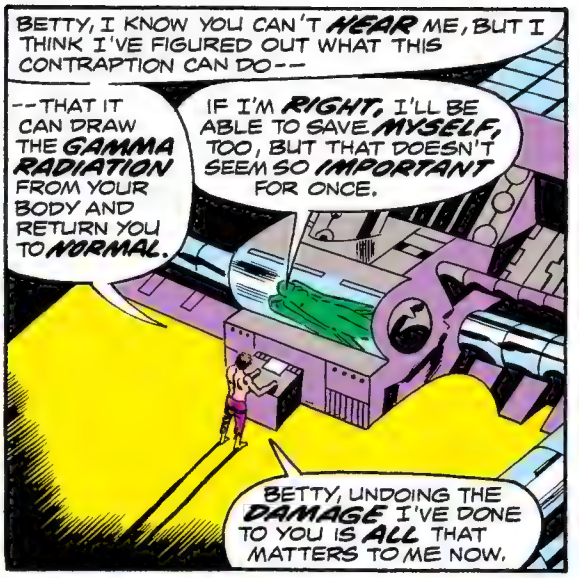

THAT GLOW, BOYS, IS THE VISIBLE REMINDER THAT A FOE COUNTED DOWN MAY NOT ALWAYS BE COUNTED OUT...
...AND THE NAME IS MODOK!
AN ISLAND-- FLOATING IN THE SKY! FANTASTIC!
IF I HADN'T HAD MY ENEMIES' GAMMA RADIATION TO TRACK, I WOULD NEVER HAVE DISCOVERED IT!

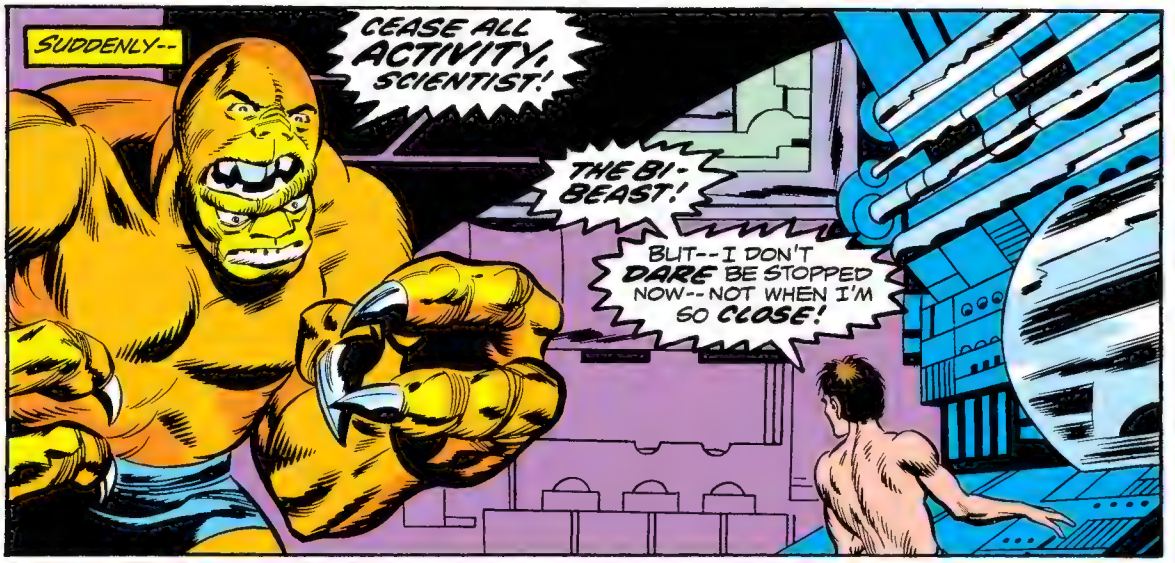
AND NOW THAT YOU HAVE, WHAT ARE YOUR INTENTIONS?
OTHER THAN SURVIVING -- WHICH IS UNLIKELY!
FATES PRESERVE ME!

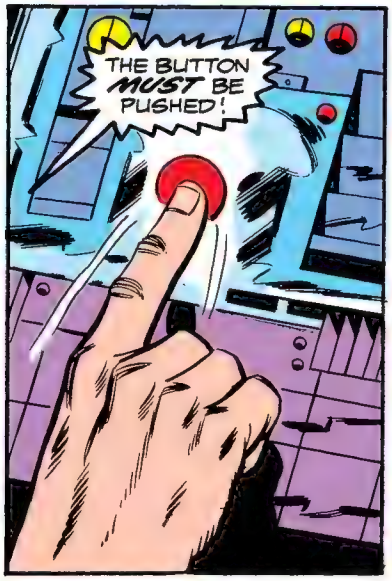
SIRS, I COME SEEKING TWO TERRIBLE MONSTERS WHO HAVE WRONGED ME GRIEVOUSLY!
ONE IS A WINGED HELLCAT CALLED THE HARPY, AND THE OTHER A LOW VICIOUS BRUTE CALLED THE HULK!
THEY ARE HERE, STRANGE ONE...

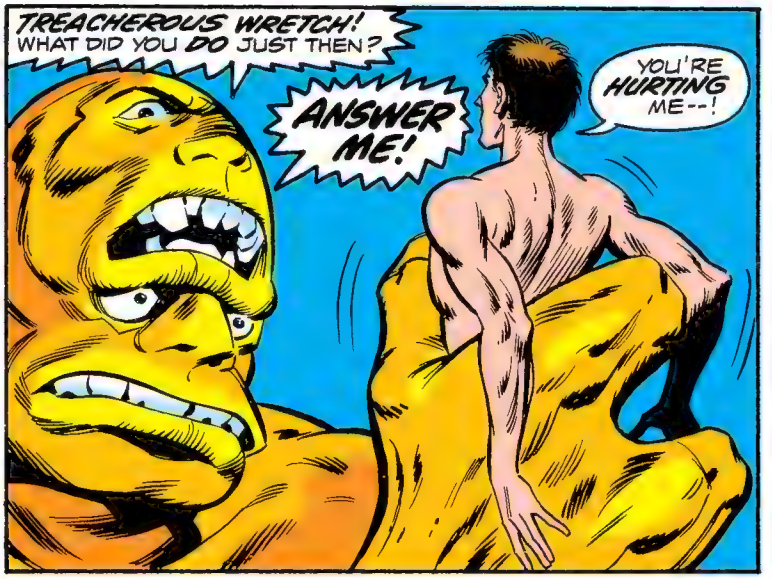
...BUT THE HARPY IS MY PRISONER, AND THE HULK IS NO MORE.
HE HAS BECOME A HUMAN SCIENTIST, WHO IS AIDING OUR CITY BY RESTORING OUR MACHINES. WE CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO--
YOUR MACHINES!? YOU PERMIT BANNER ACCESS TO THE TECHNOLOGY AVAILABLE HERE?
YOU DOUBLE-BRAINED BUFFOONS! HAVE YOU NO KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE?
HE COULD DESTROY US ALL IF YOU DON'T STOP HIM! FIND HIM AT ONCE!

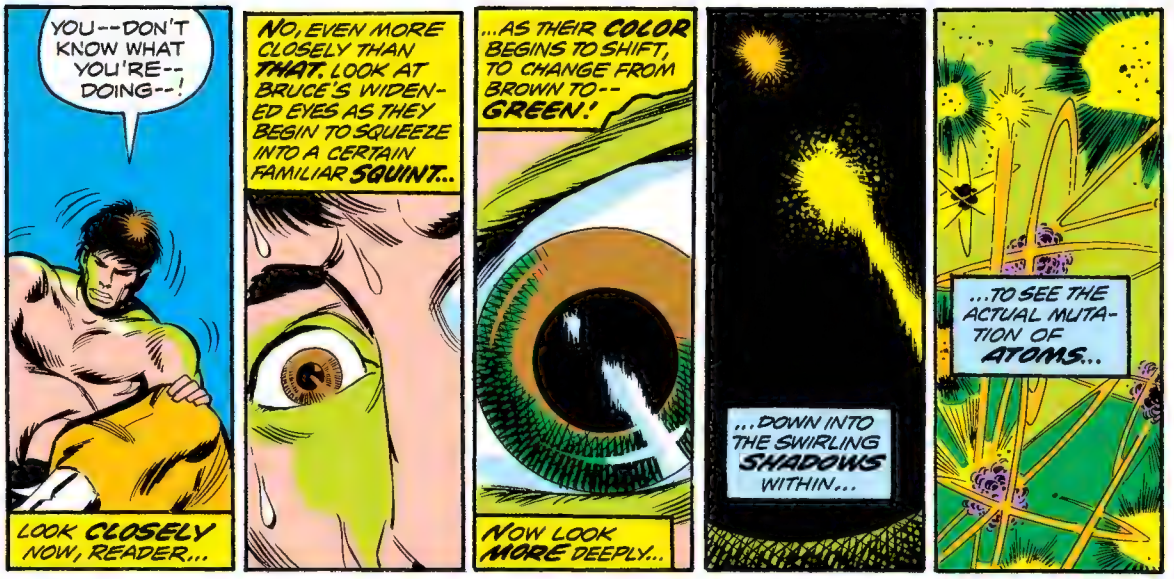

BUT WHILE THIS UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT DIMS EVEN MORE OF BRUCE BANNER'S POSSIBILITIES OF LEAVING THIS LAND ALIVE...
...THE MAN HIMSELF CONTINUES TO WORK FEVERISHLY IN ANOTHER PART OF THE METROPOLIS.

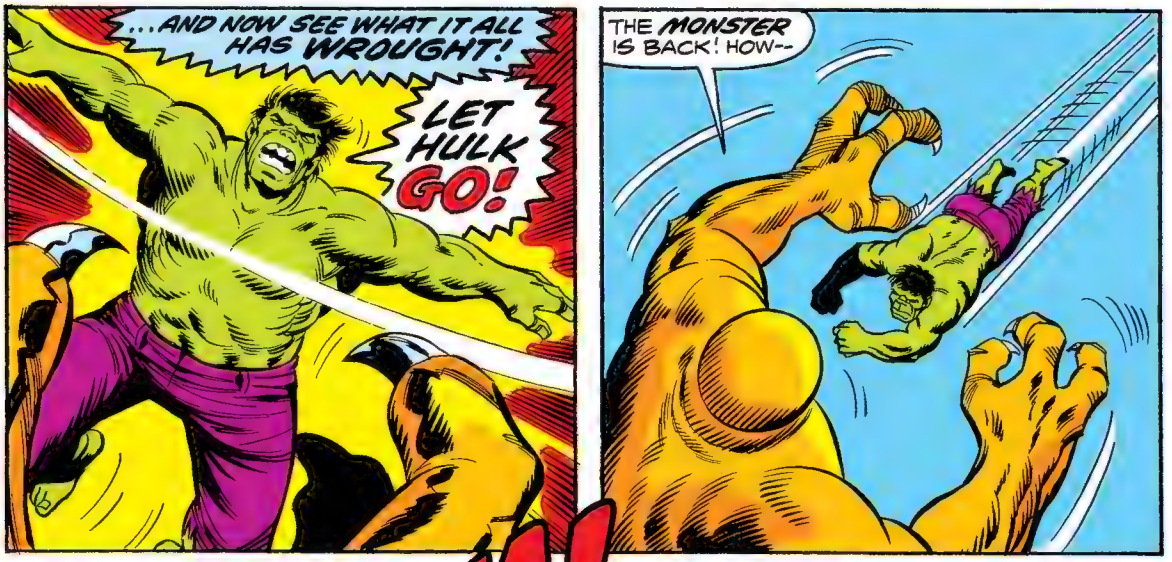

BETTY, I KNOW YOU CAN'T HEAR ME, BUT I THINK I'VE FIGURED OUT WHAT THIS CONTRAPTION CAN DO--
--THAT IT CAN DRAW THE GAMMA RADIATION FROM YOUR BODY AND RETURN YOU TO NORMAL.
IF I'M RIGHT, I'LL BE ABLE TO SAVE MYSELF, TOO, BUT THAT DOESN'T SEEM SO IMPORTANT FOR ONCE.
BETTY, UNDOING THE DAMAGE I'VE DONE TO YOU IS ALL THAT MATTERS TO ME NOW.

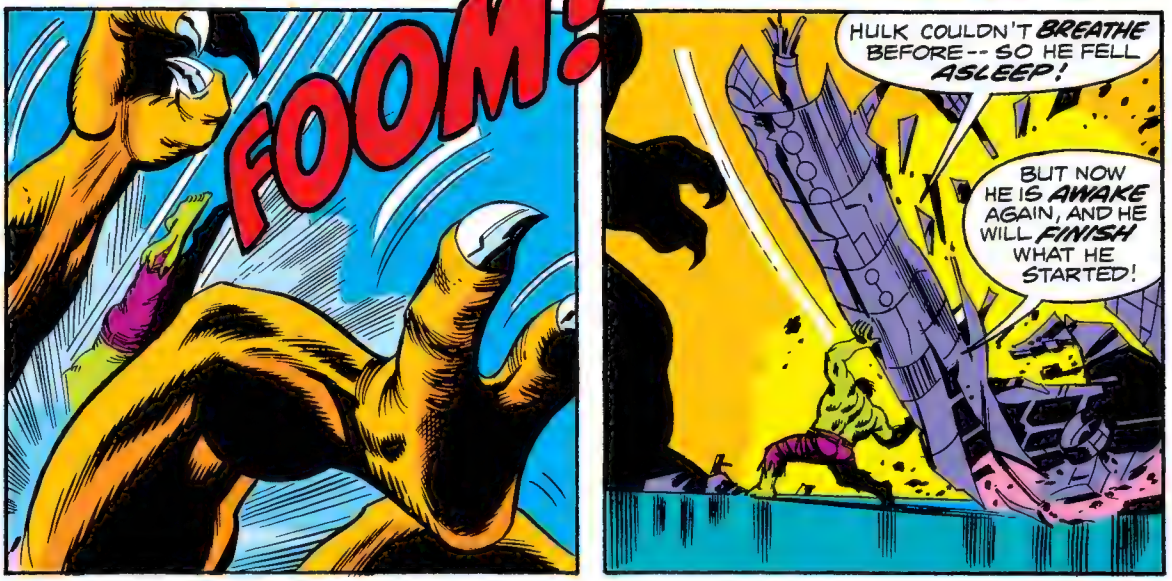

SUDDENLY--
CEASE ALL ACTIVITY, SCIENTIST!
THE BI-BEAST!
BUT--I DON'T DARE BE STOPPED NOW--NOT WHEN I'M SO CLOSE!


THE BUTTON MUST BE PUSHED!

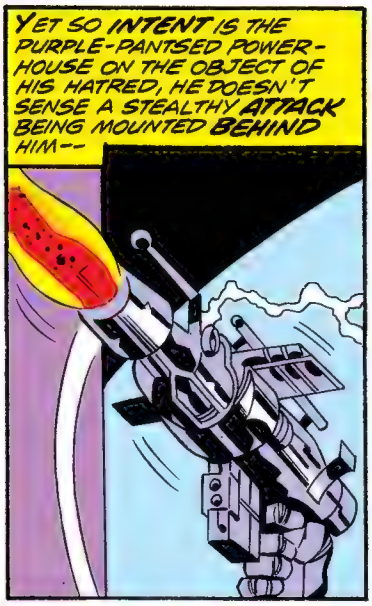

TREACHEROUS WRETCH! WHAT DID YOU DO JUST THEN?
ANSWER ME!
YOU'RE HURTING ME--!


YOU--DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE--DOING--!
LOOK CLOSELY NOW, READER...
NO, EVEN MORE CLOSELY THAN THAT. LOOK AT BRUCE'S WIDENED EYES AS THEY BEGIN TO SQUEEZE INTO A CERTAIN FAMILIAR SQUINT...
...AS THEIR COLOR BEGINS TO SHIFT, TO CHANGE FROM BROWN TO--GREEN!
NOW LOOK MORE DEEPLY...
...DOWN INTO THE SWIRLING SHADOWS WITHIN...
...TO SEE THE ACTUAL MUTATION OF ATOMS...


...AND NOW SEE WHAT IT ALL HAS WROUGHT!
LET HULK GO!
THE MONSTER IS BACK! HOW--

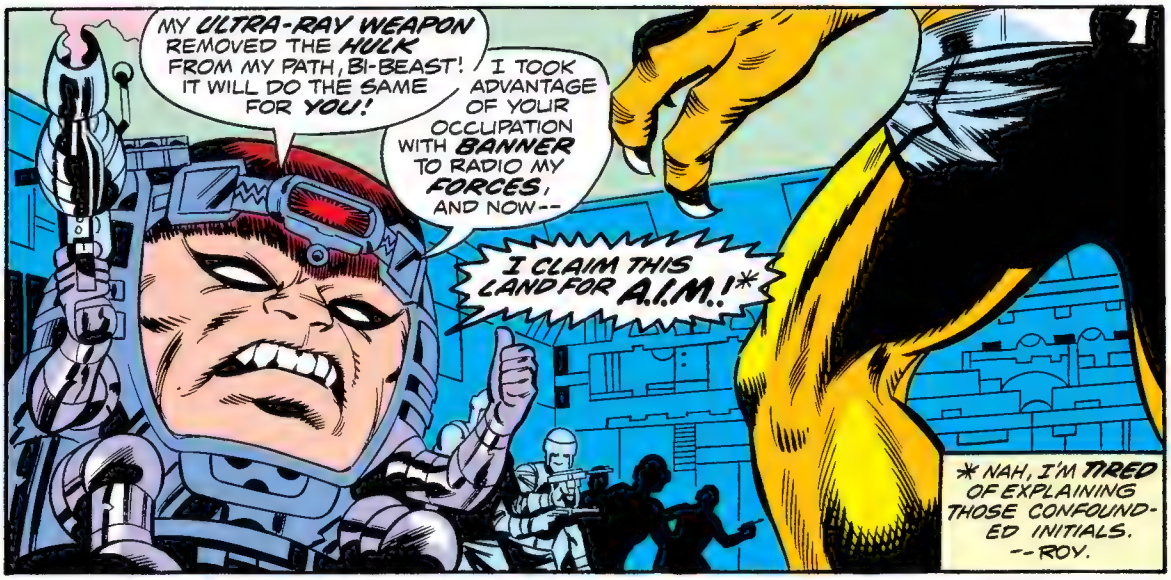

FOOM!
HULK COULDN'T BREATHE BEFORE--SO HE FELL ASLEEP!
BUT NOW HE IS AWAKE AGAIN, AND HE WILL FINISH WHAT HE STARTED!

YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO WATCH HULK FALL *THIS* TIME, FUNNY-HEAD! BEFORE HE DOES, *YOU* WILL BE *SMASHED!*


YET SO INTENT IS THE PURPLE-PANTSED POWER-HOUSE ON THE OBJECT OF HIS HATRED, HE DOESN'T SENSE A STEALTHY ATTACK BEING MOUNTED BEHIND HIM--

--UNTIL IT *CUTS HIM DOWN!*

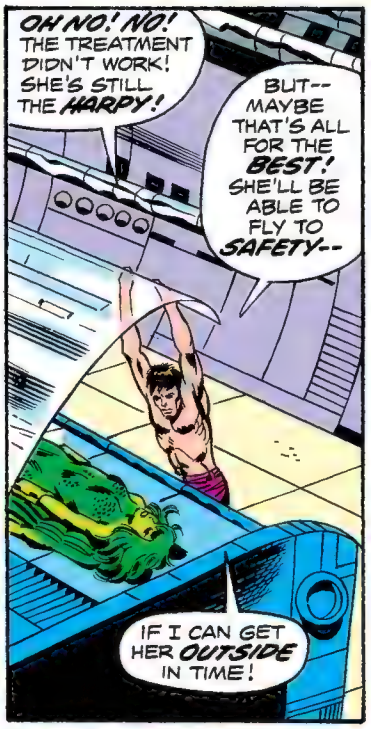
BLAWAM


MY *ULTRA-RAY WEAPON* REMOVED THE *HULK* FROM MY PATH, BI-BEAST! IT WILL DO THE SAME FOR *YOU!*
I TOOK ADVANTAGE OF YOUR OCCUPATION WITH *BANNER* TO RADIO MY *FORCES*, AND NOW--
*I CLAIM THIS LAND FOR A.I.M.!**
* NAH, I'M *TIRED* OF EXPLAINING THOSE CONFOUNDED INITIALS. --ROY.

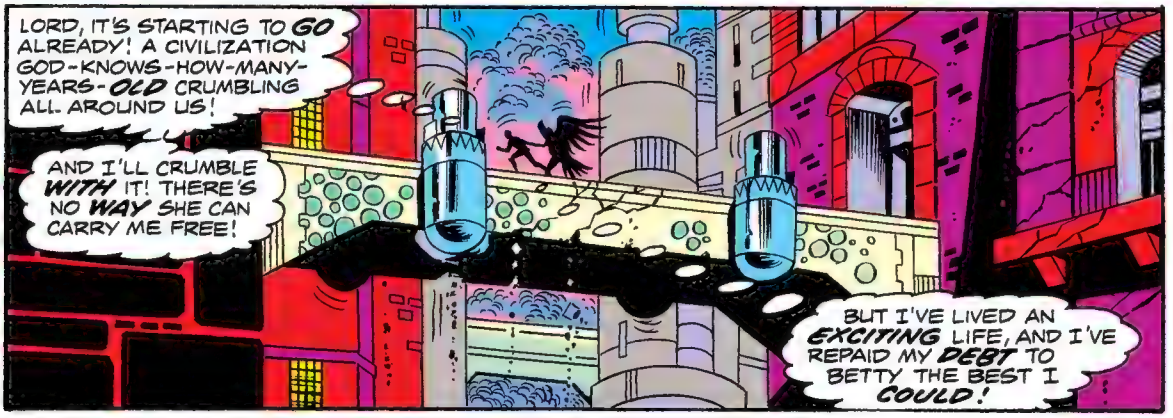
NO! THE BIRD-PEOPLE CREATED BOTH OURSELVES AND THE LAND TO LIVE FOREVER!
OUR TRUST IS OUR LIFE! YOU WILL NEVER STEAL THE LAND FROM US! ONCE WE REACH OUR DEFENSES--
YOU WON'T, BUFFOON!
SHOOOM!
FLAT!
YOUR TRUST, LIKE YOUR LIFE, HAS CEASED TO EXIST!
NOT... TRUE...
DON'T LET HIM REACH THAT LEVER! BLAST HIM AGAIN! AGAIN!!
TOO
LATE!
YOU HAVE MURDERED US, MODOK... BUT WE HAVE REPAID YOU IN KIND!
RATHER THAN LET THE LAND FALL TO YOU... WE WOULD DESTROY IT...
...AND IN ONE MINUTE, WE WILL ALL JOIN IT... IN EXPLOSIVE ANNIHILATION!

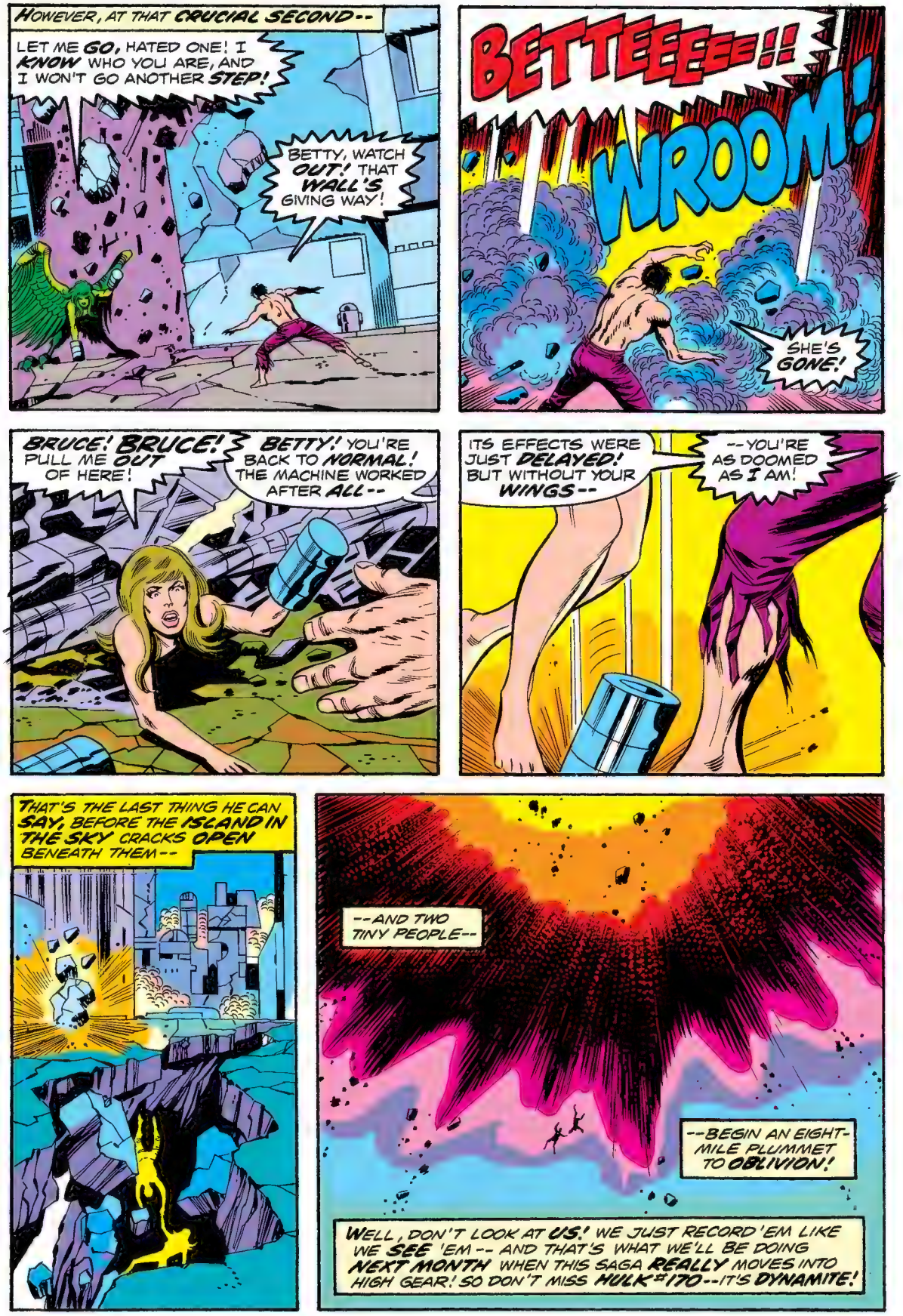
NOTHING
YOU CAN DO
CAN SAVE YOU...
THANK YOU... SKULL-BROTHER...
THANK... Y---
MODOK AND HIS MEN PANIC AND FLEE, STRAINING FOR THE TIME TO SCRAMBLE BACK ACROSS THE CITY TO THEIR AIR-CRAFT--

--WHILE BEHIND THEM, ONCE MORE STIFLED BY THIN AIR AND THUS TRANSFORMED FROM THE HULK, BRUCE STAGGERS ROCKILY TO HIS CUT-AND-BLEEDING FEET.
BETTY... GOT TO GET TO BETTY...


OH NO! NO! THE TREATMENT DIDN'T WORK! SHE'S STILL THE HARPY!
BUT-- MAYBE THAT'S ALL FOR THE BEST! SHE'LL BE ABLE TO FLY TO SAFETY--
IF I CAN GET HER OUTSIDE IN TIME!

WHERE... ARE YOU TAKING ME? THE HARPY.. IS NO TOY TO BE DRAGGED...
SHUT UP, BLAST IT! I'M TRYING TO KEEP YOU FROM DYING, BETTY!
COME ON!


LORD, IT'S STARTING TO GO ALREADY! A CIVILIZATION GOD-KNOWS-HOW-MANY-YEARS-OLD CRUMBLING ALL AROUND US!
AND I'LL CRUMBLE WITH IT! THERE'S NO WAY SHE CAN CARRY ME FREE!
BUT I'VE LIVED AN EXCITING LIFE, AND I'VE REPAID MY DEBT TO BETTY THE BEST I COULD!


HOWEVER, AT THAT CRUCIAL SECOND--
LET ME GO, HATED ONE! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, AND I WON'T GO ANOTHER STEP!
BETTY, WATCH OUT! THAT WALL'S GIVING WAY!
BETTEEEEEE!!
WROOM!
SHE'S GONE!
BRUCE! BRUCE! PULL ME OUT OF HERE!
BETTY! YOU'RE BACK TO NORMAL! THE MACHINE WORKED AFTER ALL--
ITS EFFECTS WERE JUST DELAYED! BUT WITHOUT YOUR WINGS--
--YOU'RE AS DOOMED AS I AM!
THAT'S THE LAST THING HE CAN SAY, BEFORE THE ISLAND IN THE SKY CRACKS OPEN BENEATH THEM--
--AND TWO TINY PEOPLE--
--BEGIN AN EIGHT-MILE PLUMMET TO OBLIVION!
WELL, DON'T LOOK AT US! WE JUST RECORD 'EM LIKE WE SEE 'EM -- AND THAT'S WHAT WE'LL BE DOING NEXT MONTH WHEN THIS SAGA REALLY MOVES INTO HIGH GEAR! SO DON'T MISS HULK #170--IT'S DYNAMITE!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢
170
DEC
02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
STOP! YOU WILL NOT HURT THE GIRL!
YARR
IF YOU TRY, HULK WILL SMASH YOU-- HULK WILL SMASH YOU ALL!
THEY LURK IN THE VOLCANO!
TRIMPE

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE INCREDIBLE HULK!**

CHRIS CLAREMONT, *WRITER* * STEVE ENGLEHART, *PLOTTER* * HERB TRIMPE, *ARTIST* * JACK ABEL, *INKER* * ARTIE SIMEK, *LETTERER* * G. ROUSSOS, *COLORIST* * ROY THOMAS *EDITOR*

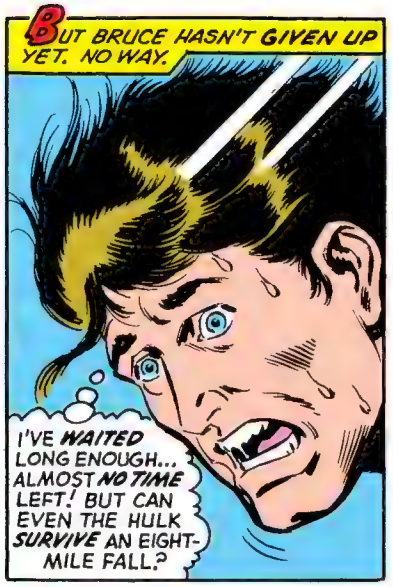
DEATH FROM ON HIGH!

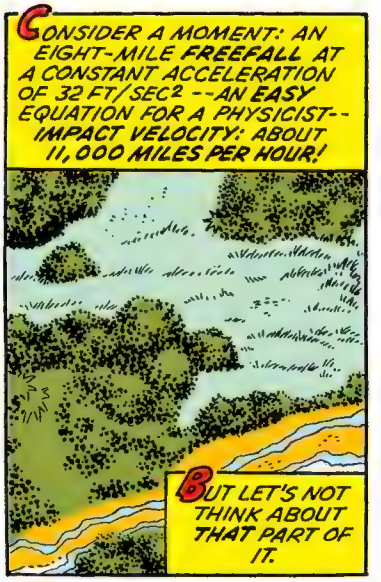
NOT EVEN A MINUTE HAS PASSED SINCE THE **SELF-DESTRUCTION** OF THE **BI-BEAST'S** ANCIENT **SKY-PLATFORM** HOME, A MERE HUNDRED SECONDS SINCE HIS MURDER AT THE RUTHLESS HANDS OF **MODOK**, HEAD OF A.I.M.*...

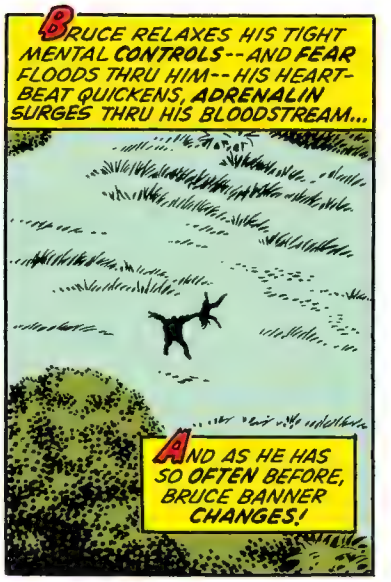
AND FOR **FORTY** OF THOSE HUNDRED SECONDS, ROBERT BRUCE BANNER AND BETTY TALBOT HAVE BEEN **FALLING**, WATCHING **DEATH** RUSH EAGERLY UP TOWARDS THEM...

BRUCE WATCHES WITH TEARING, **NEAR-BLIND** EYES, HIS LUNGS AFIRE WITH THE **DESPERATE** NEED FOR OXYGEN, HIS BODY NUMB WITH COLD AND PAIN... THANKFUL THE GIRL BESIDE HIM HAS BEEN **UNCONSCIOUS** MOST OF THE FALL...

*A.I.M.: ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS--R.T.

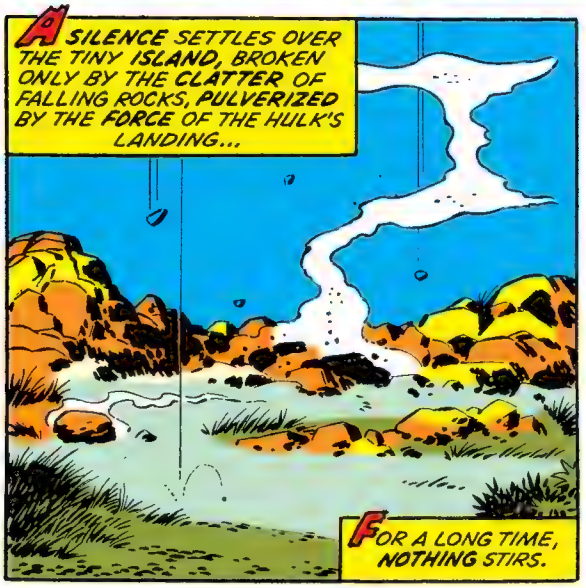

BUT BRUCE HASN'T GIVEN UP YET. NO WAY.
I'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH... ALMOST NO TIME LEFT! BUT CAN EVEN THE HULK SURVIVE AN EIGHT-MILE FALL?

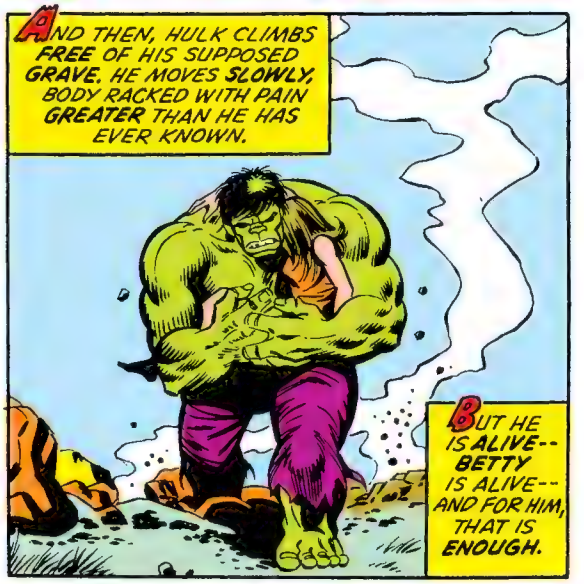

CONSIDER A MOMENT: AN EIGHT-MILE FREEFALL AT A CONSTANT ACCELERATION OF 32 FT/SEC² --AN EASY EQUATION FOR A PHYSICIST-- IMPACT VELOCITY: ABOUT 11,000 MILES PER HOUR!
BUT LET'S NOT THINK ABOUT THAT PART OF IT.

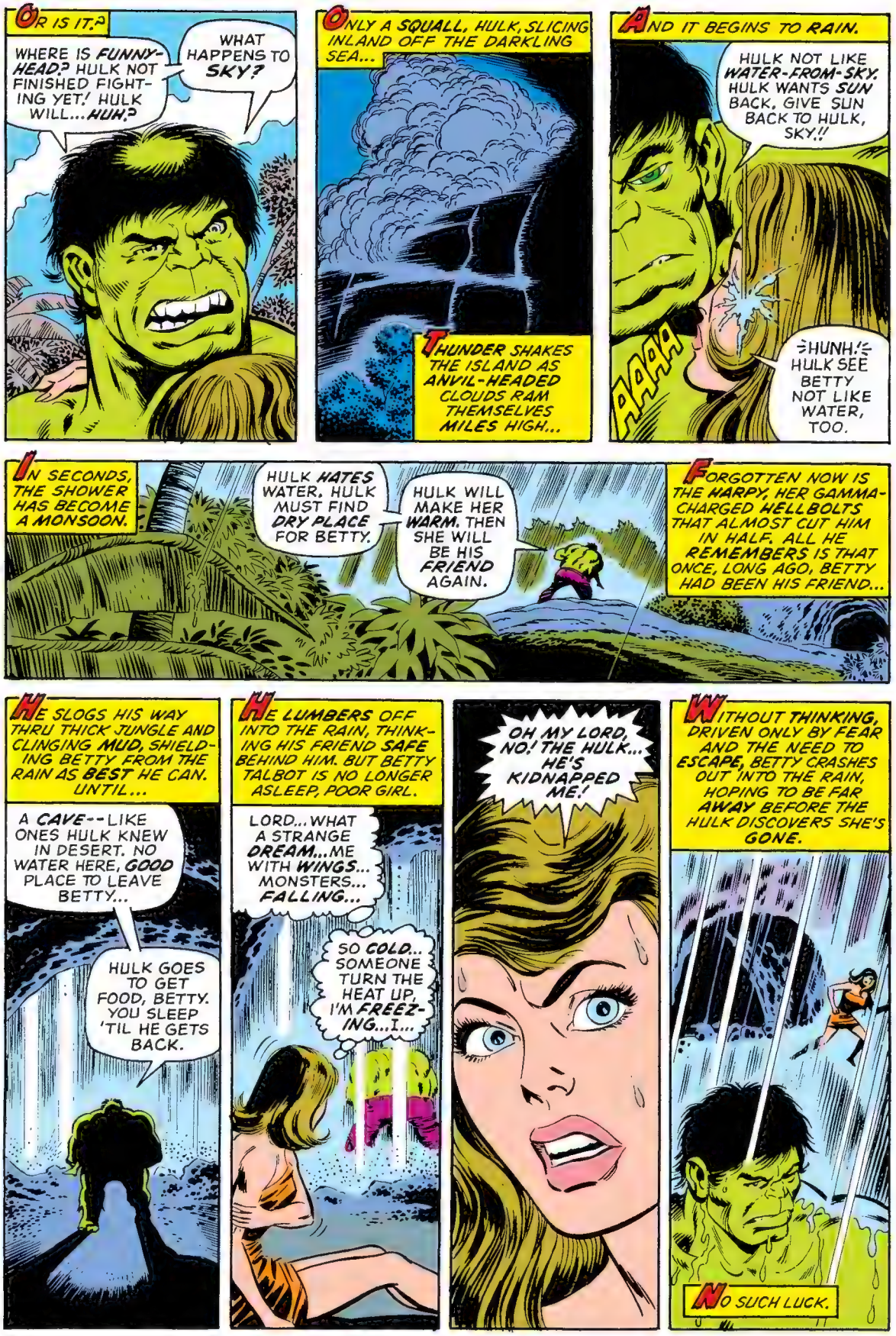

BRUCE RELAXES HIS TIGHT MENTAL CONTROLS--AND FEAR FLOODS THRU HIM--HIS HEART-BEAT QUICKENS, ADRENALIN SURGES THRU HIS BLOODSTREAM...
AND AS HE HAS SO OFTEN BEFORE, BRUCE BANNER CHANGES!

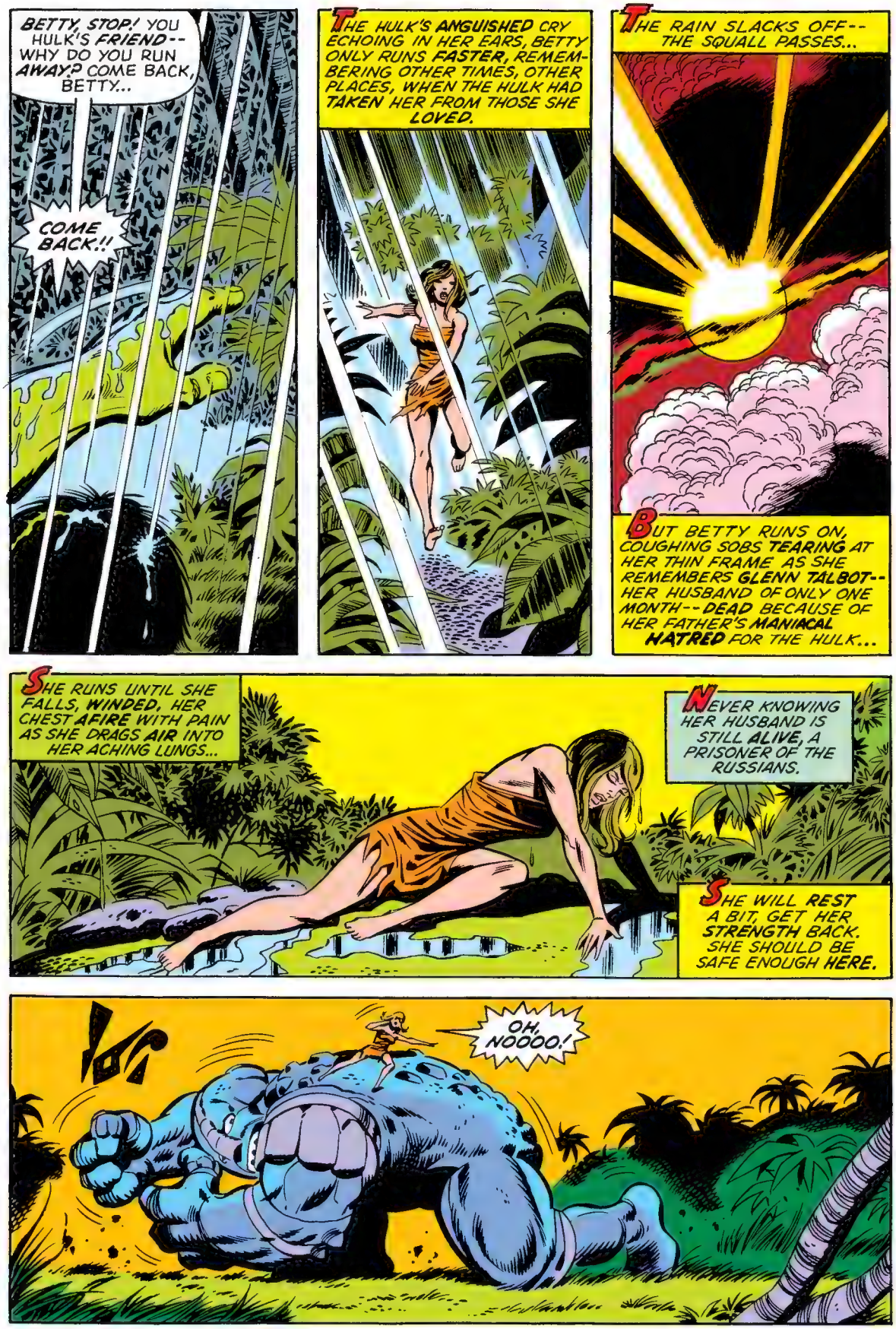
THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY THE HULK CANNOT BE KILLED, THAT THE GAMMA-RAY BOMB WHICH SPAWNED HIM HAS MADE HIM INDESTRUCTIBLE. TODAY, THAT THEORY WILL BE PUT TO THE SUPREME TEST...THREE SECONDS TO IMPACT...
...TWO...
...ONE...

FWUMP!

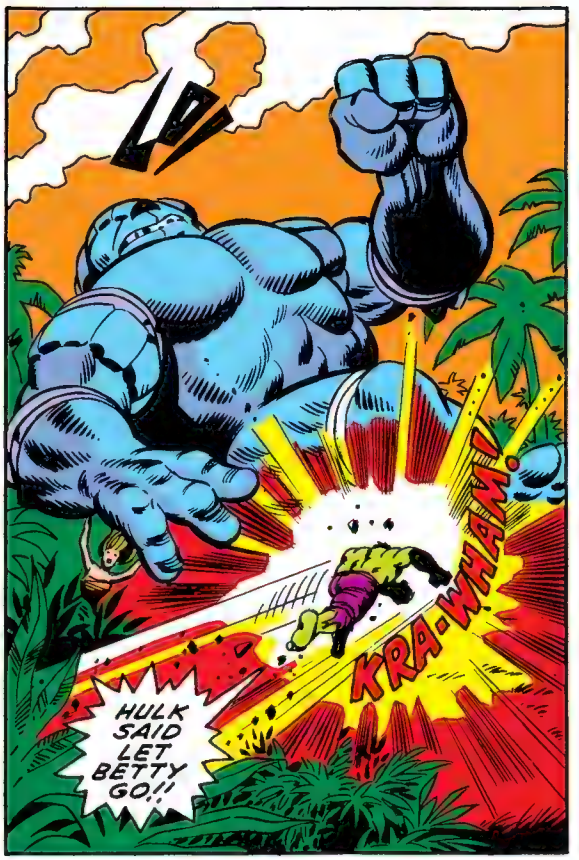

A SILENCE SETTLES OVER THE TINY ISLAND, BROKEN ONLY BY THE CLATTER OF FALLING ROCKS, PULVERIZED BY THE FORCE OF THE HULK'S LANDING...
FOR A LONG TIME, NOTHING STIRS.


AND THEN, HULK CLIMBS FREE OF HIS SUPPOSED GRAVE. HE MOVES SLOWLY, BODY RACKED WITH PAIN GREATER THAN HE HAS EVER KNOWN.
BUT HE IS ALIVE-- BETTY IS ALIVE-- AND FOR HIM, THAT IS ENOUGH.

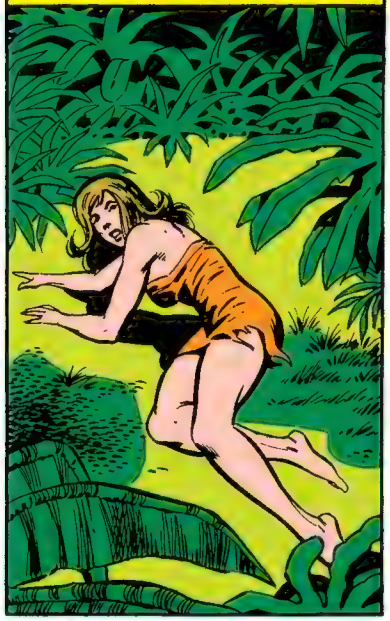

OR IS IT?
WHERE IS FUNNY-HEAD? HULK NOT FINISHED FIGHTING YET! HULK WILL... HUH?
WHAT HAPPENS TO SKY?
ONLY A SQUALL, HULK, SLICING INLAND OFF THE DARKLING SEA...
THUNDER SHAKES THE ISLAND AS ANVIL-HEADED CLOUDS RAM THEMSELVES MILES HIGH...
AND IT BEGINS TO RAIN.
HULK NOT LIKE WATER-FROM-SKY. HULK WANTS SUN BACK. GIVE SUN BACK TO HULK, SKY!!
AAAA
=HUNH!= HULK SEE BETTY NOT LIKE WATER, TOO.
IN SECONDS, THE SHOWER HAS BECOME A MONSOON.
HULK HATES WATER. HULK MUST FIND DRY PLACE FOR BETTY.
HULK WILL MAKE HER WARM. THEN SHE WILL BE HIS FRIEND AGAIN.
FORGOTTEN NOW IS THE HARPY, HER GAMMA-CHARGED HELLBOLTS THAT ALMOST CUT HIM IN HALF. ALL HE REMEMBERS IS THAT ONCE, LONG AGO, BETTY HAD BEEN HIS FRIEND...
HE SLOGS HIS WAY THRU THICK JUNGLE AND CLINGING MUD, SHIELDING BETTY FROM THE RAIN AS BEST HE CAN. UNTIL...
A CAVE--LIKE ONES HULK KNEW IN DESERT. NO WATER HERE, GOOD PLACE TO LEAVE BETTY...
HULK GOES TO GET FOOD, BETTY. YOU SLEEP 'TIL HE GETS BACK.
HE LUMBERS OFF INTO THE RAIN, THINKING HIS FRIEND SAFE BEHIND HIM. BUT BETTY TALBOT IS NO LONGER ASLEEP, POOR GIRL.
LORD... WHAT A STRANGE DREAM... ME WITH WINGS... MONSTERS... FALLING...
SO COLD... SOMEONE TURN THE HEAT UP, I'M FREEZING... I...
OH MY LORD, NO! THE HULK... HE'S KIDNAPPED ME!
WITHOUT THINKING, DRIVEN ONLY BY FEAR AND THE NEED TO ESCAPE, BETTY CRASHES OUT INTO THE RAIN, HOPING TO BE FAR AWAY BEFORE THE HULK DISCOVERS SHE'S GONE.
NO SUCH LUCK.

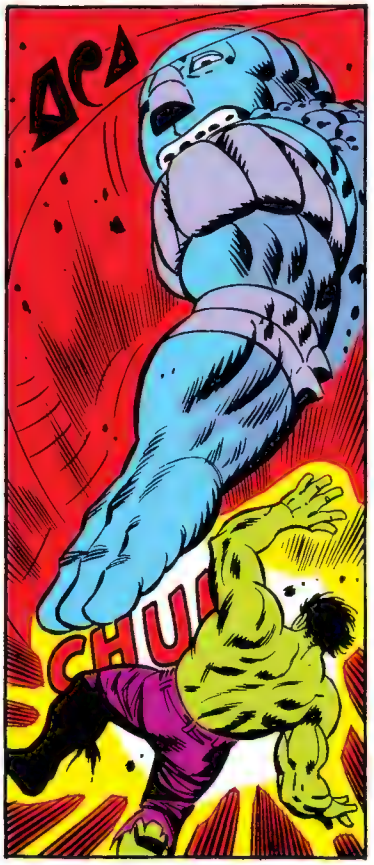

BETTY, STOP! YOU HULK'S FRIEND-- WHY DO YOU RUN AWAY? COME BACK, BETTY...
COME BACK!!
THE HULK'S ANGUISHED CRY ECHOING IN HER EARS, BETTY ONLY RUNS FASTER, REMEMBERING OTHER TIMES, OTHER PLACES, WHEN THE HULK HAD TAKEN HER FROM THOSE SHE LOVED.
THE RAIN SLACKS OFF-- THE SQUALL PASSES...
BUT BETTY RUNS ON, COUGHING SOBS TEARING AT HER THIN FRAME AS SHE REMEMBERS GLENN TALBOT-- HER HUSBAND OF ONLY ONE MONTH--DEAD BECAUSE OF HER FATHER'S MANIACAL HATRED FOR THE HULK...
SHE RUNS UNTIL SHE FALLS, WINDED, HER CHEST AFIRE WITH PAIN AS SHE DRAGS AIR INTO HER ACHING LUNGS...
NEVER KNOWING HER HUSBAND IS STILL ALIVE, A PRISONER OF THE RUSSIANS.
SHE WILL REST A BIT, GET HER STRENGTH BACK. SHE SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH HERE.
OH, NOOOO!

HELP ME! SOMEONE, PLEASE, HELP!!
HER CRIES ANNOY THE MONSTER. IT TRIES TO SHAKE HER SILENT AND BETTY SCREAMS IN AGONY.
LET HULK'S FRIEND GO, GIANT!



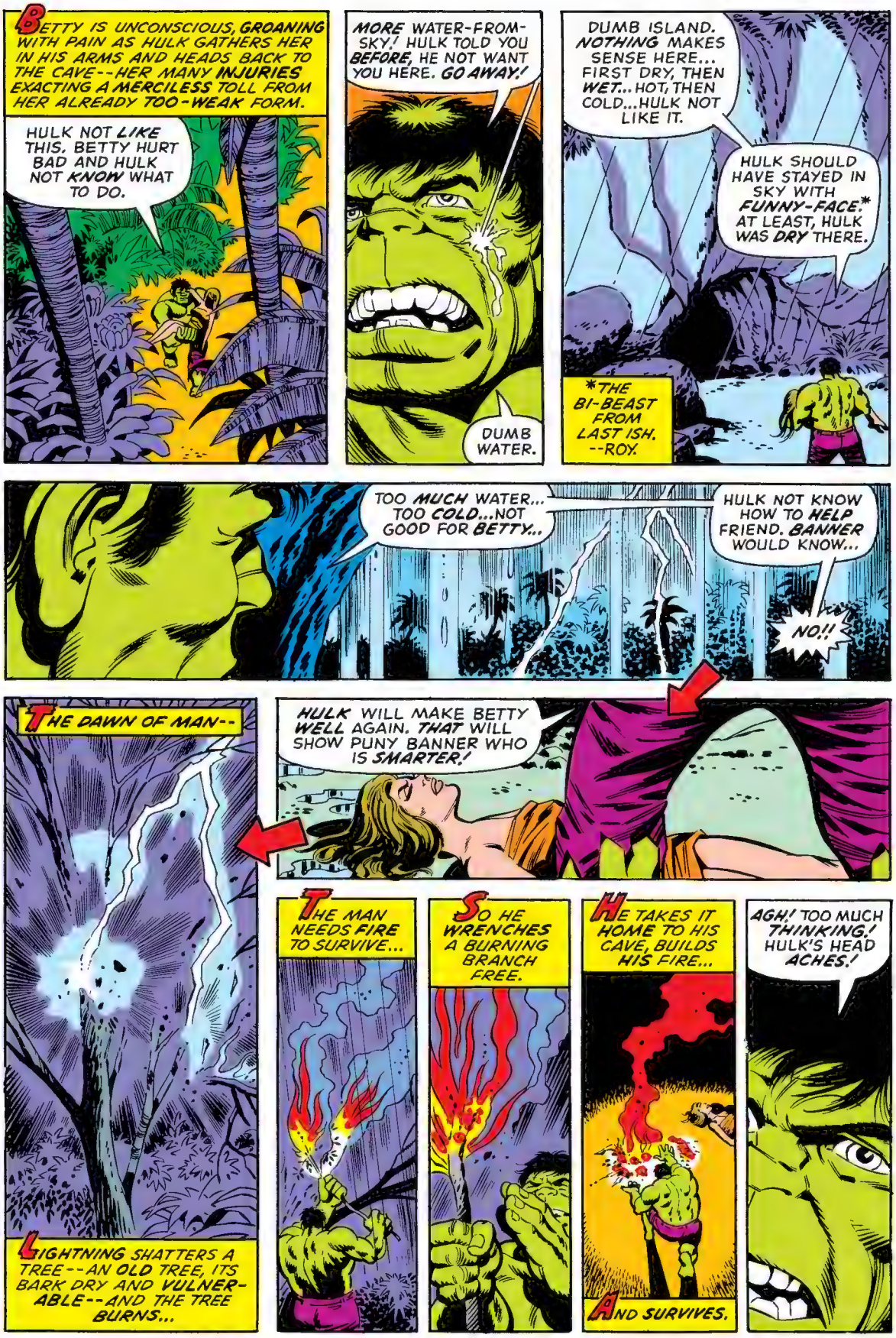
BETTY LANDS HARD AMID THE MANGROVE TREES AND BREADFRUIT PLANTS, BUT SHOCK DAMPENS THE PAIN. SHE KNOWS SHE SHOULD RUN BUT SHE CANNOT. SHE IS TORN, PART OF HER PRAYING THE HULK WILL WIN, PART HOPING HE'LL BE KILLED. SHE HATES HIM--YET SHE CANNOT FORGET THE PHYSICIST SHE ONCE LOVED.

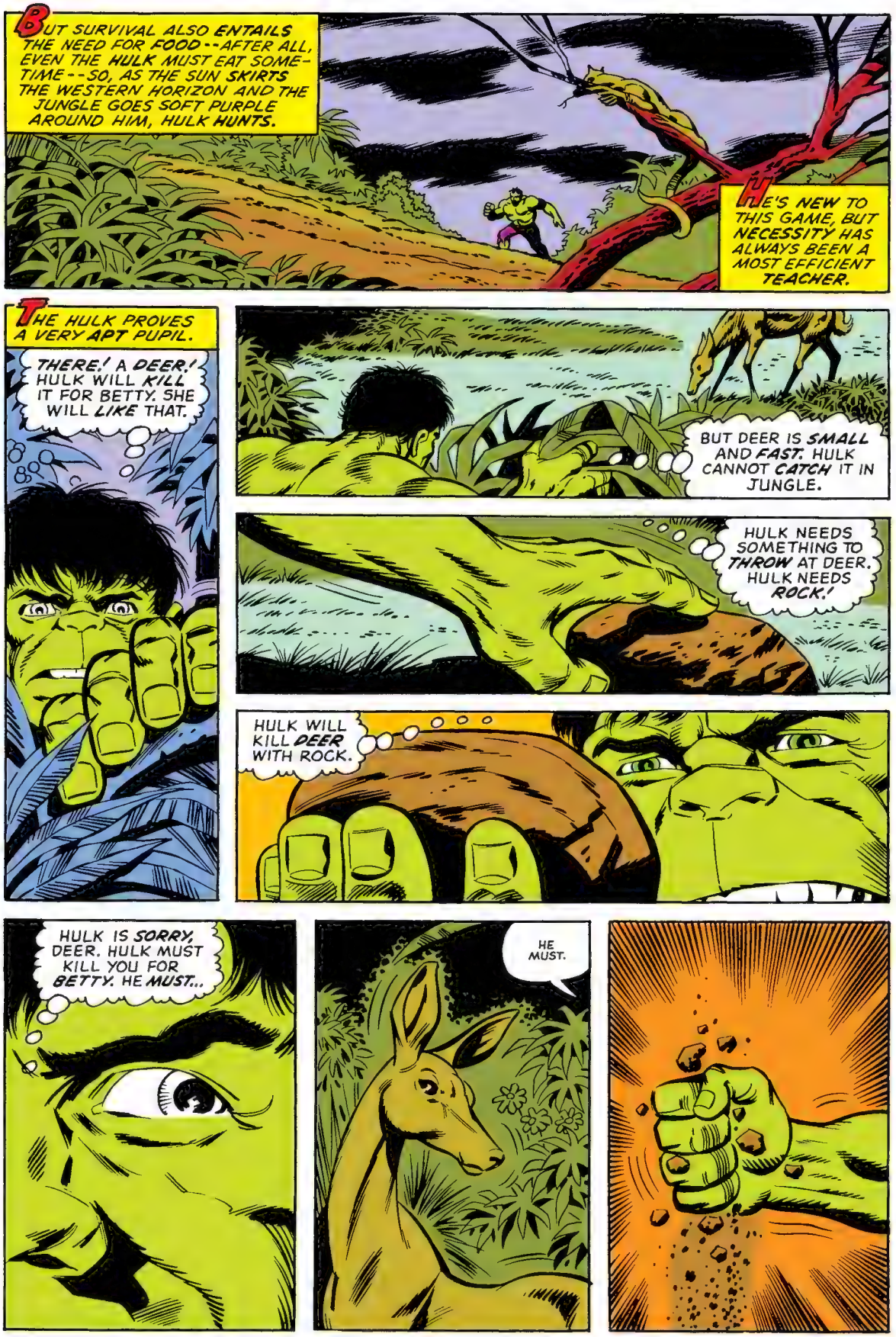


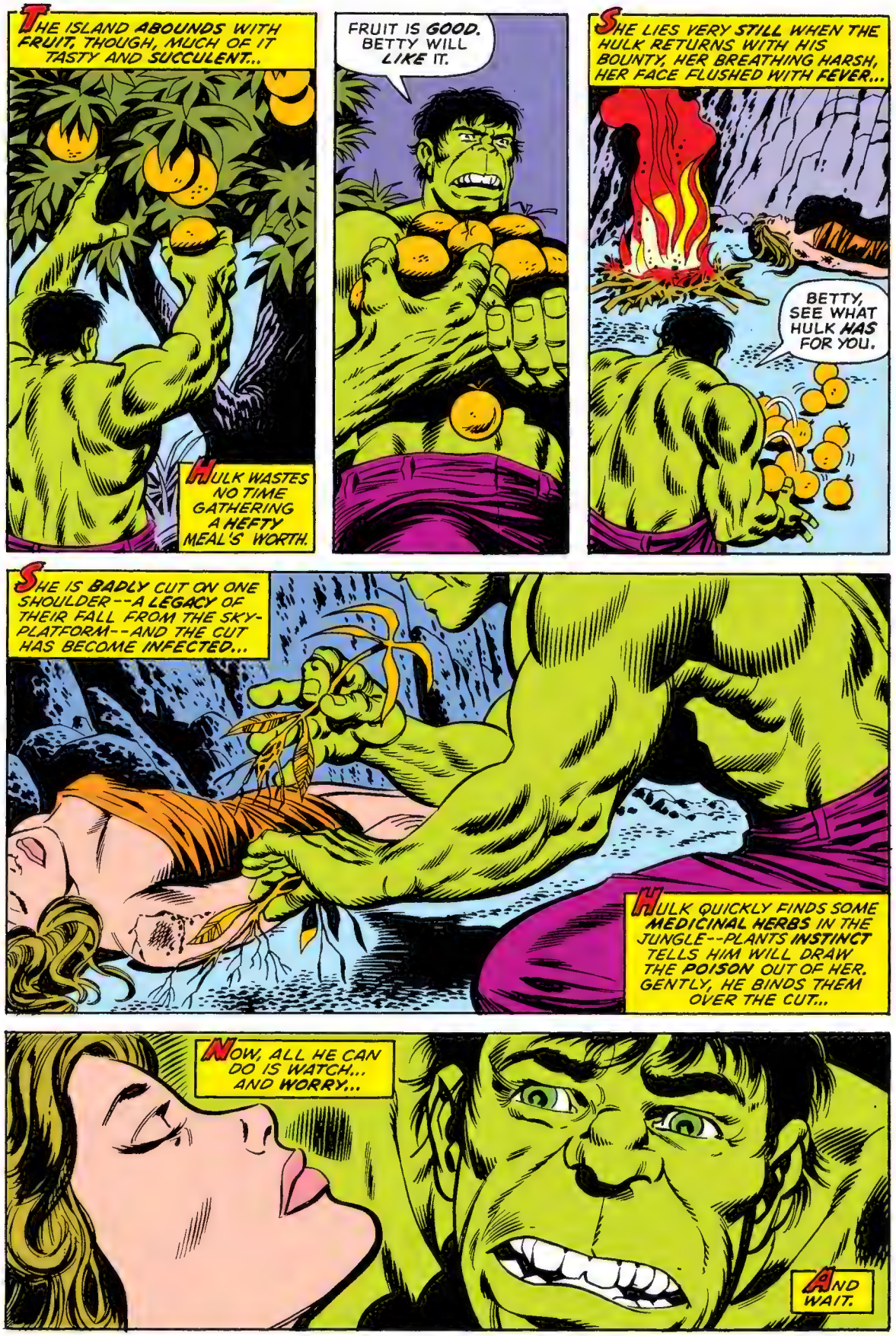


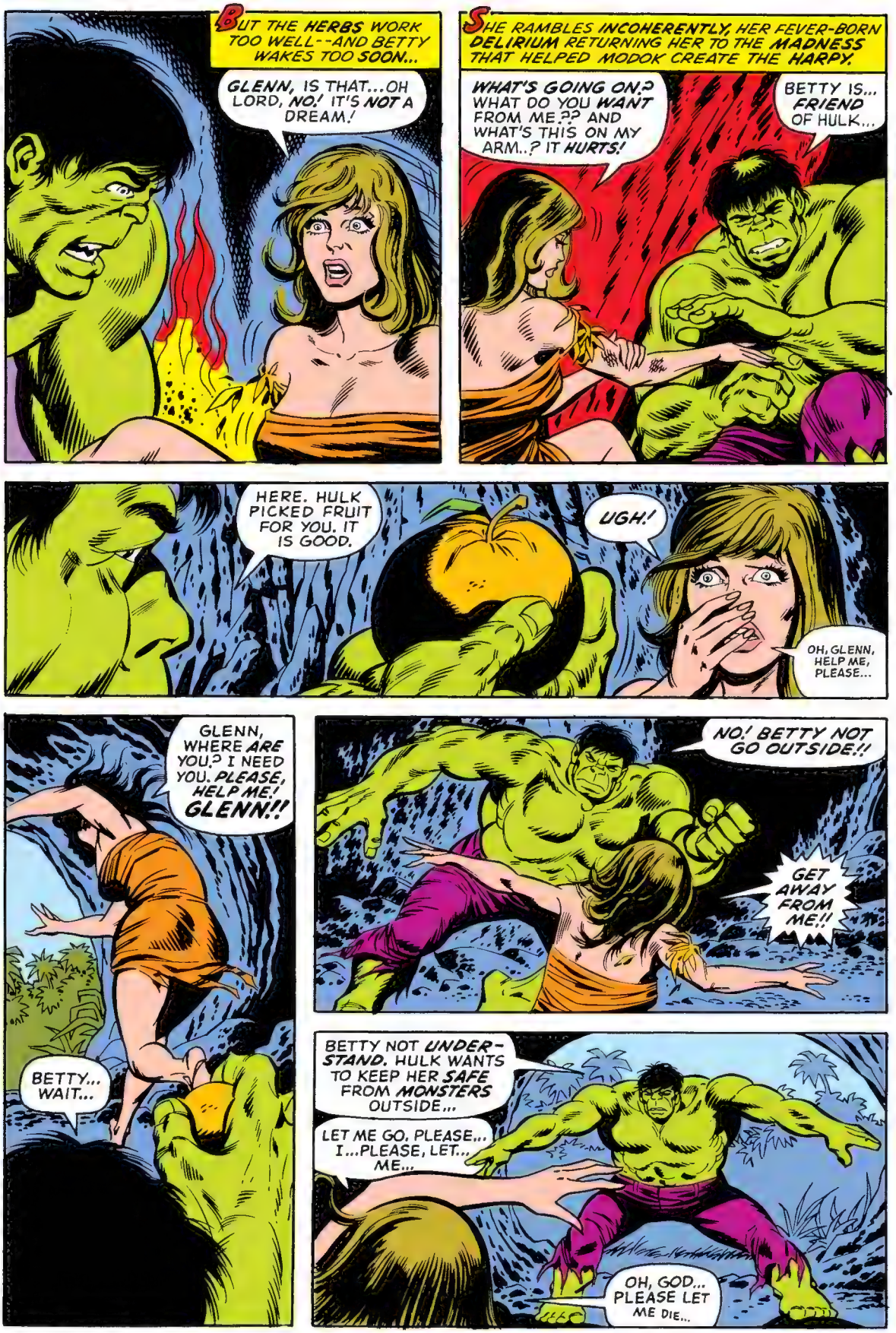
GIANT WANTS TO PULL HULK APART. GIANT THINKS HULK IS WEAK BECAUSE HE IS SMALL...

HULK IS NOT WEAK, GIANT.
HULK IS HULK!
THE MONSTER REELS IN PAIN, BLINDED BY THE HULK'S PUNCH.
GIANT THINK HULK GOOD TO EAT, HUH?
GIANT HURT HULK'S FRIEND. GIANT TRY TO HURT HULK.
FOR THAT, HULK WILL MAKE YOU PAY!
YOU STILL HUNGRY, GIANT?
HUNH! GIANT NOT LIKE FIGHTING HULK. GIANT RUN AWAY.
RUN FAR, GIANT. COME BACK AND HULK WILL CRUSH YOU GOOD.


BETTY IS UNCONSCIOUS, GROANING WITH PAIN AS HULK GATHERS HER IN HIS ARMS AND HEADS BACK TO THE CAVE--HER MANY INJURIES EXACTING A MERCILESS TOLL FROM HER ALREADY TOO-WEAK FORM.
HULK NOT LIKE THIS. BETTY HURT BAD AND HULK NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO.
MORE WATER-FROM-SKY! HULK TOLD YOU BEFORE, HE NOT WANT YOU HERE. GO AWAY!
DUMB WATER.
DUMB ISLAND. NOTHING MAKES SENSE HERE... FIRST DRY, THEN WET... HOT, THEN COLD... HULK NOT LIKE IT.
HULK SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN SKY WITH FUNNY-FACE.* AT LEAST, HULK WAS DRY THERE.
*THE BI-BEAST FROM LAST ISH. --ROY.
TOO MUCH WATER... TOO COLD... NOT GOOD FOR BETTY...
HULK NOT KNOW HOW TO HELP FRIEND. BANNER WOULD KNOW...
NO!!
THE DAWN OF MAN--
LIGHTNING SHATTERS A TREE--AN OLD TREE, ITS BARK DRY AND VULNERABLE--AND THE TREE BURNS...
HULK WILL MAKE BETTY WELL AGAIN. THAT WILL SHOW PUNY BANNER WHO IS SMARTER!
THE MAN NEEDS FIRE TO SURVIVE...
SO HE WRENCHES A BURNING BRANCH FREE.
HE TAKES IT HOME TO HIS CAVE, BUILDS HIS FIRE...
AND SURVIVES.
AGH! TOO MUCH THINKING! HULK'S HEAD ACHES!


BUT SURVIVAL ALSO ENTAILS THE NEED FOR FOOD--AFTER ALL, EVEN THE HULK MUST EAT SOMETIME--SO, AS THE SUN SKIRTS THE WESTERN HORIZON AND THE JUNGLE GOES SOFT PURPLE AROUND HIM, HULK HUNTS.
HE'S NEW TO THIS GAME, BUT NECESSITY HAS ALWAYS BEEN A MOST EFFICIENT TEACHER.
THE HULK PROVES A VERY APT PUPIL.
THERE! A DEER! HULK WILL KILL IT FOR BETTY. SHE WILL LIKE THAT.
BUT DEER IS SMALL AND FAST. HULK CANNOT CATCH IT IN JUNGLE.
HULK NEEDS SOMETHING TO THROW AT DEER. HULK NEEDS ROCK!
HULK WILL KILL DEER WITH ROCK.
HULK IS SORRY, DEER. HULK MUST KILL YOU FOR BETTY. HE MUST...
HE MUST.


THE ISLAND ABOUNDS WITH FRUIT, THOUGH, MUCH OF IT TASTY AND SUCCULENT...
HULK WASTES NO TIME GATHERING A HEFTY MEAL'S WORTH.
FRUIT IS GOOD. BETTY WILL LIKE IT.
SHE LIES VERY STILL WHEN THE HULK RETURNS WITH HIS BOUNTY, HER BREATHING HARSH, HER FACE FLUSHED WITH FEVER...
BETTY, SEE WHAT HULK HAS FOR YOU.
SHE IS BADLY CUT ON ONE SHOULDER--A LEGACY OF THEIR FALL FROM THE SKY-PLATFORM--AND THE CUT HAS BECOME INFECTED...
HULK QUICKLY FINDS SOME MEDICINAL HERBS IN THE JUNGLE--PLANTS INSTINCT TELLS HIM WILL DRAW THE POISON OUT OF HER. GENTLY, HE BINDS THEM OVER THE CUT...
NOW, ALL HE CAN DO IS WATCH... AND WORRY...
AND WAIT.


BUT THE HERBS WORK TOO WELL--AND BETTY WAKES TOO SOON...
GLENN, IS THAT...OH LORD, NO! IT'S NOT A DREAM!
SHE RAMBLES INCOHERENTLY, HER FEVER-BORN DELIRIUM RETURNING HER TO THE MADNESS THAT HELPED MODOK CREATE THE HARPY.
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?? AND WHAT'S THIS ON MY ARM..? IT HURTS!
BETTY IS... FRIEND OF HULK...
HERE. HULK PICKED FRUIT FOR YOU. IT IS GOOD.
UGH!
OH, GLENN, HELP ME, PLEASE...
GLENN, WHERE ARE YOU? I NEED YOU. PLEASE, HELP ME! GLENN!!
BETTY... WAIT...
NO! BETTY NOT GO OUTSIDE!!
GET AWAY FROM ME!!
BETTY NOT UNDER-STAND. HULK WANTS TO KEEP HER SAFE FROM MONSTERS OUTSIDE...
LET ME GO, PLEASE... I...PLEASE, LET... ME...
OH, GOD... PLEASE LET ME DIE...

HER HYSTERIA PASSES QUICKLY--SHE IS STILL TOO WEAK TO KEEP IT UP FOR LONG--AND SHE IS SOON ASLEEP...

THE HULK STAYS BY HER SIDE, WATCHING, FEEDING THE FIRE...

THE NIGHT IS CLEAR AND COMFORTABLE, THE AIR CLEAN--RELATIVELY UNTOUCHED BY ATMOSPHERIC POLLUTANTS--THE MILKY WAY AN AWESOME, GLISTENING CARPET OF STARS ACROSS THE MIDNIGHT SKY...

BY MORNING, HER BREATHING EASES, HER SKIN COOLS...

THE FEVER HAS BROKEN.

THE SUNRISE IS A MAGIC THING OF RAINBOW-HUED BEAUTY.. THE HULK STANDS WATCHING IT A LONG TIME BEFORE WAKING BETTY...

BETTY IS RAVENOUSLY HUNGRY AND THEIR SUPPLY OF FRUIT IS QUICKLY GONE. BUT IT WON'T TAKE THEM LONG TO GATHER MORE.

BETTY STILL WEAK. IF YOU GET TIRED, TELL HULK AND HE WILL LET YOU REST.

AL-ALRIGHT, HULK.

HER TONE IS GUARDED, HER MANNER RESERVED--SHE IS STILL AFRAID OF HIM...

SOMETHING UNDER HULK'S FOOT... HUH, ONLY BERRIES... WAIT, THAT GIVE HULK AN IDEA...

WHAT'RE YOU DOING, HULK? HAVE YOU FOUND SOMETHING?

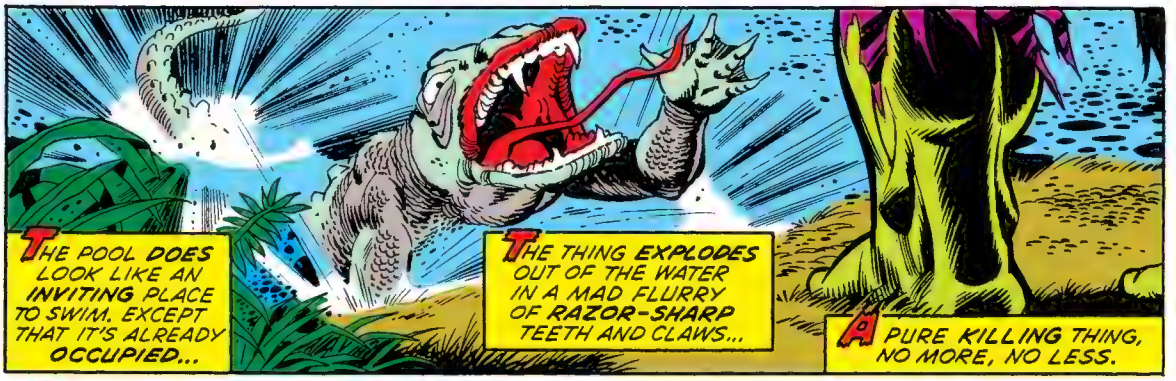
SQUASHED BERRIES LOOK PRETTY ON HULK'S SKIN. HULK WILL GIVE BERRIES TO BETTY SO SHE LOOK PRETTY, TOO...

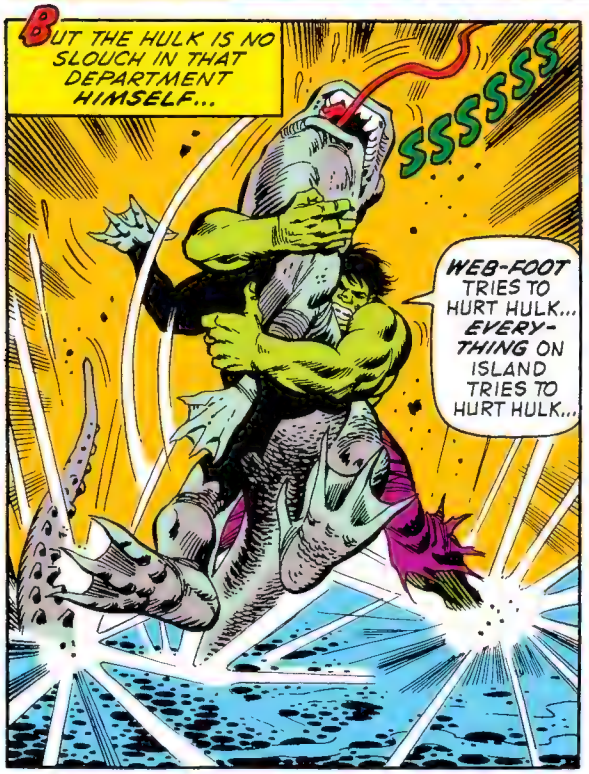
WHA...! HULK, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I...OH, I SEE. IT'S A KIND OF MAKE-UP. THANK YOU, HULK, THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU...

A LONG HOUR PASSES, THE SUN BEATING DOWN ON THE NOW-STEAMING JUNGLE...

A POOL...BETTY WOULD LIKE TO SWIM? WATER WILL BE COOL...

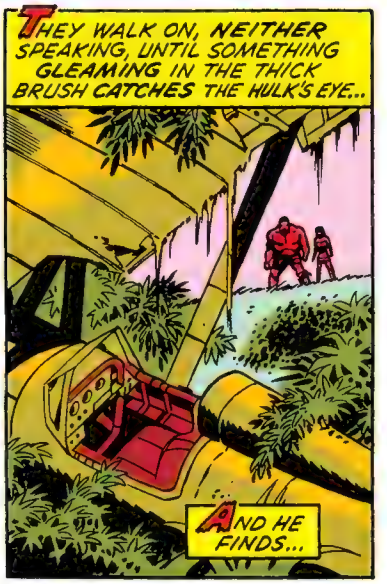

THE POOL DOES LOOK LIKE AN INVITING PLACE TO SWIM. EXCEPT THAT IT'S ALREADY OCCUPIED...
THE THING EXPLODES OUT OF THE WATER IN A MAD FLURRY OF RAZOR-SHARP TEETH AND CLAWS...
A PURE KILLING THING, NO MORE, NO LESS.


BUT THE HULK IS NO SLOUCH IN THAT DEPARTMENT HIMSELF...
SSSSSS
WEB-FOOT TRIES TO HURT HULK... EVERY-THING ON ISLAND TRIES TO HURT HULK...

...BUT HULK WILL NOT BE HURT!
HULK'S FRIEND WANTS TO SWIM IN POOL, WEB-FOOT. SO YOU MUST GO AWAY.
NOW, GO!!

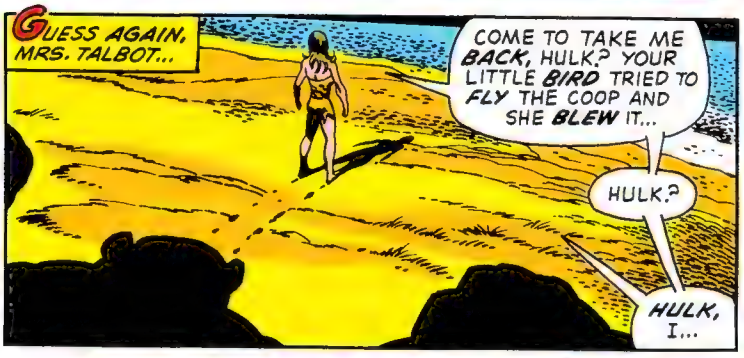
WEB-FOOT GONE, BETTY. YOU CAN SWIM NOW.

BETTY, WHAT HAS HULK DONE WRONG?

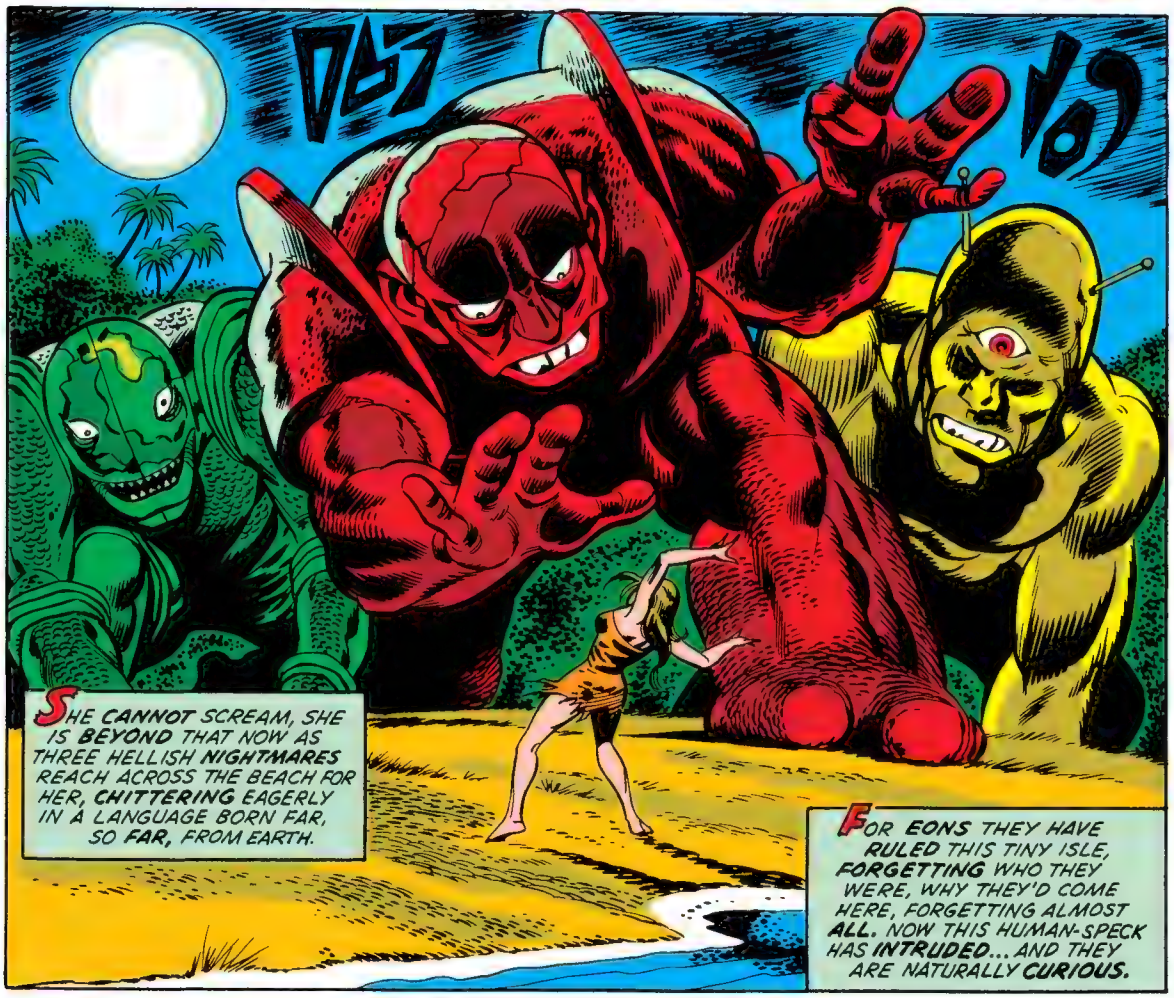

THEY WALK ON, NEITHER SPEAKING, UNTIL SOMETHING GLEAMING IN THE THICK BRUSH CATCHES THE HULK'S EYE...
AND HE FINDS...

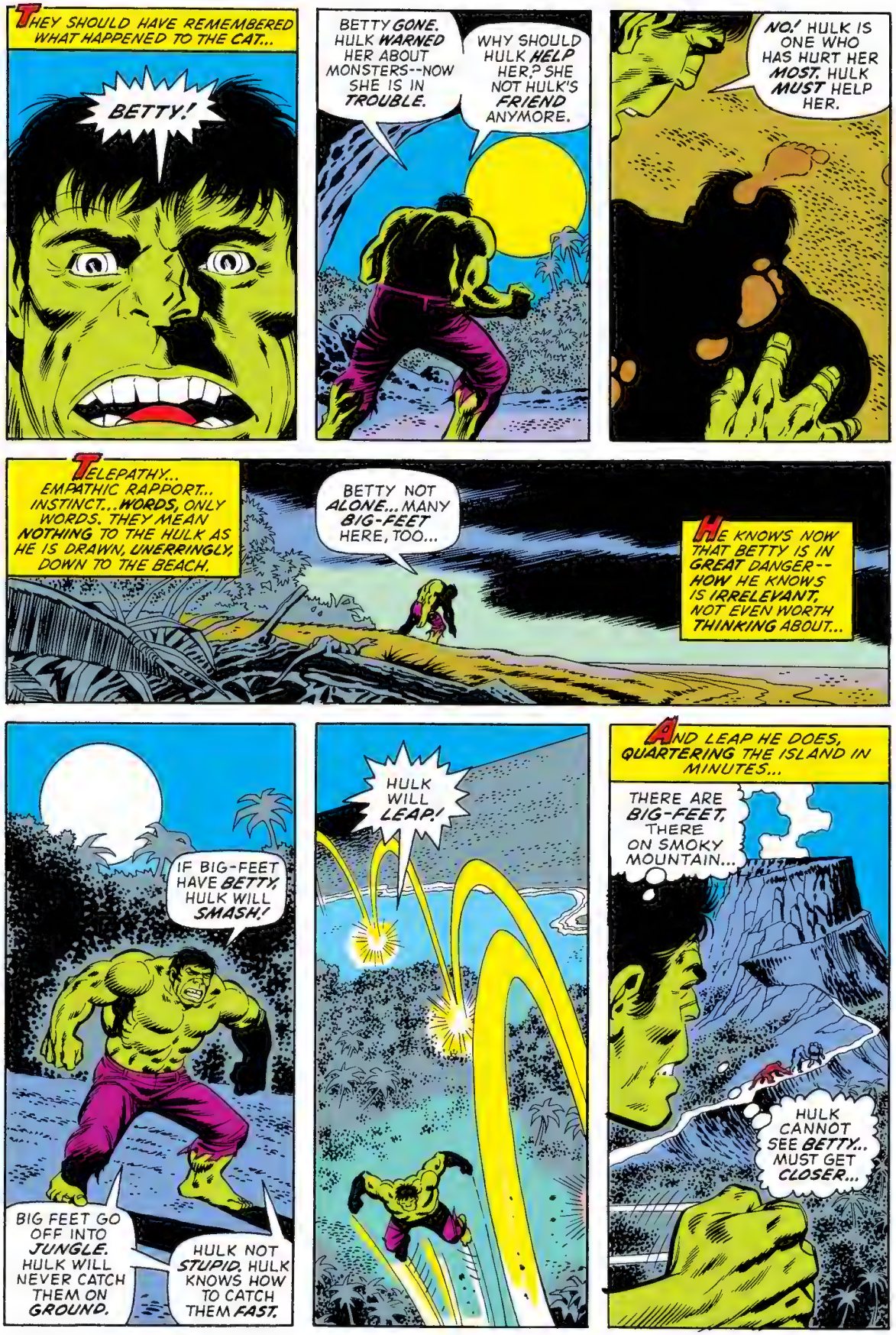
PLANE!
BETTY LIKES PLANES. MAYBE HULK WILL FIND SOMETHING IN IT SHE WILL LIKE...
HULK, A RADIO. DOES IT HAVE A RADIO? WE CAN CALL...
OHH, WHAT'S THE USE? EVEN IF HE FOUND ONE THAT WORKED, HE WOULDN'T USE IT...
FACE IT, YOU'RE TRAPPED HERE WITH A CHILD... AN INDESTRUCTIBLE, MURDEROUS CHILD...
HERE, BETTY. THIS IS PRETTY. HULK WANTS YOU TO HAVE IT.
NO! I DON'T WANT IT, HULK! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING FROM YOU!
I JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE!
SILENCE. BORN OF HATE. AND PAIN. IT'S AN UGLY THING, THIS SILENCE, TWISTED AND TWISTING, WITHERING EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES.
LEAVING TWO PEOPLE, EACH DESPERATELY IN NEED OF LOVE--NOW SEALED BEHIND TWIN CHASMS OF INDIFFERENCE.
IT'D ALMOST BE FUNNY IF IT WEREN'T SO BLOODY PITIFUL.
CONFUSED AND HURT, HULK EASILY SUCCUMBS TO THE SIREN-SONG OF FATIGUE...
HE'S ASLEEP, FINALLY. NOW'S MY CHANCE. NOT A SOUND, GIRL...
SO FAR, SO GOOD...
THERE COULD BE SURVIVORS FROM THAT PLANE, OR A BOAT... SOMETHING... PEOPLE MUST BE LOOKING FOR ME...
FREE! THANK GOD, I'M FREE!
THE NIGHTWIND IS A CARESS ACROSS HER BACK AS SHE RUNS STRONG AND SURE-FOOTED, THINKING THIS WOULD BE A GORGEOUS PLACE TO RUN-OFF-TO WITH GLENN...
THAT'S WHEN HIS DEATH HURTS THE MOST, WHEN SHE THINKS OF THE SIMPLE THINGS, THE LITTLE THINGS THEY'D NEVER DONE, WOULD NEVER DO... AND HER CRY OF JOY BECOMES ONE OF DEEPEST LOSS.

THE SEA. GIVER AND TAKER OF LIFE-- AS ETERNAL AS TIME. NOW, NOTHING MORE THAN BARS ROUND AN IDYLLIC CAGE.
NOT A BLASTED THING. NO RADIO, NO PEOPLE, NO BOAT... NOTHING! I'M STUCK HERE...
NO SIGN OF ANY MONSTERS, THOUGH. THAT'S ONE GOOD THING. I GUESS THEY ONLY HUNT DURING THE DAY...


GUESS AGAIN, MRS. TALBOT...
COME TO TAKE ME BACK, HULK? YOUR LITTLE BIRD TRIED TO FLY THE COOP AND SHE BLEW IT...
HULK?
HULK, I...

OH MY DEAR GOD.


SHE CANNOT SCREAM, SHE IS BEYOND THAT NOW AS THREE HELLISH NIGHTMARES REACH ACROSS THE BEACH FOR HER, CHITTERING EAGERLY IN A LANGUAGE BORN FAR, SO FAR, FROM EARTH.
FOR EONS THEY HAVE RULED THIS TINY ISLE, FORGETTING WHO THEY WERE, WHY THEY'D COME HERE, FORGETTING ALMOST ALL. NOW THIS HUMAN-SPECK HAS INTRUDED... AND THEY ARE NATURALLY CURIOUS.


THEY SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CAT...
BETTY!
BETTY GONE. HULK WARNED HER ABOUT MONSTERS--NOW SHE IS IN TROUBLE.
WHY SHOULD HULK HELP HER? SHE NOT HULK'S FRIEND ANYMORE.
NO! HULK IS ONE WHO HAS HURT HER MOST. HULK MUST HELP HER.
TELEPATHY... EMPATHIC RAPPORT... INSTINCT... WORDS, ONLY WORDS. THEY MEAN NOTHING TO THE HULK AS HE IS DRAWN, UNERRINGLY, DOWN TO THE BEACH.
BETTY NOT ALONE... MANY BIG-FEET HERE, TOO...
HE KNOWS NOW THAT BETTY IS IN GREAT DANGER-- HOW HE KNOWS IS IRRELEVANT, NOT EVEN WORTH THINKING ABOUT...
IF BIG-FEET HAVE BETTY, HULK WILL SMASH!
BIG FEET GO OFF INTO JUNGLE. HULK WILL NEVER CATCH THEM ON GROUND.
HULK NOT STUPID. HULK KNOWS HOW TO CATCH THEM FAST.
HULK WILL LEAP!
AND LEAP HE DOES, QUARTERING THE ISLAND IN MINUTES...
THERE ARE BIG-FEET, THERE ON SMOKY MOUNTAIN...
HULK CANNOT SEE BETTY... MUST GET CLOSER...

THEY DESCEND QUICKLY INTO THE HEART OF THE BARELY-DORMANT VOLCANO, DOWN A PATH AS WORN AS IT IS OLD... UNAWARE THE HULK IS CLOSE BEHIND THEM...
STILL CANNOT SEE BETTY... MAYBE SHE NOT WITH BIG-FEET...
HULK WILL WATCH FROM UP HERE... SMOKY MOUNTAIN TOO HOT.. HULK NOT LIKE IT...
AT THEIR LEADER'S HARSH-CROAKED CALL, THE ALIENS GATHER TO SEE THEIR NEW PRIZE...
TIME HAS TAKEN A FEARFUL TOLL OF THEIR NUMBERS. ONCE THERE HAD BEEN A HUNDRED... NOW ONLY SIX REMAIN.
HULK SEES BETTY NOW.
IT IS TIME FOR HIM TO ACT!
AND ACT HE DOES, IN HIS OWN INIMITABLE STYLE.
FA-WOP

THE ALIENS ARE SCATTERED LIKE BLITZED TENPINS...
FOOM
MONSTER REMINDS HULK OF CAPT. OMEN'S FISH-FACE.* HULK WILL SMASH YOU JUST AS GOOD...
* THE LATE UNLAMENTED AQUON FROM ISH #165. --ROY.

THE HULK WASTES NO TIME IN FOLLOWING UP HIS ADVANTAGE.
MUD-HEAD NOT WANT HULK TO SWING HIM AROUND. THEN HULK WILL LET HIM...

...GO!

EVERYWHERE HULK GOES PEOPLE TRY TO HURT HIM OR HIS FRIENDS...

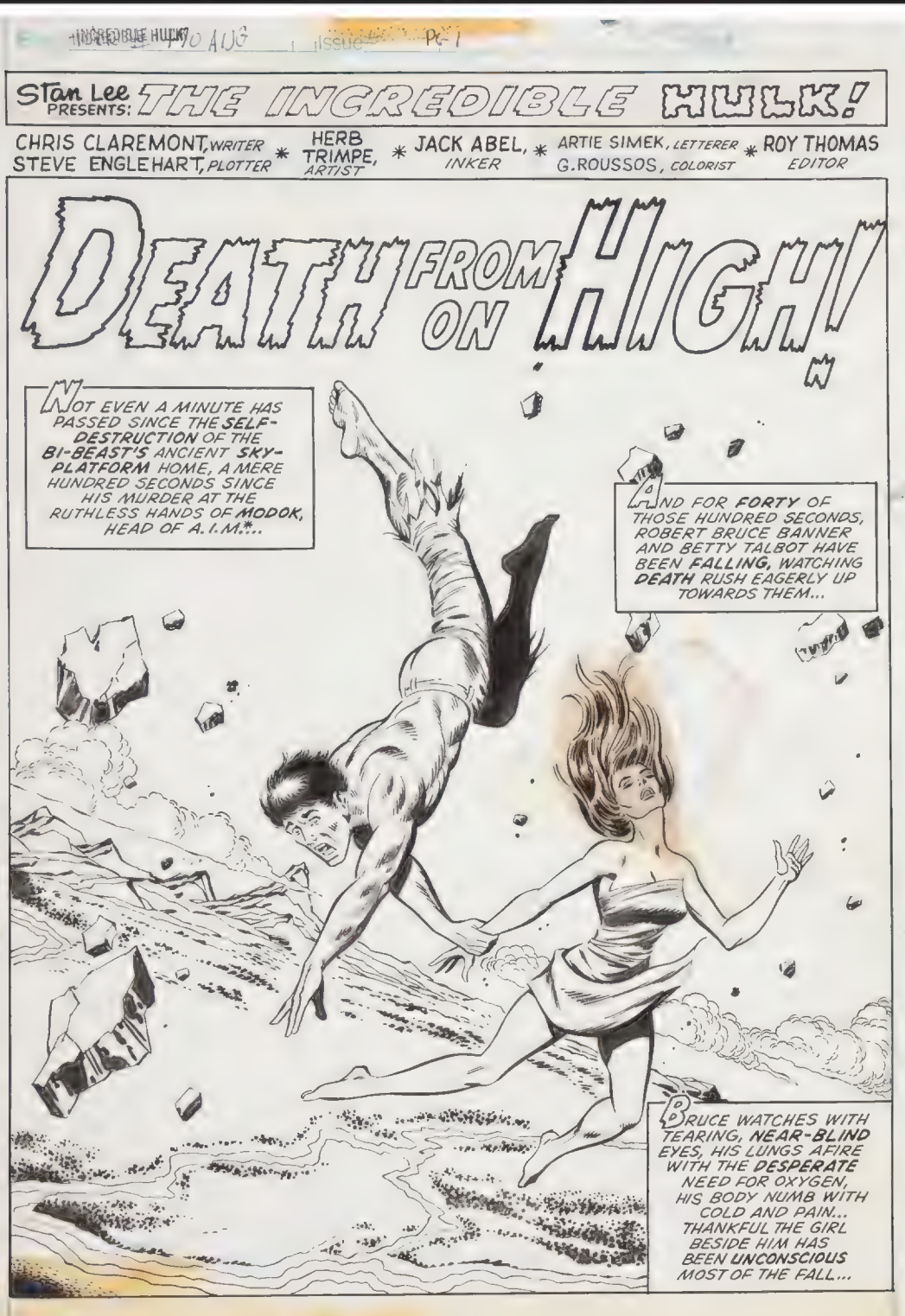
WHRAM!
...NOW HULK WILL SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE HURT!

HULK KNOWS THAT, BETTY.
BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY BIG-FEET TO LEAVE RIGHT NOW.
HULK, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

HULK, LOOK OUT!!
THE ALIENS CLOSE IN, ANGRY THAT THIS FLEA SHOULD DARE ATTACK THEM. THEY ARE READY FOR HIM NOW. HE WILL BE EASY TO KILL.
THAT'S BEEN SAID BEFORE...
HIT FROM BEHIND, AGAIN! HULK IS TIRED OF ALWAYS BEING HIT FROM BEHIND. HULK IS TIRED OF FIGHTING!
HULK WILL END IT...
...NOW!!
KA-THOOM!
MASSIVE SHOCK-WAVES HAMMER AT THE VOLCANO... THE FRAGILE CRUST CRACKS... AND SHATTERS INTO POWDER...
THE ALIENS' DEATH-SCREAMS SOUND HORRIBLY HUMAN AS THEY FALL AND BURN IN THE WHITE-HOT LAVA...
BUT THE HULK DOES NOT HEAR THEM DIE--AND HE WOULD NOT CARE IF HE DID--ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS GETTING BETTY TO SAFETY.

THE VOLCANO IS IN FULL ERUPTION BY THE TIME THE HULK LANDS--LAVA COATING THE JUNGLE...
THE GROUND SHAKES SLIGHTLY, THE BAREST HINT OF THE ALL-CONSUMING HELL TO COME AS THE ISLAND BEGINS TO TEAR ITSELF APART...
BETTY, THERE IS PLANE. GO TO THEM. THEY WILL TAKE YOU HOME.
GO. HULK WILL BE ALL RIGHT.
OVERLORD FROM SEARCH-NINER, AREA BRAVO-QUEBEC SWEPT, NO CONTACTS OF ANY... HOLD IT, OVERLORD...
STEVE, LOOK, A WOMAN... GOOD LORD, IT'S ROSS'S DAUGHTER!
LET'S GET HER OUT OF HERE, FAST, BEFORE THIS WHOLE ISLAND GOES BLOOEY.
THE MEN POUR OUT OF THE HELICOPTER, SHOUTING EXCITED GREETINGS...
THEY'D THOUGHT BETTY TALBOT DEAD, THE SEARCH A FORMALITY TO EASE HER FATHER'S GRIEF, GIVE HIM A LITTLE HOPE...
SOMETIMES THE GODS ARE KIND, MAN'S PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED... SOMETIMES...
GOOD TO SEE YOU, MRS. TALBOT. YOU LOOK JUST FINE.
ANYONE ELSE AROUND-- MY CO-PILOT THOUGHT HE SAW SOMEONE...
N-NO, CAPTAIN... I'M ALONE.
OKAY, THEN. LET'S GET OUTTA HERE.
AS WE SAID, THE GODS CAN BE KIND--TO MORTALS AND CHANGELING HITCH-HIKERS BOTH. BUT THE HULK CARES NOTHING FOR GODS--
--NOR THE BRUTAL FATE THE GODS HAVE AWAITING HIM ON THE FAR DISTANT SHORES!
COMING YOUR WAY NEXT:
THE ABOMINATION... THE RHINO... AND HULK MAKES THREE!

The Incredible Hulk #170, page 1 original art
by Herb Trimpe & Jack Abel


INCREDIBLE HULK 170 AUG issue Pg. 1
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!
CHRIS CLAREMONT, WRITER * STEVE ENGLEHART, PLOTTER
HERB TRIMPE, ARTIST
JACK ABEL, INKER
ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER * G. ROUSSOS, COLORIST
ROY THOMAS EDITOR
DEATH FROM ON HIGH!
NOT EVEN A MINUTE HAS PASSED SINCE THE SELF-DESTRUCTION OF THE BI-BEAST'S ANCIENT SKY-PLATFORM HOME, A MERE HUNDRED SECONDS SINCE HIS MURDER AT THE RUTHLESS HANDS OF MODOK, HEAD OF A.I.M.*...
AND FOR FORTY OF THOSE HUNDRED SECONDS, ROBERT BRUCE BANNER AND BETTY TALBOT HAVE BEEN FALLING, WATCHING DEATH RUSH EAGERLY UP TOWARDS THEM...
BRUCE WATCHES WITH TEARING, NEAR-BLIND EYES, HIS LUNGS AFIRE WITH THE DESPERATE NEED FOR OXYGEN, HIS BODY NUMB WITH COLD AND PAIN... THANKFUL THE GIRL BESIDE HIM HAS BEEN UNCONSCIOUS MOST OF THE FALL...

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

The Incredible Hulk #170, page 2 original art
by Herb Trimpe & Jack Abel

HULK #170 AUG- ISSUE PG 2

2

BUT BRUCE HASN'T **GIVEN UP** YET. NO WAY.

I'VE **WAITED** LONG ENOUGH... ALMOST **NO TIME** LEFT! BUT CAN EVEN THE HULK **SURVIVE** AN EIGHT-MILE FALL?

CONSIDER A MOMENT: AN EIGHT-MILE **FREEFALL** AT A CONSTANT ACCELERATION OF 32 FT/SEC² --AN **EASY** EQUATION FOR A PHYSICIST-- **IMPACT VELOCITY:** ABOUT **11,000 MILES PER HOUR!**

BUT LET'S NOT THINK ABOUT **THAT** PART OF IT.

BRUCE RELAXES HIS TIGHT MENTAL **CONTROLS**--AND **FEAR** FLOODS THRU HIM--HIS HEART-BEAT QUICKENS, **ADRENALIN** SURGES THRU HIS BLOODSTREAM...

AND AS HE HAS SO **OFTEN** BEFORE, BRUCE BANNER **CHANGES!**

THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY THE **HULK** CANNOT BE **KILLED**, THAT THE GAMMA-RAY BOMB WHICH SPAWNED HIM HAS MADE HIM **INDESTRUCTIBLE**. TODAY, THAT THEORY WILL BE PUT TO THE **SUPREME** TEST... THREE SECONDS TO **IMPACT**...

...TWO...

...ONE...

FWUMP!

A **SILENCE** SETTLES OVER THE TINY **ISLAND**, BROKEN ONLY BY THE **CLATTER** OF FALLING ROCKS, **PULVERIZED** BY THE **FORCE** OF THE HULK'S LANDING...

FOR A LONG TIME, **NOTHING** STIRS.

AND THEN, HULK CLIMBS **FREE** OF HIS SUPPOSED **GRAVE**. HE MOVES **SLOWLY**, BODY RACKED WITH PAIN **GREATER** THAN HE HAS EVER KNOWN.

BUT HE IS **ALIVE**-- **BETTY** IS ALIVE-- AND FOR HIM, THAT IS **ENOUGH.**

2.

2

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

The Incredible Hulk #170, page 19 original art
by Herb Trimpe & Jack Abel

INCREDIBLE HULK
170
32
THE VOLCANO IS IN FULL ERUPTION BY THE TIME THE HULK LANDS--LAVA COATING THE JUNGLE...
THE GROUND SHAKES SLIGHTLY, THE BAREST HINT OF THE ALL-CONSUMING HELL TO COME AS THE ISLAND BEGINS TO TEAR ITSELF APART...
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COMING YOUR WAY NEXT:
THE ABOMINATION... THE RHINO... AND HULK MAKES THREE!
19.
32

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

BIOGRAPHIES

STEVE ENGLEHART

He broke into the comic industry as an artist in the early '70s, but it was Steve Englehart's strengths as a writer that helped him chart a career in comics marked by the bravery with which he incorporated current political themes into his work.

One of Englehart's first principal titles was *The Avengers*, which he quickly made his own, introducing the character Mantis and exploring her exotic roots. He also took on *The Defenders*, Marvel's famed non-team, bringing Valkyrie into the mix. Only a year into his tenure as writer on these two books, he connected them for a three-month, six-issue crossover extravaganza—"The Avengers/Defenders War," one of comics' seminal crossover events. His run on *The Avengers* would extend for another four years, including the classic "Celestial Madonna" and "Serpent Crown" story lines.

Handed *Captain America* at the height of the anti-war '70s, Englehart turned the book on its head, tapping into current events like the Watergate scandal and creating a heady mix of adventure and politics. Stories like "The Secret Empire" and "Nomad," in which Steve Rogers abandoned Cap's costume and shield to explore what his identity really meant, were challenging takes on the time-tested character.

Other titles from his first tenure at Marvel included *Doctor Strange*, *The Incredible Hulk*, *Hero for Hire*, and *Amazing Adventures* featuring the X-Men's Beast. He also introduced Shang-Chi, Master of Kung Fu, with Jim Starlin in the pages of *Special Marvel Edition* #15.

In 1977, Englehart headed to DC, where his "Dark Detective" vision of Batman with artist Marshall Rogers would later inspire filmmaker Tim Burton's approach to the first Batman feature film. He also had a memorable run writing *Justice League of America* before moving to other creative pursuits, including writing novels and developing video game concepts.

In 1983, Englehart collaborated with artist Steve Leialoha on *Coyote*, a groundbreaking independent comic. He returned to Marvel to establish a new title, *West Coast Avengers*, wrote the 12-issue limited series *Vision & The Scarlet Witch*, and long runs on *Fantastic Four* and *Silver Surfer*. In the midst of all this, Englehart wrote *Green Lantern* for DC, further developing the ranks of the Green Lantern Corps.

During the early '90s, Englehart was pivotal in the debut of Malibu's popular Ultraverse characters and also lent his talents to the Claypool Comics line. He continued with video game development and also wrote animation features like *G.I. Joe*. Recent comics work includes *Hellcat*, *Avengers: Celestial Quest*, *JLA Classified* and a return to Batman in the *Dark Detective* limited series.

HERB TRIMPE

He may not have dreamed up as many characters as Kirby or Ditko, or had as groundbreaking a style as Steranko or Adams—and he'll be the first one to tell you that! But Herb Trimpe is easily one of the most recognizable comic artists of all time, owing to the incredible popularity of two titles (*Incredible Hulk*, *G.I. Joe*) he made successes.

Herb joined Marvel's production department fresh out of the armed forces, where he served in the Air Force as a weatherman from 1962-1966, providing weather telemetry to forces in Vietnam. In between his office duties, he landed fill-in work as a penciler and inker on books like *Kid Colt, Outlaw* and *Marvel Super-Heroes* #16, featuring the Phantom Eagle, a collaboration with writer Gary Friedrich that played off Herb's well-known interest in drawing airplanes.

He also inked several books, most notably over Marie Severin's Hulk in *Tales to Astonish*. Several months later, Herb got the book as his own, and from 1968 to 1975, the Hulk's tales were drawn under his auspices. He combined an E.C.-influenced approach to layouts with Kirby-esque dynamics, a style that became even more pronounced when he began inking his own pencils with issue #117. Through it all, he never strayed from the elements of the character he felt had already been perfected: the pathos of a tragic figure's Jekyll/Hyde dual personality. During his tenure, he came up with the Hulkbusters, did character designs for the likes of Wendigo and Zzzax, and also drew the first appearance of Wolverine in *Incredible Hulk* #180-182.

After the Hulk, Trimpe drew *Godzilla*, *Shogun Warriors* and *The Defenders*. He also drew the first several issues of Marvel UK's *Captain Britain*. As the 1980s began, Trimpe drew a much-beloved run on *Marvel Team-Up*, but it was the launch of *G.I. Joe* that would make Trimpe's some of the most seen comic art of the decade. An instant hit, selling hundreds of thousands of copies over multiple printings, it was the start of an incredibly successful, long-running title. In addition to the early *G.I. Joe* issues, Trimpe drew its spinoff title, *G.I. Joe Special Missions*.

Another highlight in Trimpe's career was providing breakdown art in collaboration with Barry Windsor-Smith on the *Machine Man* limited series. Later in the decade, his workload scaled back to spot penciling and inking jobs. In 2002, he was awarded the Humanitarian of the Year Award at the San Diego Comic-Con for services rendered as a chaplain at Ground Zero after 9/11.

CHRIS CLAREMONT

It is hard to remember a time when the word "mutant" didn't correspond with the largest and most ardently followed franchise in comics, but in the mid-'70s the X-Men were naught but a forgotten team of misfits. Chris Claremont and his collaborators

took this moribund property and issue by issue transformed it into a phenomenon now known the world over.

Claremont began his career in comics in the early '70s pitching in on issues of *Avengers*, *Daredevil* and *Incredible Hulk*, while also delivering several text stories to Marvel's black-and-white magazines. His first regular writing gig was *War Is Hell*, a "weird war" title that came to a close just as his run on *X-Men* and *Iron Fist* began. *Iron Fist*, which rolled out of the pages of *Marvel Premiere*, was done in concert with artist John Byrne, forming a key partnership that would pay big dividends later. Other high-profile projects from Claremont's first full decade in comics included *Marvel Preview*'s Starlord, *Ms. Marvel*, *Marvel Team-Up* (again with Byrne) and *John Carter: Warlord of Mars*.

But it was in the pages of *X-Men* where Claremont would change comics history. In tandem with artists Dave Cockrum and John Byrne, Claremont helped build a cornerstone franchise for Marvel. After writer Len Wein launched the newly updated series in 1975 with *Giant-Size X-Men* #1, Claremont was tasked with guiding the new adventures of the mutant misfits, and he did so by crafting layered stories that balanced crisp dialogue with high-octane action. Claremont placed a premium on characterization, a lofty goal in a team book with many players, but he did so deftly enough to spin a wide-ranging tapestry of characters, each of whom became fan favorites.

Leading breathless fans down the path of classics including "The Dark Phoenix Saga," "Days of Future Past," and *God Loves, Man Kills*, he helped build such an intense loyalty that it only made sense to spin-off the X-Men's success into new books. The first such spin-off was *The New Mutants*. Later in the decade, Claremont launched *Excalibur* with Alan Davis and established a regular series for Wolverine with John Buscema.

In 1990, he launched a new sister title for the main team of mutants with Jim Lee; *X-Men* #1 premiered to numbers that made it the highest-selling comic ever. After a long break from the company, Claremont returned to Marvel in 2000, and over the next ten years wrote the novelization of Bryan Singer's X-Men film, took on the Fantastic Four, and charted the adventures of Marvel's mutants across a variety of titles.

STEVE GERBER

If he had only been known for his work on *Howard the Duck*, Steve Gerber would still have been renowned as one of comics' most iconoclastic creators. After an unrewarding start as a copy writer in his native St. Louis, Gerber reached out to a fellow comics fan from his youth, Roy Thomas, and shortly thereafter began editing and writing for Marvel. He started on titles like *Iron Man*, *Sub-Mariner* and *Daredevil*, but it was his runs on *Man-Thing*, *The Defenders*, *Omega the Unknown* and *Howard the Duck* that defined his Marvel tenure as one of creative boundary pushing.

In *The Defenders* and *Omega the Unknown*, Gerber turned standard super-heroics upside down with his irreverent and sometimes inscrutable take on the genre. He took over Man-Thing shortly after the character's premiere as part of Marvel's early-'70s wave of monster titles, turning the tales of the shambling mass into a cult classic. And it was in *Man-Thing* that Gerber debuted Howard the Duck, the semi-autobiographical waterfowl that became an industry sensation and gave the writer a platform to share his sophisticated sense of humor and satire, gently and sometimes not-so-gently skewering politics, pop culture, and especially the comics industry.

A dispute over Howard with Marvel caused him to leave the company. It didn't stop him from returning to the character later in his career, but from the '80s on, his writing was mostly in animation and television, where he created *Thundarr the Barbarian* and won a Daytime Emmy as part of the team behind *The Batman/Superman Movie: World's Finest*. He also scripted *G.I. Joe*, *Transformers* and *Yu-Gi-Oh!*, as well as the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* episode "Contagion." Gerber passed away in 2008 after a battle with pulmonary fibrosis. His career accomplishments won him posthumous induction into the 2010 class of the Eisner Hall of Fame and the 2013 Bill Finger Award for Excellence in Comic Book Writing.

ARCHIE GOODWIN

Looking for a job, Archie Goodwin was immediately sized up by publisher Jim Warren to be a meek, quiet fellow who at first glance didn't appear to have the necessary mettle to handle the chaotic life of an editor. But as Goodwin would later say of himself, behind that quiet demeanor was a furtively creative thinker that lived to "lose myself in the fantasy of comics."

As a teenager during the '50s, he was an acolyte of E.C. Comics, contributing material to fanzines like *Hoohah* and *Twig Illustrated*. Though his abiding reputation in comics would come from his writing and editorial abilities, Goodwin studied art at New York's School of Visual Arts. His first work in publishing included turns as strip artist Leonard Starr's assistant, editing for the women's magazine *Redbook* and cartooning for the outdoor magazine *Fishing World*.

His first venture into comic books came in 1964, when he joined the staff of Warren Publishing. Goodwin quickly made a name for himself both editing and writing for *Creepy* and *Eerie*, and also launched the much-revered *Blazing Combat*. He instilled a degree of class to Warren's small line that helped draw top talent, which in turn established it as a fine inheritor of E.C.'s legacy. His later work for *Vampirella* came in a brief but highly regarded stint that helped to establish a bona fide mythos for the character.

His work at Marvel began in the late '60s with short stints on *Incredible Hulk* and *Fantastic Four*, the latter job giving him the honor of being the first writer to script *FF* other than Stan Lee. But it was his work on *Iron Man* where Goodwin would make his biggest mark on the Marvel Age of Comics, writing the first 28 issues of the character's solo title.

Shortly thereafter, he began a brief writer/editor stint at DC on *Detective Comics* as well as several war titles that Joe Kubert was leaving. He also wrote a well-remembered run of *Manhunter* backup stories in collaboration with Walt Simonson, an artist he had a hand in discovering.

Heading back to Marvel, he served as editor in chief before handing the reins to Jim Shooter. His later accomplishments for Marvel included negotiating licensing for *Star Wars* and other top-selling movie adaptations and launching the Epic line. He also wrote early issues of Wolverine's solo title.

Goodwin returned to DC in 1989 to write and edit until his death from cancer in 1998, still in the prime of a career that saw him establish a legacy in every aspect of the comics field. In particular, he was regarded as a man who handled his job as an editor not simply to shepherd comics through their development process but also to mentor younger editors into fulfilling their own potential.

ROY THOMAS

Along with fellow fan Jerry Bails, Roy Thomas developed the first known organized comic fandom in the pages of *Alter Ego*, a self-published fanzine. Leaving his teaching position in 1965, Roy took his deep knowledge of comics characters and their history and moved to New York City, accepting a job under DC Comics editor Mort Weisinger. His stay lasted little over a week before he opted for a position at Marvel, where under Stan Lee, his duties quickly matured from proofreading to more serious work as an editorial assistant and writer.

Titles as disparate as *Modeling With Millie*, *Kid Colt* and *Sgt. Fury* were written under his auspices before he was able to fulfill his desire to write super-hero stories on Iron Man in *Tales of Suspense* #73 and a pair of Dr. Strange stories for *Strange Tales*.

Stan must have liked what he was reading, because after this seeming trial period, Roy "The Boy" (as he was called in credits) was given both *Sgt. Fury* and *The X-Men*. Along with artist Werner Roth, Thomas took the X-Men on adventures around the world and told the characters' pre-X-Men origins. In addition to introducing Banshee, Sunfire and Havok, Thomas' X-Men credits also include his watershed collaboration with artist Neal Adams.

Proving his mettle on *X-Men* led him to *The Avengers*, and it was with this team that Roy really started crafting his legacy. Across 70 consecutive issues of Earth's Mightiest Heroes, he became perhaps the title's definitive writer, introducing characters such as the Vision and penning classic sagas including the "Kree/Skrull War." Before the '60s ended, Thomas chalked up noteworthy runs as writer of *Doctor Strange*, *Sub-Mariner*, *Captain Marvel* and more.

In the '70s, Thomas' influence at Marvel widened to include the first adaptation of Robert E. Howard's *Conan the Barbarian*, a reinvention of Adam Warlock, and a new super-team, The Defenders. By 1972 Roy was selected to succeed Stan Lee as editor in chief. His tenure as EIC lasted for over two years before he returned to his writer/editor role on *Fantastic Four*, *Thor*, *Savage Sword of Conan*, *What If...?* and *The Invaders*.

In 1980, he left the House of Ideas for DC to pursue a lifelong dream by reviving the Justice Society of America in the pages of *All-Star Squadron*. He wrote many more comics for DC and Marvel over the next two decades and is still active today, writing comics, historical studies, adaptations of classic novels and publishing his award-winning *Alter Ego*. Thomas' career contributions were acknowledged with his induction into the Eisner Hall of Fame's 2011 class. He lives in South Carolina with his wife and collaborator, Dann, and an amazing menagerie of animals that must make the neighbors nervous.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS LIBRARY

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THE MARVEL AGE

It was August 1961 and change was hitting the newsstands. *Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. These were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves—and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different—the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

The *Marvel Masterworks* series was created to give comic-book readers everywhere the chance to experience the greatest comics the world has known as they were originally presented.

THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over the heads of all Americans, a new entertaining escape from the newspapers' horrifying realities was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States.

At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary talents as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These skilled writers and artists created a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

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GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
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THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures and unimaginable monsters; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the '40s retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, Atlas had it all!

ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
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